THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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I. A. R. Wylie—Roger W. Babson—Maria Jeritza—Thomas McMorrow
Herbert Ravenel Sass—Clifford Raymond—Frederick Orin Bartlett

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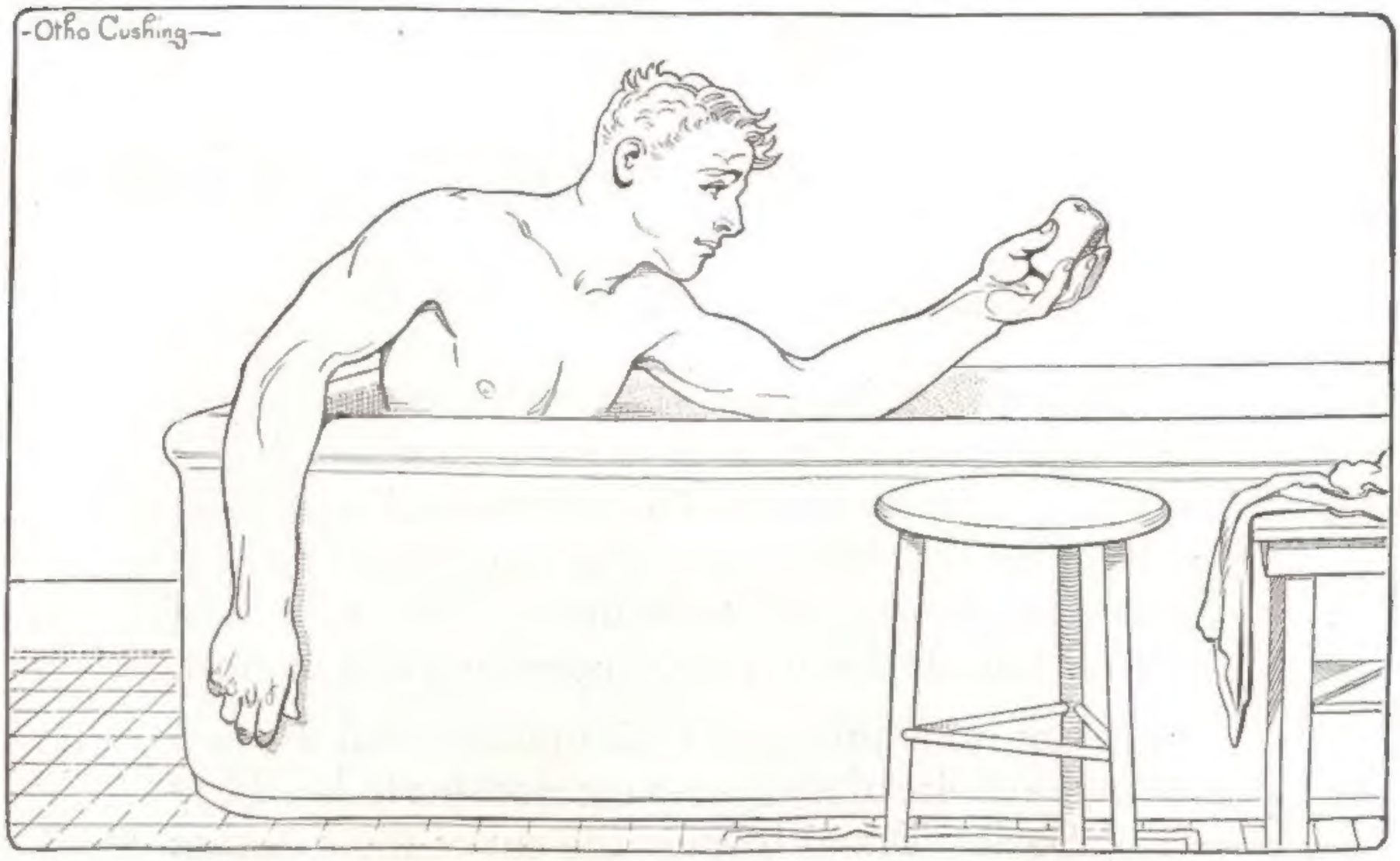
To men who bathe in hope instead of lather



There are Ivoryless men in this country!

There are men who still go along from day to day deep-sea-diving in the tub for a sunken, slippery parallelopiped. When they finally retrieve it and rub it heartily against their manly frames, it reluctantly deposits a thin, sticky coating that they, in all innocence, think is lather.

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Give these matters a thought, Gentlemen. They have much to do with the change from the Saturday night duty to the daily morning luxury.

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ANCIENT FIRES

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

PROLOGUE

THE twelve stood up. And then for an unendurable second they did not move, but remained there, staring at the red-coated judge with an odd helplessness. I think for the first time they realized that something enormous was happening and that they were little everyday people. They were afraid—the more afraid because the man whose destiny hung on their justice did not care—in some strange imposing way was out of reach.

They turned towards the door. They had power, at any rate—the power of a dead weight that could crush the life out of at least one living, sentient being.

I could feel Lisbeth Gay's tense little body pressed against my arm. She laid her hand on mine; but somehow the touch did not make me happy. She clung to me as she would have clung to any friendly human being. I hear her voice like a breath.

"Oh, Euan, they can put him out!"

She spoke of him as though he had been a light—a fire, and somehow that seemed apt enough. But to this day I cannot put a name to the quality that made him appear the only really living thing amongst us. I suppose the majority of us just exist—compounds of tradition and instinct, which we mistakenly call individuals. But here and there are men and women who are life itself. They blaze with it, and whether we hate or love them, we turn to them as growing things turn to the sun.

He was slender; one might have said frail, until he moved. Aunt Geraldine, noted for confused but vivid personalities, said he reminded her of someone in some portrait gallery, or of a ruff and an old ballad. She meant, I think, that he did not belong to this century. Not that there was a trace of the primitive about him. The lean chin and delicate straight nose, even the curved mouth, sensual and resolute, belonged to a generation that had ground and polished its strength to a rapier's point. But in the whole face was no hint of doubt or scruple. For all its delicacy, it was without that subtlety which comes of spiritual misgivings. The small fine head, wearing the thick brown hair like a casque, suggested some perfect balance between desire and conscience which our age has lost. His eyes, too, had a strange quality. They met yours, unwavering, but they told you nothing. Looking into them you could not be sure whether he meant well or ill by you.

You could only be sure that he was loyal to himself and to his own fixed, inscrutable standards. Often they looked a little beyond you. You would have said that they were fixed on a horizon above which at any hour a longed-for vessel might lift its funnels—or its sails.

He had been looking at the old judge across the well of the court, his slender hands clasped lightly on the brass rail before him. Now, as though he knew we awaited a signal from him, he turned to us and his gaze came back from its distance and held Lisbeth steadily, with a little smile, and I felt how quiet she grew. I remembered the first time I had ever seen him and how even then I had been afraid. But the spell was broken. The jury shuffled through the open door.

The judge rose and we were on our feet, like school children. I heard Colonel Gay muttering in my ear, "If only I were among these fools! I'd keep them straight——"

Something Violent and Hungry in Me Wanted to Snatch Her Away From All These People Into the Darkness

I

I HAVE begun with a crisis. And now I have to go back to the beginning. It may be no way to tell my story, but I cannot help myself. For it seems to me that that brief scene is like a leitmotif—like a high light in a picture from which every other tone resolves itself into a sort of harmony. He was the accused and the challenger. He defied everything we thought we stood for and something unacknowledged in us rose up to acknowledge him.

It was his fate to be dramatic. Or if, as some have it, events are only shadows of ourselves, then our first meeting of all, strange as it was and comic as it might easily have become, was not less significant. We did not and could not have guessed its significance. It was like being shown a book written in an unknown language, and we were very young—Lisbeth just fifteen and I four years older, and Stoneborough was an old-fashioned schoolmaster who taught straightforward English and had no truck with the modern jargon of psychology.

But you must see the setting of it all—the background against which he stood, suddenly and briefly, the people through whom he passed like a bright flame.

And first there is Lisbeth Gay.

She and I had been neighbors ever since we could remember. Colonel Gay's L-shaped Elizabethan cottage shouldered our red-faced Georgian home on the edge of Stoneborough's sleepy Cathedral Close, and one of the first important acts of my life was to scoop a hole in the thick privet hedge that divided us—a hole large enough for a small and wriggly boy to crawl through.

That was the real beginning. From that moment Euan Fitzroy, the young barbarian, passed out of the Stone Age. From a violent bloodthirsty savage he became a Knight of the Holy Grail, a Sir Lancelot, a Parsifal, seeking hungrily for pure and noble service. I do not know that the change was visible to anyone save myself. Outwardly I was still a black-browed, stocky hobbledehoy, a first-rate forward and a slothful mug at my books. But I knew, and I think Miss Cornelius guessed. At any rate, she remarked that for the first time I kept my nails clean.

Aunt Geraldine and Miss Cornelius had been my guardians ever since my father, Sir Euan Fitzroy, had died and Old Stoneborough Castle, looming up over the town like a frowning ghost, had passed into the hands of the money lenders in whom he had put his reckless faith. They loved me and I them. Aunt Geraldine plotted, I know, for the

restoration of the family glory, preparing me for the struggle as a trainer prepares an athlete, but with small success. For though I loved Old Stoneborough, it was chiefly because Lisbeth loved it, and we picnicked more often under its grim walls than anywhere else. But I liked our warm Georgian house better. It was home to me. When I went through the long dim passages where my people had lived and died I felt vaguely unhappy, like someone who belonged and yet had been cast out. I felt that the old shadows of the place didn't approve of me—and there were odd audacious moments when I didn't approve of them either. But of this I never told Aunt Geraldine.

Miss Cornelius tipped me and ran races with me surreptitiously. And I let her win sometimes; not out of any misplaced chivalry, but out of an unformed boyish notion that if ever I was as old as Miss Cornelius and could have run as gallantly I should have won—and something finer than a mere race. At the end she always squeezed my arm affectionately.

"Don't tell your aunt, Euan. You know she thinks it's bad for me. Such nonsense!"

I think she would have said "damn nonsense" but for my tender years. As it was, a great deal of wicked swearing was done in her novels, which sold in thousands and were full of wild, woolly cutthroats and dreadfully bloody adventures in lands where Miss Cornelius had never been—mainly, no doubt, because of my aunt's hatred of all insects.

The two women loved each other deeply, though not always peacefully. Or rather my aunt, coming across some flagrant example of literary disorder, would scold at the top of her fierce voice; and Miss Cornelius would say nothing, but wait patiently, looking rather like a Yorkshire terrier that has been caught in a thunderstorm and, though dripping and shivering, is serenely aware that the worst thunderstorms do not last forever.

These two women were my friends. They and Lisbeth made up all the womanhood of my life.

II

HER very name draws a fairy circle round me, and in that circle is all magic. Boyhood lies far away, but when I think of her—and I carry the thought of her with me like a lamp burning in its sanctuary—I am a boy again, with all my power of feeling reborn and vigorous and unspoiled. And if I write of her with the exuberance and exaggeration of a lover, it is because I am in love—shall always be in love. I stand before my own picture of her and am afraid lest it convey nothing to anyone but myself. Yet it should have been an easy picture to paint. For she has hardly changed at all.

When she was a little girl there was something grave and wise and womanly about her, and when she became a woman she was still a child, with a child's frankness and simplicity and singleness of mind.

And when she will be an old woman the essence of her outward charm will remain as strong and fragrant, because it is so like herself. Perhaps she is not beautiful. But looking at her, the least perceptive feel a very deep and sweet content. They may be hard-bitten materialists, but under Lisbeth's eyes they become believers; if not in God, at least in some unquenchable fineness in mankind—just as they are sure of God and man in that cathedral.

Oddly enough, when I re-create her in my fancy, I begin always with her chin, as though it were the foundation on which all the rest were built—rather a long projecting chin for such a small face, and made the more terrifyingly strong by the mouth, close set, with great sweetness and loving-kindness at its corners, the under lip generous and the short upper lip drawn in a little and irrevocably resolute. Then come the sensitive, laughter-loving nose, imperceptibly tilted, the blue eyes in their setting of fair lashes, the fine, intelligent forehead under the smooth sweep of corn yellow in which the fire of morning still lingers. No, not beautiful, perhaps, and yet very beautiful in that union of strength and gentleness.

Her body is like the rest of her—small, deceptively fragile looking, with a kind of swinging grace about the broad, flat shoulders. To touch her is to think involuntarily of a bird whose delicate bones one could crush with a pressure of the hand, and that only waits for release to fly unwearied far beyond the reach of one's strength and bigness.

The Two of Them Came Plowing Through the People Like a Great Leviathan Through a Stormy Sea

Lisbeth and I were friends always. I don't know when I became her lover. I think it must have been when she fell ill—so desperately ill that even now I shrink from the thought of that time. It was my first glimpse of suffering. I think I went more or less mad. I could neither work nor play, and abuse and chaff touched me as little as if I had been made of stone. I hung about the gate of her garden like a stubborn, desperate animal, and when Doctor Cobham came out I searched his face for the faintest betraying sign, but with my own face so set and sullen that he could not have recognized my agony. And at night, when I should have been in bed, I crept out of the sleeping house and stood looking up at the awful meaning light in her window; and though it was a bitter winter, the sweat dripped down my cheeks, and my teeth were clenched as though I were fighting death body to body.

And then one evening I heard Doctor Cobham speaking to Colonel Gay in the doorway, and they laughed.

I had alternately hated Doctor Cobham as an impotent fool and prayed to him as a rescuing angel, and now I spoke to him as man to man. He looked at me quizzically.

"She's out of the wood. You look pretty green yourself. But I've no prescription for your ailment." And then he was sorry for my burning cheeks. "It's all right. You can sleep soundly tonight."

I gulped "Thank you, sir," adding in a burst of gratitude, "You know, I—I'm going to be a doctor too."

I'd never thought of it before, but now I had made up my mind. If there were suffering like hers and mine in the world, then something had to be done about it and I had to be in the doing. Doctor Cobham reflected.

"Sir Euan Fitzroy will certainly look well on a brass plate," he said.

"Euan Fitzroy, F.R.C.S.," I hazarded.

He laughed. "You think that sounds better? Well, perhaps it does. But don't worry about that now. Have a square meal and a good sleep. You need both."

But I didn't. Instead, I chose deliberately to hang outside the house of one Harry Fielders, my inveterate enemy, who had taunted me in my misery; and when he came out I challenged him, and behind the Episcopal Palace I fairly pounded him to pulp.

It was a reversion to the Stone Age, gory and splendid, and it did me good.

III

YOUTH doesn't formulate its thoughts very clearly, and my thoughts of Lisbeth were always shy and frightened of themselves, as though by their tough touch they might spoil something very lovely. But I know that if at any time someone had told me that she and I were not to belong to each other, and that in a fashion nearer and dearer than I dared to dream of—I do not say that my heart would have broken, for hearts don't break perhaps when one is so young, but the spring of my youth would have snapped and I should have carried the hurt of it to my days' end.

Our childhood was just a preliminary. We played together, read together, were silent together. In the winter evenings I would go in and sit with her and her father in his oak-beamed study. Colonel Gay had been a brilliant officer. The highest army position seemed to be before him when a laming rheumatism had put an end to his ambitions. He had been invalided out in the prime of life without having drawn a sword, raging and embittered. We three played at war together. It was the only thing except Lisbeth that struck fire out of his black brooding. We sat round the big table with our maps and toy soldiers and fought each other to the death. Sometimes Lisbeth was an ally and sometimes umpire. It was queer how her father had filled her with the belief in the splendor of his profession. She knew every law of the game, and when he brought me to unconditional surrender, as he always did, I saw the color rush to her cheeks and realized confusedly that the gentlest women love big, terrible deeds.

But Colonel Gay mistrusted me. He thought me a poor sort—the last of a fighting race who didn't want to fight.

And then—suddenly, it seemed—I was eighteen. I was to go up to Oxford; and, to celebrate, my guardians gave a dance in my honor at the Town Assembly Rooms. Of course Lisbeth came. But I danced with her only once, and we did not even speak to each other. I suppose what happened to me then happens to everyone sooner or later, suddenly or gradually, and that in my case it was inevitably sudden. For I had been brought up in the Spartan simplicity of English boyhood, and now I was plunged headlong into this grown-up, unimagined life. After all, youth is a pathetic, comic thing. I felt so well dressed. People made a fuss of me. I should have been a fool if I had not known that all the girls in Stoneborough wanted to be my partner. For the evening I was a hero. I had tasted wine—a very innocent cup, no doubt—for the first time. There was the music. All these silly, trivial things must have played their part.

And then—Lisbeth. She had prepared, too, just as I had done. Perhaps she, too, had stood before the glass and wondered. I, at any rate, had not known that she could be so sweetly lovely. And she was in my arms, half a head shorter than I was, so that the scent of her hair was in my face.

It seemed to me that veil after veil was being stripped from my boyhood and that I had become a man, knowing good from evil and all that could be made of life. The vague, unformed dreams became stark facts. I knew what loving a woman meant and might mean. It was as though my love for Lisbeth, so shy and afraid of itself, hanging on the horizon of our lives like a summer's mist, had blown up to a black storm which had come down upon me, so that I was breathless, shaken—and exultant.

Something violent and hungry in me wanted to snatch her away from all these people into the darkness and hold her close to me and kiss her as I had never kissed anyone—had never dreamed of kissing.

She was a child, really. She had rolled up the corn yellow hair for the first time, and her dress was a real grown-up dress. But between her masquerade of maturity and mine was the gulf of a sudden physical experience. She loved me, her Euan, her dearest playmate, and if I chose I could make her topple over the edge of her vague, happy fancies into my knowledge.

A kind of headiness came over me. I felt so young, so strong, so gloriously strong. Everything was before me. Everything could be mine. Only one had to have the courage to grasp out boldly for what one wanted.

A kiss. Any boy could kiss a girl if he wanted to. I knew that. I had heard older boys talking—sniggering a little.

But not Lisbeth. Not Lisbeth.

When the music stopped I stood back from her with a comic, boyish, grown-up bow.

Afterwards, when I walked home with her under a late-risen moon, I was happy, too, and thankful and humble. For I felt that in some strange, inexplicable way I had made a choice which would govern all my life. The violent, cruel thing in me had been somehow transmuted into strength and quiet, so that I was at peace with Lisbeth, and with the night and the cathedral, lifting its austere and passionate beauty against the silvered darkness.

At her gate I only held her hand an instant, but I heard my voice shake.

"It's all over now," I said like a child.

"We've got tomorrow still."

"If—if it doesn't rain come up to Old Stoneborough, won't you? A picnic—all day—my last day——"

"Why, I've kept it for you!"

"Oh, Lisbeth!"

I couldn't help that much, or all the love that her name carried. And she stood there looking up at me steadily, with the moonlight on her face, and in the deep loving-kindness of her eyes I read a kind of message. It was as though the slumbering woman in her knew everything that had happened to me, and pitied me, and thanked me, too, because I had left her to her dreams and fancies a little longer. But one day it would be all right.

"Good night, Euan."

"Good night, Lisbeth."

IV

AND it was on that last day together that it happened. We had picnicked under Old Stoneborough's wall, and afterwards she had slept, and I had watched over her and wished that a dragon would come up out of the black moat so that I could slay him in her defense. No dragon came but, instead, a shadow. For when she woke I told her for the first time that I meant to be a doctor and she had looked sadly at me. "Father said you would never make a soldier, Euan——"

And it was of no use to tell her about the dragon, since it refused to display itself.

Almost as if she were trying to remind me of something vital to both of us, she led the way into the deserted ruins. Old Hopejoy, who takes shillings from the tourists on behalf of his money-lending employers, let us pass under the drawbridge without protest—for he had served my father in his boyhood—and we crossed the dim courtyard in silence. The one complete wing that remains of Old Stoneborough faces east and west, so that its embattled walls stood like a cliff between us and the last sunlight. We could hardly see the windows that gleamed blackly at us like rows of dead eyes. It was awesomely still. The lovely lawns muffled our footsteps. An old peacock, the last of a royal family, rustled its spectral plumes in front of us, frightened and indignant at this intrusion upon its evening loneliness. I think we both felt very small and desolate; and my reluctance, like a premonition, deepened as I turned the key in the old lock.

Utter darkness met us. The worn stairway seemed to sink away treacherously under our feet. The air was heavy and dank, as of a place on which the blight of forgotten things had fallen. I could only hear Lisbeth moving faintly beside me.

"Better go back," I muttered; "we shan't see anything——"

"Oh, yes—upstairs," she whispered; "the sunset."

So she went on, climbing out of a black pit into a fiery twilight. It came flooding in through the western windows and filled the great suite of rooms through which we wandered timidly with a fantastic, moribund splendor. It was hard to believe that my father and mother—modern people—had ever lived here. It all seemed to belong to another race—stoic, large gestured, with a fierce, rough love of magnificence. Each room was a milestone on the road of their passing. And now they were gone. Or perhaps not altogether. I saw the worm in the oak, the threadbare piteousness of the brocaded chairs, the tarnished gilt, the portraits dying into the somber background of history, the dust of decay hanging spectrally in the broken shafts of sunlight. And yet there was a kind of permanence too. It was as though there were a life here on which we might lift a curtain or open a door and stand confronted——

I looked at Lisbeth. The sunlight rested on her, too—on the red-gold hair, and in the dreaming, steady eyes. Suddenly I ached for her. She seemed so slender—so dangerously slender—and so far away from me. I wanted to put my arm about her and hold her close to me, not passionately, but as a loving comrade who wanted to protect her in an unknown country. And before I knew it I had blurted out a little of my growing trouble.

"You'll be sorry, won't you, when I've gone, Lisbeth?"

She seemed to wake, to smile faintly at me.

"You know I will; but you'll come back—you'll always have to come back here——"

I shook my head. I felt oddly that I never wanted to see Old Stoneborough again. I had loved it too; but somehow we had become enemies.

"I'd rather live at home," I muttered. "It's warm and jolly and—and alive. Everyone's dead here."

But I didn't believe that either. I held open a door for her. We had come to the music room. It ends the wing. It is long and oak-paneled and very lofty, with a minstrels' gallery at the far end over the mullioned window which looks out onto the grassy ridges of the old fortifications. There are brass candelabra and sconces which held electric globes in my father's day. But now the only light came from the window.

We stood there motionless, it seemed interminably. We were both tired, and I, at least, was overwrought with the long, mysterious conflict of the day. I felt my body turn cold and dead. There seemed nothing alive in me but my thickly beating heart.

A figure of a man stood in the embrasure. The western light was on his head and shoulders, and on his hands clasped in statuesque repose on a great two-edged sword. He wore the steel casque and breastplate of that Elizabethan Euan who stared down at him from the wall above, and I can see his face now—composed and passionate, the head lifted slightly, as though he were looking beyond the fortifications to the plain, and waiting.

I think I must have made some sound, for he turned very slowly towards us; and though his face was at once in shadow, I could feel his gaze being withdrawn from the distance—concentrated on us with a frowning effect. I knew by the clink of steel that he was real, and I went towards him, trembling with anger at myself and him—at my own stupid fear.

"Look here, what business have you—what are you doing——"

My voice sounded boyish and shrill in that lofty silence. I was close to him now, and I could see that he was not even embarrassed but only tolerantly amused.

"I was just seeing what it felt like," he said, "and whether they fitted. They fit me perfectly."

He set the sword back in its niche and lifted off the casque ceremoniously with both hands, and I realized then that after all he was only a boy like myself. Or rather, not like myself; for there was something wan and hungry about him like a young hawk.

"You might help me off with this stuff," he said.

Insolence itself, but I seemed to have no choice. The situation was so nearly comic. He ought to have looked a fool caught masquerading, but instead it was I who felt ashamed. Underneath his borrowed splendor his clothes proved

(Continued on Page 30)

We Stood There Motionless, it Seemed Interminably. I Felt My Body Turn Cold and Dead

Taxes are Paid by the Untaxed

By ROGER W. BABSON

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHILE on a recent trip to the Northwest, studying the wheat situation, I ran across a very illuminating incident. It was in one of the country stores at which I stopped to inquire regarding local conditions. The owner of the store happened to be the county clerk, and when I asked him about business conditions he replied:

"Oh, business isn't so bad with us up here as the politicians pretend it is. Of course, we are not getting as much for our wheat as we ought to; but most of the farmers have other crops than wheat, and for these other crops they are getting fair prices. The real trouble with us farmers today is not what we are getting for our wheat, but what we are paying for our taxes. It is the farmer's taxes that are ditching him today. Moreover, the funny thing is that these taxes are being paid to the country's richest men. We just had an installment on a county bond issue come due last week. When we came to make out the check, whom do you suppose we made it out to? Well, it was made out to one of the richest men in America. It seems that he bought the issue of bonds for building the county road, and we have been sweating blood to pay him interest ever since. When the second installment is due we will have to sweat some more and send him a good fat check for the second installment."

High Taxes, High Prices

"I DON'T blame the rich man, but I do blame our politicians who got us into this mess. Our own congressman told us a few years ago that if we would elect him he would soak the rich and reduce our taxes. He may think he has soaked the rich, but his theories and promises don't seem to work out very well in practice. Instead of our taxes being reduced, they have increased; and in addition to all this, we are paying them to this millionaire. In other words, instead of taxing the rich to pay us, these politicians have so bungled up this tax question that they are now taxing us to pay the rich. When I last saw this congressman he sobbed to me about the low price of wheat. I replied that perhaps the low price of wheat was not his fault, but surely the high price of taxes was."

Twenty-five years ago last June I graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and went to work for a Boston bond house as a statistician. We were selling bonds to the investors of New England. They were mostly railroad, street railway and water-power securities. You could not sell industrial bonds in those days. Practically all these bonds bore 5 per cent interest and sold at a premium of about 3 per cent, so that the investor would pay about 103 and interest for these bonds. Most of the bonds were issued for periods of twenty years, so that with the premium of 3 per cent the bonds yielded the investor about 4.75 per cent. There was no Federal income tax in those days; neither a normal tax nor a surtax. There were no state income taxes to pay. Certain communities assessed bondholders, but only in a perfunctory way. Practically speaking, the investor received the full 4.75 per cent yield on his investment. As there were no taxes to pay, the entire interest went to the investor and was held by him. This general condition existed throughout the country.

About fifteen years later the Federal income tax was imposed—a sad day for the people of this country, although the toll was small at first. Very soon, however, after the Federal income tax went into effect the World War broke out, and in 1917 this country jumped in. It immediately was necessary to mark up taxes to a very high figure. The normal income tax was quadrupled and very heavy surtaxes were added. For the first year of these high taxes they were practically all paid by the well-to-do, as they had not had time to pass them on. Not only did it take some time to readjust interest rates, prices and salaries to the higher taxation, but the well-to-do felt that the taxes were for a just cause and gladly paid them so far as they were able to do so. Moreover, as it was fully understood that these taxes would return again to normal after the war was over, it seemed unnecessary to readjust interest rates, prices and wages twice. Hence, during the first two or three years of these high taxes it was the general purpose of bankers, manufacturers and merchants personally to carry the burden of this higher taxation.

Then came the Armistice in November, 1918; after which, to the surprise of everyone, our political leaders announced that taxes would not be reduced, but that we would continue on the existing high level. Of course, a tremendous howl went up from all quarters. As a result a slight reduction in taxes was made, but the general level was kept up to more than several times prewar figures. The business men of the country had been willing to dam the economic stream and personally carry the entire burden for two or three years, but when they found it was to be a permanent thing they let Nature take its course.

It was three years ago that our country became discouraged and formed this conclusion, and from that time the taxes have more and more been paid by the ultimate consumer. This is merely in accordance with fundamental economic law. It is now five years since the Armistice was signed. Taxes are still several times what they were; but these taxes of today have largely been absorbed in higher interest rates, prices and wages. As an illustration of what has happened in interest rates, let us return to our story.

I was saying that before the Federal income-tax law was passed investors could not get a yield of more than 4.75 per cent on good bonds. Moreover, these bonds were railroad, street railway and public utility issues. For the first few years after the high war taxes were inflicted, they of course netted no such rate as 4.75 per cent after the payment of taxes. The Federal income tax, both normal and surtax, brought this yield down to 4 per cent, or even 3.5 per cent; but note what has happened in the past three years. When the bankers and investors of this country saw that the politicians were making no effort to reduce taxation, they simply decided to let Nature take its course.

Efforts to Soak the Rich

FROM the day of that decision they ceased to buy railroad, street railway and public utility bonds, which were taxable, and started in to buy tax exempts. By "tax exempts" I mean state, county and municipal bonds. Included in tax exempts are also the bonds of the Federal Land Bank and the Joint Stock Land Banks. What has happened during the past three years? It has been very difficult to find purchasers for railroad and public utility bonds among well-to-do people. Such bonds are being bought only by the small person who can buy a bond once a year or once in two years. The bond buyers of twenty-five years ago to whom I sold railroad and public utility bonds are now buying tax exempts almost exclusively.

You would think that with all this in their favor, tax exempts would go up so high that the yield would be comparatively little. Yet statistics show that just the opposite is true. Water always seeks its own level. When the floodgates were opened an economic law was allowed to act freely, and the yield of these tax exempts came up to equal what the yield was for the railroad, street railway and public utility bonds before there was any income tax or surtaxes whatsoever. A few weeks ago the largest banking houses of the country offered to the public a great issue of Farm Loan Bonds. They bore 4.75 per cent interest, exempt from Federal, state and local taxation! Therefore the yield of these bonds, namely 4.75 per cent, is today just exactly the yield which these same people received on railroad, public utility and other taxable bonds before the income tax or surtaxes went into force. These Federal taxes cost the bond buyers of the country something for a few years while interest rates were adjusting themselves to the new taxation, but now that adjustment has taken place. Today an investor can purchase a tax-exempt bond and get the same net yield as he could get before the war, when there was no taxation whatsoever, from a railroad or other bond which is now taxable.

The politicians promised their constituents that they would soak the rich. In justice to these politicians, let me say that they have tried their best to fulfill their promises; but it was like promising to make water run uphill. The laws of economics are fundamental and cannot be interfered

with for any period of time. Water can be dammed for a little while, but damming water does not destroy the water. It still piles up behind the dam and sooner or later will flow over. Politicians, in attempting to soak the rich, were up against a basic economic law and they failed. By increasing the interest rate the average investor today is passing on 100 per cent of his tax, and he is getting just as much net income on his stocks and mortgages as he did before there was any tax at all. The very rich have more difficulty in passing on to the next fellow all their taxes than does the average investor, but these very rich men are able to do it by purchasing tax exempts.

The fact that tax exempts yield so much more than they did is even more striking when one considers that the average farmer is able to borrow for a less rate today than twenty-five years ago. All this shows that were it not for taxation, all interest rates would be considerably less today, owing to the large quantity of gold which we have in this country. The fact that municipal bonds today sell on a 4.50 per cent basis, when the same bonds sold on a 4 per cent basis before the income tax went into effect, shows that the states, counties, cities and towns are paying the taxes of this country, and not the bankers, bond buyers and investors.

Taxes are being paid by the supposedly untaxed. They always have been and always will be.

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of inspecting a factory that makes an automobile accessory widely used on popular-priced cars. It is distinctly a product bought by the people. The manufacturer pointed out to me that after several years of effort he had worked out an improved plan of production. Instead of dividing the workers by departments, with each department performing but a single part of the manufacturing process, he has split them up into miniature factories, so to speak. Each of these little factories, working of course in the same building, makes the complete product from start to finish. For this particular product such a rearrangement is a great success and reduces the cost, say, a fifth.

"I suppose this means quite a price cut," I remarked.

"Price cut nothing!" exclaimed the manufacturer. "Price remains strictly as is. The whole saving will be swallowed up by surtaxes."

In other words, instead of getting the benefit of this manufacturer's increased efficiency, we people will keep on paying the same old price and the surtax vampire will suck another drop of blood. Don't try to tell me that this is an exceptional case. Another manufacturer of my acquaintance has had inventors working for years to devise an improvement in an article of almost universal contact. The industry concerned is one that affects every adult and child in the entire country. Finally, about a year ago, the inventors and designers did the trick. They got out the improved article. It is even better than the old model and can be produced at exactly one-half the cost.

"Let the price ride," says my acquaintance. "We need the money to pay our fine."

"What do you mean by 'fine'?"

"I mean surtaxes. Nowadays every man who tries to do business in this country is fined, and the better the business the bigger the fine. I, for one, don't propose to be soaked any longer. Let the public pay the fine!"

Figure for a minute the gigantic strides which have been made during the past few years in economic sciences and arts. Recall the labor-saving inventions, the improved processes, the more efficient plans—all the tremendous forward movement of industry. Then compare this extraordinary progress with the puny results of our efforts to reduce the cost of living. Where does all this gain go? What becomes of these fruits of invention and discovery? I tell you that 90 per cent of the technical progress of the past five years has been absorbed by taxation.

I was recently examining the books of one of America's greatest hotels, a hotel where many of you readers have stopped. The hotel itself was built about twenty years ago and the bookkeeping system was prepared just before the income tax went into effect. In this bookkeeping system the rate for every room was printed. Yet what did I find? I found that the daily rate of every room in this bookkeeping system was marked up a flat minimum of $1.50. Thus a room which rented for $2 before surtaxes went into effect is now $3.50; while a room that was rented for $4 before surtaxes went into effect is now rented for $5.50.

Knowing that the hotel was built before the war, during a period of low prices, I asked the owner why this systematic and definite increase in prices.

He replied, "We added fifty cents for the increased wages that we are paying the help and one dollar for our income tax and surtaxes."

It is true that the hotel owners of the country are helping Uncle Sam collect taxes, but they are not in any sense paying the taxes. The checks which they send in for income tax and surtaxes each year are merely collected from those of us who rent the rooms from time to time.

Every manufacturer puts taxes into expense and hence adds them to the price of his products. Every merchant likewise puts taxes into expense and hence his taxes are added to the price of his goods. When one considers that there are five turnovers in the average product which we buy at the retail store, it is evident that five people have put their taxes into prices which we finally pay. Furthermore, they each charge a profit on the tax as well as on their goods and this stands to multiply the thing still more.

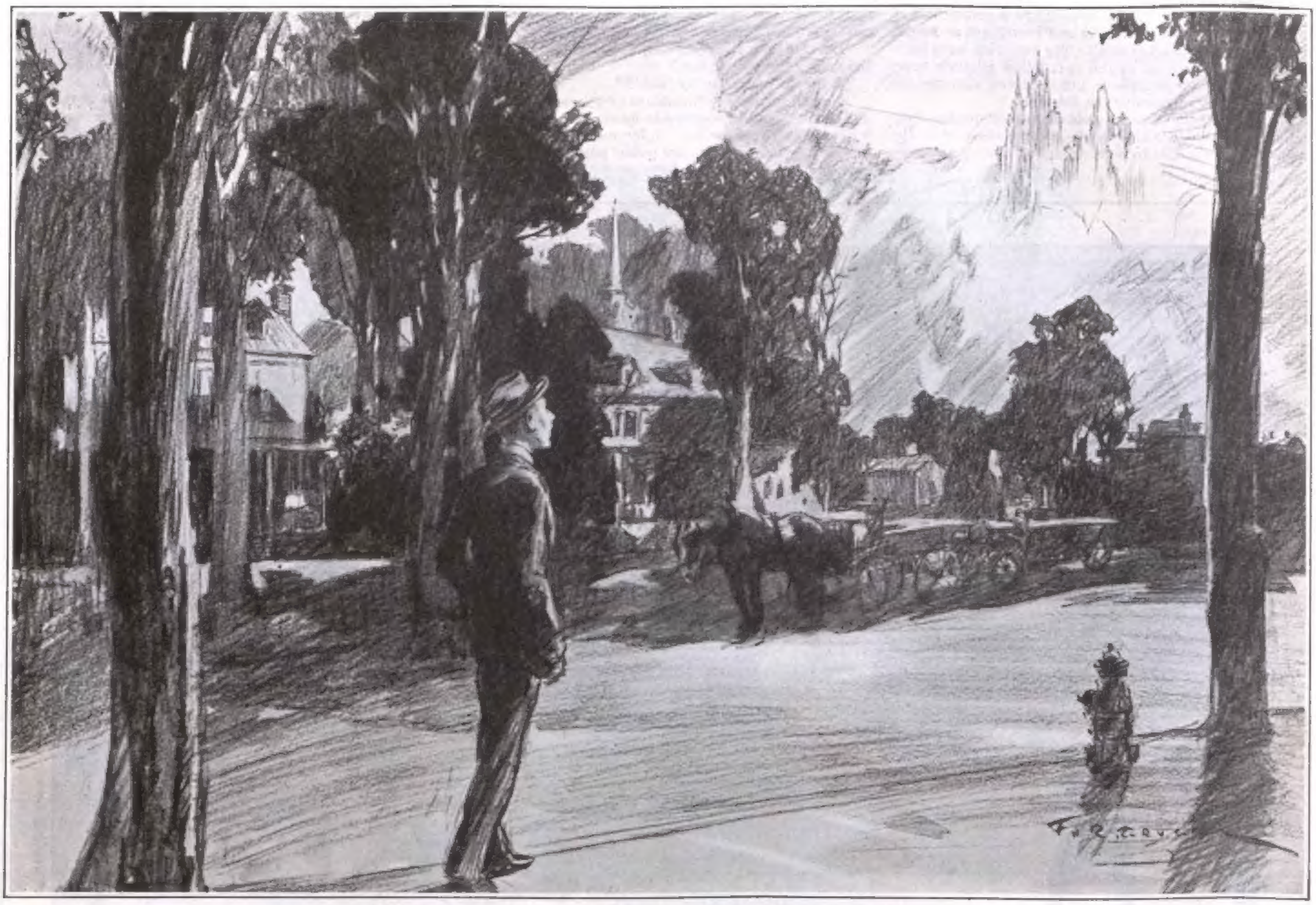
The income tax that the farmer pays is added to the price of wheat; the income tax that the miller pays is added to the price of flour; the income tax that the baker pays is added to the price of bread; and the income tax that the storekeeper pays is added to the price of the individual loaf which you buy. Hence, when you buy a loaf of bread the tax of four groups of people is added and a profit on all these groups is added four times in addition. Get me? We not only pay the four taxes for these four groups but we pay a profit of, say, 20 per cent on each of the four sets of taxes.

For the past twenty years my associates have been studying the business men of this country. Thousands we have met personally. Thousands more we have met through correspondence and public conference. We really know well a large sample of the business world. It is our judgment that of the 500,000 manufacturers and the more than 1,000,000 distributors, the vast majority make no kick at proper government expenditures. They are perfectly willing to pay for needed expenditures. What they complain about is not the legitimate burden of right taxation, but the punishment of wrong taxation. Business men, if I may venture to speak in their behalf, are entirely ready at any time to pay the expenses of efficient government. What they are objecting to is the expenses of governmental waste, incompetence, stupidity, graft, politics, pork and general rot. The public, and the public alone, can abolish these things. The public, and the public alone, is paying the bill. The business man is only the bill collector.

Most of us remember the time when the storekeeper used to collect a few pennies when you made your purchases and drop them into a special box to be handed over to the Government for taxes. Question: Who paid that tax? The storekeeper didn't pay it. He scarcely touched the money, only just long enough to drop it into the tax box. It was your money—not the storekeeper's—that

(Continued on Page 107)

STAR OF DESTINY



There Might be, of a September Evening, a Great Roll of Clouds on the Horizon, and Oscar Saw Terraces and Castles

By Clifford Raymond

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

OSCAR saw that Number 8 south bound was posted thirty minutes late and he went across the tracks to the Fountain Hotel. Its fountain splashed under the glass roof of an arcade. It was a great hostelry to which caravans came, merchants from Baku, Ormuz and Ind, with bags, seeking two-dollar rooms.

Oscar took the names from the hotel register, writing them on his pad: A. Phillips, Gallipolis; C. J. Perkins, Athens; John Simons and wife, Willow Springs; Arthur Burton, Decatur; T. P. Prout, Center City; and so on.

There were twenty-four new names since he had copied the register. It was Saturday afternoon. These were personals for Monday evening's paper. Number 8 came in and Oscar saw the people who got off and got on. If he had done his duty he would have approached each one he could and have asked who he was and what he was doing.

Oscar wasn't lazy or indifferent to his duty, but it seemed unperformable. He couldn't be nosey and brash with those people. If there was someone he knew he might ask, but he couldn't approach a stranger.

He had a pocketful of notes when he went back to the office. Some he had taken at the downtown fire-engine house, some at the health office in the city hall, at downtown doctors' offices, at the coroner's office and the C. I. P. passenger office. He sat at his desk and the desk mouse skipped away from his paste pot. It would be back presently. Oscar and the mouse were friends.

"A. Phillips, of Gallipolis, was seen on our streets yesterday," Oscar wrote. The copy paper was part of a roll which had gone into a jam in the press. It was printed on one side and the ink showed through. "Mr. and Mrs. John Simons, of Willow Springs, Sundayed in our city." Oscar continued writing. "T. P. Prout, of Center City, was in our city on business."

Oscar had twenty-four variations of utilizing the names he found on the hotel registers as personal notices in the column of the paper devoted to intimate minutiæ of human life and movement. There were six hotels. He collected a daily average of a hundred names of persons of whom he knew nothing, and their value as personal intelligence was measured by his ingenuity in variations. He could not use "was seen on our streets" more than five times in a column. At least he thought he couldn't. It seemed, if it were overdone, to reveal an artificiality in a vivid chronicle of life.

Oscar was hunting for the twenty-fifth variation. He wasn't a faker. He needed not only plausibility but almost inevitability. It was not only plausible but inevitable that if A. Phillips, of Gallipolis, had registered at the Fountain Hotel he had been seen on the streets; but if he were to write that C. J. Perkins, of Athens, had come to attend his daughter's wedding it would be possible and plausible, but only in one case in ten million true.

Oscar wrote that C. J. Perkins, of Athens, was observed in the rotunda of the Fountain Hotel, which must be true; but that was not the twenty-fifth variation. It might never come.

When he turned to his health-department notes it was different. There were infinite variations. For instance, note: "Henry Concord, 1320 S. Fountain Ave., a son." Paragraph: "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Concord, of 1320 S. Fountain Ave., have a new vine. Henry says it is a pippin. The proud father is doing even better than mother and child, who are doing well."

On such material, as also on the marriage and death notices, Oscar could let himself really go, as, again, for instance:

"The many friends of Capt. Jacob Downer will regret to learn that he passed out of this life yesterday at the ripe old age of seventy-nine. Captain Downer was one of the most respected citizens of our city. For many years he was engaged in the hardware business on East Main Street, where his probity of character was universally recognized. He was a man of independent thinking and always said he never would have supported Grant for a third term. He was prominently mentioned for the post office on several occasions. The community extends its sympathy to his widow and daughter. Funeral announcement later."

Thus Oscar danced with life and death. He wrote many things which he did not put down on paper—wrote them as he walked, or sat at his desk watching his friend the mouse, or smoking by the stove before he went home of a winter night.

"The wedding of our brilliant fellow citizen, Mr. Oscar Storm, to Miss Sally Hughes, daughter of P. P. Hughes, president of the Central City Bank, was solemnized last night. The bride was ravishing in a creation by Mlle. Celeste, of E. Main St., and was given away by her father. The bridegroom wore the conventional black. The impressive ring ceremony was followed. After the ceremony the happy pair departed for the East, where Mr. Storm is supervising several dramatic productions of his works."

That was Oscar. He could live a whole life walking the street and writing headlines:

Oscar Storm, Great American Playwright, Revisits Native City.

Oscar Storm, Native of This City, Marries Miss Sally Hughes in Paris.

Oscar Storm, Author of The Whirlwind, The Crucible and Other Great Plays of American Life, Marries Miss Sally Hughes in New York.

Oscar did not leave any drop in the cup untasted:

"The body of Oscar Storm, distinguished son of this city, will lie in state at the city hall tomorrow. The Third Infantry will meet the funeral train tonight. It was Mr. Storm's wish to be buried in Greenleaf Cemetery, where his wife, who was Miss Sally Hughes, lies buried. Mr. Storm

survived her only a month. Their union was ideal in life and continues after death. Many bequests to charity.

"The greatness of Oscar Storm is not to be measured by this generation. He has enriched the drama of all peoples and all ages, greatly assisted by his wife, who was Miss Sally Hughes."

Sometimes Oscar was so engrossed in writing headlines and stories as he walked along that he completely passed out of reality for blocks.

Sunday afternoon he gathered church announcements. The round of the parsonages required at least three hours. Aside from that, he had a day off. Frequently the three hours were six. He had friends among the ministers. They liked to talk to him.

Winter, summer, spring or autumn, it was not unpleasant to trace the streets of a routine in which youth saw always ahead the lights of the future, over snow, by lilacs, under the flowering maple, alongside the phlox, through the bronzed white oaks.

There were three places in this routine which Oscar liked best and one was the Rectory of St. James', because it and the church were of ivy-grown stone, the grounds had great cypresses, cedars and firs, because the rectory had mullioned windows and the grounds had flagged walks and deep perennial gardens. Ah, there was cloistered mysticism here; and the Rev. John Jerome, with his pale laughing face, with his slim figure before his wood fire of a winter afternoon, smiling at Oscar, at the snow outside, at the books and glow of colors and Persian rugs inside, was triumphant asceticism, an aristocrat of the church.

The Rev. John Jerome always teased Oscar a bit, and Oscar then felt as if he were an assistant to a knife thrower and as if with the bright blades all flashing about him he need only stand still to be decorated but unhurt.

He could write more in the sky as he walked away from the rectory, with the influence of this ironic religious scholar upon him:

"Oscar Storm, formerly a citizen of our city, now universally recognized as the great playwright of the English language, spoke yesterday before the Ladies' Guild at the rectory. He was introduced by the Rev. Dr. John Jerome. Doctor Jerome referred in happy terms to the occasional meetings he had with Oscar Storm in his young years; how even then he had recognized genius, and how the young Storm in his responses had made him see the fullness of a career which was to come.

"Mr. Storm, in his eagerly awaited address, referred to the influence which Doctor Jerome had on his younger impressions. It may have impressed the readers of his plays that here is a man who has sent a plummet down to the full depth of life. He says that our beloved Doctor Jerome, with his curious appearance of aloofness from the human flesh and his close intimacy with the human soul, gave him the first clear insight he had into the recesses of life."

By the time Oscar had exhausted the variations of this theme he was at the First M. E. Parsonage and the Rev. Arthur Plum was opening the door to him. It was in such contrast to the rectory. A clean-cut lawn, where the rectory was evergreen grown. Brick walls, where the rectory had ivy-grown stone. The Rev. Arthur Plum with a harassed soul, where the Reverend Doctor Jerome looked out through mullioned windows at a world which could not be too distracted for him to see it straight.

"Come in, Oscar," said Mr. Plum. "You'll have to excuse me. I've been eating Spanish onions. One can, and yet talk from the pulpit."

He took from his desk the announcements he had read at the morning service and would read again in the evening. Oscar copied them: A meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society Tuesday afternoon in the church basement. Everybody urgently requested to attend. The usual meeting of the Epworth League. The Chautauqua Circle in the church basement Friday night. A special meeting of the Deaconess' Aid Society had been called by Mrs. Plum to meet at the parsonage Wednesday afternoon. The Young Men's Christian Literary Club Thursday night as usual. Rehearsals for the cantata Monday and Thursday nights in the Sunday-school room. Prayer meeting as usual. To be noted now for Tuesday night of next week an address by T. P. Nast, superintendent of the Sunday school, on My Visit to Yellowstone Park.

"Sit awhile, Oscar," said Mr. Plum when the boy had finished his copying, "if you have time."

"I'm nearly through," said Oscar. "I save the three nicest places until the last. Something to look forward to."

"What are the three nicest places, Oscar?"

"Here's one, of course. Don't ever tell on me. The others are the Rectory and Reverend Hockdœffer, of the German Lutheran."

"He drinks beer," said Mr. Plum. "I hope he doesn't offer you any."

"No; Mrs. Hockdœffer makes me sit down and eat gaffelbitar, smoked lamb shank, goose breast and apple cake, and drink coffee."

"Gaffelbitar?" Mr. Plum asked. "And what might gaffelbitar be?"

"Mrs. Hockdœffer is Swedish. That means fork pieces. It's spiced fish, cured in oil. Awful good. She's a lovely woman and I think he's a good man. Of course you say he drinks beer."

"I don't say it critically, Oscar. But it's one thing for him with his traditions and another thing for an American boy of the Midwest. With Doctor Jerome influencing you on one side and Mrs. Hockdœffer on the other, I'll have to intervene to keep you for your own people, who are the people of Midwest America. I don't like to see that old stock lost, Oscar. It isn't brilliant. It isn't cultured. It hasn't the Oxford mind or the robust social temperament of the German or Scandinavian, but it's very sound, kindly humanity, Oscar."

"Yes, sir," said Oscar.

"You see, my grandfather in Cincinnati was scared to death almost by St. Clair's defeat, and my father was with Harrison at Tippecanoe, and I think of the Midwest as an Englishman does of Runnymede, if any Englishman ever thinks of it. What I've been wanting to talk to you about was your profession, Oscar. What are you going to do?"

"Write plays," said Oscar.

"Of course, we all do that," said Mr. Plum. "We begin as soon as we start reading Shakspere. But aside from that, I don't believe you'll like real journalism—I mean metropolitan, cosmopolitan journalism. It's a big field, but do you think you'd like it?"

"I'd be scared to death," said Oscar.

"You must get over that. If your purpose is honest and worthy you must not be afraid to approach anyone."

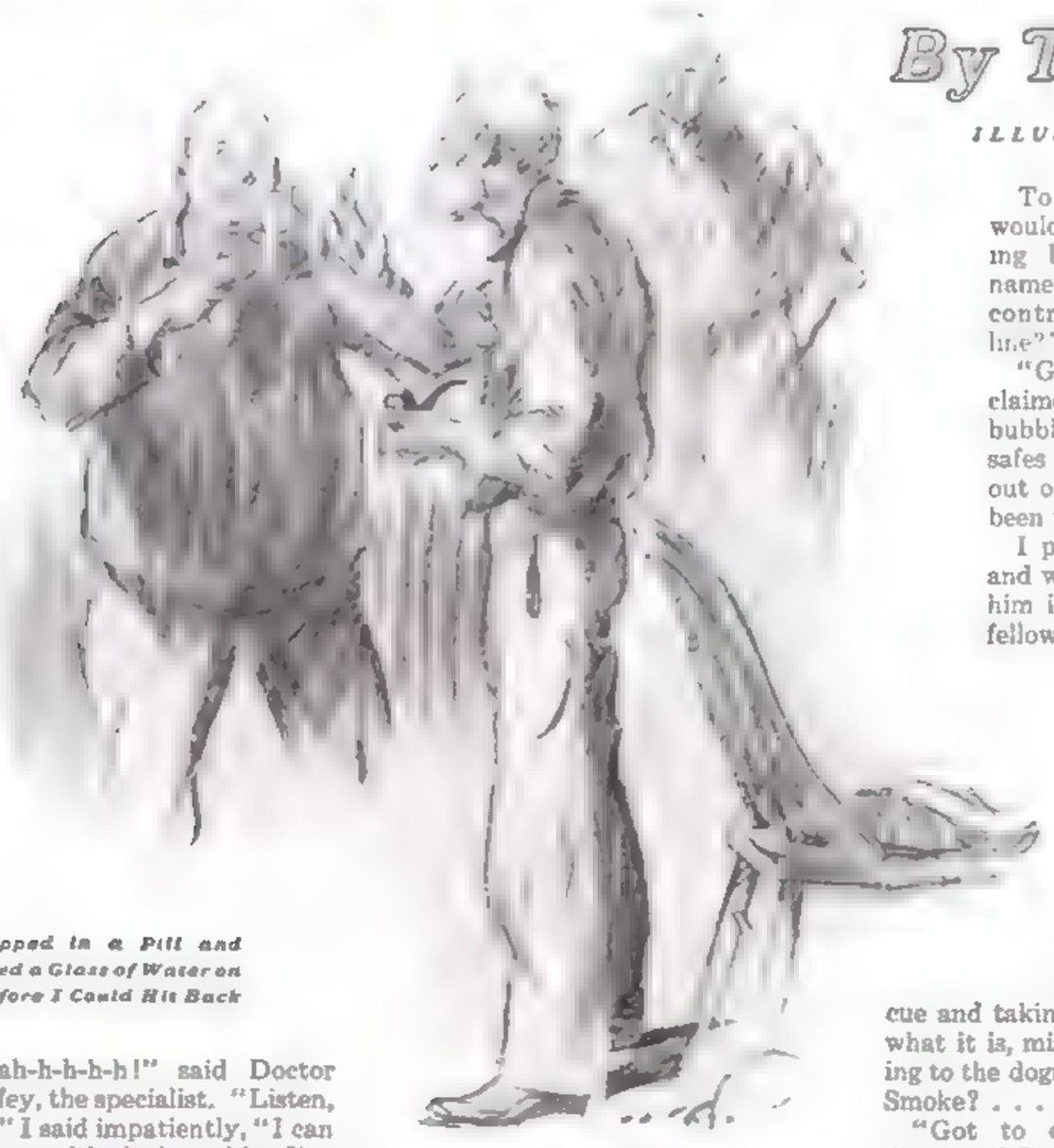
(Continued on Page 42)

"Mabel," Said Oscar, as if His Soul Were Taking Flight, "I'm Never Going to be Oscar Storm"

BILLY PATTERSON HITS BACK

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



He Popped in a Pill and Crowded a Glass of Water on Me Before I Could Hit Back

SAY ah-h-h-h-h!" said Doctor Benfey, the specialist. "Listen, doc," I said impatiently, "I can groan plenty; it's the best thing I've done in six months; my voice got that way hollering down a telephone. The matter with me is I'm all played out and run down and shot to pieces, and what I need is a prescription. I got a lot of heavy labor to do, and I can't get any help. Pick-and-shovel work, moving steam boilers, carrying bricks, floor scraping—all such as that. And what with getting no help ——"

"Acute muscular exhaustion," he nodded. "I see. Your diathesis indicates that you must go away for a good rest."

"You don't get me right, doc," I said. "I'm in the contracting business and I've got so much work to do that I haven't stirred a foot out of my desk chair in six months. I've got a permanent wave in my legs and my arm is bent from telephoning. Sixteen hours a day. I'm building the new courthouse in Sawneyville on penalty and bonus, and I'm likely to lose my shirt if I can't get labor. I can't eat; I can't sleep; I can't smoke; nothing's any good to me. I got the shakes with nervousness, and I'm so weak I can't keep my hair on, and what don't fall out I pull out. My teeth are loosening like—well, you know that new disease that they're booming just now. Mrs. Patterson—my wife, doc—claims I ought to go away and forget business and take a rest, and I came to you thinking you'd know better."

I told him everything. A man's a fool to go to a stick-up man like one of these specialists, and—well, that can lay as it goes. And he made me worse and more nervous by looking thoughtfully through the window at my new Supereight; I could see that he was adding it up and I was sorry I hadn't come on a truck.

"I see," he said. "Acute lack of exercise. Your diathesis ——"

"Do I have to go away from the office?" I asked.

"You do. Forget business. Go away and take a rest."

"Like thunder!" I said. "I didn't have to come here to be told that. I came because Mrs. Patterson said she would if I didn't, and I wanted to get my story in first. But it's no good. What's the damage?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Ah-h-h-h!" I said then right enough.

And I let him send me down to a hotel at Clear Lake for a two weeks' rest and forget business, if it killed me; I can't afford to drop twenty-five dollars and not even get a prescription.

Well, sir, I stayed in Clear Lake an hour and a half. Forget business? Say, the people down there couldn't talk anything else. I held myself down in a rocker beside a dignified old party—a real old Southern colonel, chin whisker, gaiters and string tie. I sized him up as a fellow who never did a tap outside of haze colored fellows and say "Ah-h-h!" to the real stuff, which is what I have read about Southern colonels. His dreamy old eyes were gazing across the emerald lawn to where, under the trees, the hired man was wheeling a swill barrel from the kitchen.

To make dead sure he wouldn't annoy me with talking business, I said, "My name's Patterson. I'm in the contracting. What's your line?"

"Garbage safes!" he exclaimed gladly, and then he bubbled up about garbage safes as if I had pulled a cork out of him. Seemed to have been under pressure.

I promised to come back, and went down and hid from him in the billiard room. A fellow down there was making fancy shots all by himself, and I figured him for a pool-room tout, but I kept walking behind him around the table so he couldn't talk to me; but finally I had to say something, so I said "How is business?"

"Sick in bed," he said, putting up the cue and taking my arm. "I tell you what it is, mister, this country is going to the dogs. I make shoes. . . . Smoke? . . . Where are you going?"

"Got to call up on the long-distance," I said. "Excuse, please."

He trailed after me and chased me right into a booth. I called up my bookkeeper for a stall and asked what was doing. He said, "Nothing, Mr. Patterson. Not a thing. Nothing at all!" Well that finished me with Clear Lake. Nice state of facts when nothing was doing in my office! I hustled for the desk and checked out and caught the next rattler for Sawneyville. I was furious with Doctor Benfey for sending me to a place like that.

I met Elmer Frew in the street. Frew is manager for the Beverley Cotton Mills; you've heard of them. Oh, we've got some big stuff in our town: Sawneyville is a peppy burg of twenty-five thousand live wires—twenty-six while you're counting, and hundreds more hustling in on every train and table of vital statistics—on its toes every minute.

"Say, Billy," said Frew, "what have you been doing to yourself? You look like Rip Van Winkle with the insomnia."

"What's the matter with yourself, for instance?" I said, a bit peeved. "You take a look at yourself and you'll be asking me for the name of my doctor."

"Labor," he said, rubbing his eyebrows. "Can't get labor. What is Congress thinking of that it won't let foreign labor in?"

"What is Congress thinking of? Well," I said bitterly, "that is the riddle of the sphinx—how can he look so wise when he's got no brains? Don't ask me what Congress is thinking of!"

"There ought to be some way to get young Americans into manual work," he said, "and then we wouldn't need the foreigners. They can't all be counter jumpers and movie extras and pen pushers."

"They can't, eh?" I cried. "That remains to be seen, Frew. Young Americans nowadays are sold on delicatessens and furnished rooms; they hate to take real money, and they beg off from owning a home and a car. They come into my office leaning on a diploma and hit me up for a white-collar job at fifteen a week, with my bookkeeper staring them in the face. He's been with me fifteen years and he's getting thirty-two dollars. I offer them a pair of overalls and five a day, and they get insulted. I tell them they'll have their tools in a year and that I'm paying skilled mechanics up to a hundred and ten a week; they ask me what do I suppose they went to school for. I get excited and tell them I was a mechanic myself, and that if a hundred a week or so is too poor they don't have to stop there; they can do jobbing in spare time, branch out, open their own shop, hang up the overalls, take to contracting, use all the brains they got and all they can hire, make a fortune, and be on velvet all the way because they're carrying a good trade. They tell me to calm myself, and go back to discussing a job at answering the phone and sassing the public. Don't talk to me about young Americans going into manual work!"

"Seems like a person can't talk to you about anything, Billy," he said. "You're as touchy as a sore toe. Say, Billy, I tell you what you ought to do for yourself—you ought to go away somewhere and forget business and take a good rest. What's the matter—jumping toothache?"

"Forget business and take a good rest!" I sneered. "That's all you know about America, is it? Say, Frew, you ought to broadcast your stuff, and then you could show your ignorance and people couldn't answer you back. Where in this broad land—from the syndicated orange groves of Florida to the incorporated skies of California and the capitalized three-mile limit off the rock-bound coast of Maine—can a man go and get away from business?"

Elmer Frew is an old friend of mine, so I don't have to be polite to him. He is a big man in Sawneyville now, and no public affair can quite get over unless Elmer Frew makes a speech and says that this is a matter so vital to all of us that it behooves each and every one of us, and so on. He is a heavy worker, with a deep voice and a slow delivery, smiling kindly and feeling the gold in his watch chain, and gives people an idea that he knows what he is beefing about. And sometimes he does, to be fair with him. Yes, he is a great man, and is a director in our First National and can walk into the cage where the money is; but he knows that he can't come it over me, because I knew him when he'd have to go and look into the window of one of these rare stamp and coin places if he wanted to see a ten-dollar bill. So in this case I spoke to him as stated above.

"Where?" he said. "I'll tell you where—over at Mike Buffet's rest camp. Sundown Lodge, he calls it. Back in the hills."

"I never heard of Mike before, or of his godown," I said. "Is it a hotel?"

"I should say not," he said. "Much more classy. Mike takes only prominent business men, first citizens whose health is overtaxed and who need a rejuvenation."

"Glands?"

"Oh, no; there's no monkey business about Mike's place. Mike will take care of you over there for a hundred a week, I dare say, if you mention me."

"I will not mention you and will save the commission," I said. "A hundred a week—and for what? Say, when I pay anybody fifteen dollars a day for three meals and a shakedown I will bear watching. Yes, I will be acting queer."

It Was Like Golf, Only Lighter and More Agreeable Pleasure

"Spring Water," He Repeated, Frowning. "Was Heiss——" He Pulled Out a Little Book

"I thought I would mention the place to you," he said. "No harm. It caters to the select few, and that's a fact. I dare say, Billy, that you can get accommodated very satisfactorily at some farmhouse at fifteen dollars a week. Say, Billy, there's Franz Schreckhofer's place; Franz might put you up cheap, and it's a lovely country around there. I'll speak to Franz about it the next time I see him at our back door. Or do you know him yourself -the farmer that raises all the pigs? Yes, he might put you up. What's one more or less to keep on a big farm like that?"

"Thanks," I said sarcastically. "See here, Frew, I'm able to pay a hundred a week with anybody else in Sawney County, and don't you forget it. It's the principle of the thing I object to."

"Don't I know it, Billy?" he said. "I know you can buy and sell half these people that put up such a front. But you ought seriously to consider Sundown Lodge, Billy. If you keep working so hard without a let-up you are going to get your name carved on marble with the two most important events of your life. Mike Buffet puts on a stiff tax, but that's to keep the common herd out. He gets the cream of a hundred miles about, and no low-lifes. Mr. Beverley goes there when his stomach goes back on him, and Oscar Maloney after he's been on a bat—and do you know who he had when I was there? Young Noah Flagpole of the Flagpole Soap Company. Real aristocrats. No greasy mechanics."

"Who they are don't cut any ice with me," I said sturdily. "I'm just as good as they are. Just because the Flagpoles have got ten million dollars and liveried help and six cars and an estate with a stone fence don't go to say ——"

"Why, there's young Flagpole now," he said, pointing.

"Who? Where? Which one?" I said. "Not young Flagpole himself? In person? Get out! So that's himself, is it? Gosh, ten million dollars! Wait up."

We were on the corner of Main and Sawney, and it is a busy corner, and I could not get a good look at young Flagpole on account of so many people, although I bent and dodged around. So I took after him down Sawney Avenue and bolted into Dennie's drug store and ran through it and caught a corking good view of him as he walked by the end window. Yes, sir, I looked right at him. I guess I could have put out my hand and touched him if it wasn't for the glass.

Old Barzilla Dennie, who owns the drug store, came hobbling up and said, "Here I am, Mr. Patterson—you want me? What's the matter? Was there an accident?"

"There he goes!" I cried.

"There goes who?"

"Young Flagpole, son of old man Flagpole, of Flagpole's Laundry Soap. Son—son! See him? Lean over here!"

"I see him," he said. "And then what? Friend of yourn? What did he do?"

"What did he do?" I said, going away. "He didn't do anything."

He screwed up his skinny old face, trying to understand, and didn't get excited a bit. Barzilla is one of these old Yankee crabs, and he got a reputation for being smart; but between you and me, he's mighty dumb in some ways. He kept asking me fool questions about me and young Flagpole; and then he gave me a queer look, and he hobbled outside and I hear he spoke to the constable about me.

Mulling it over, I decided I would give this Sundown Lodge a whirl. I needed an overhauling and I owed it to myself and my station in life to go to the right shop. When a man gets up in the world he wants to rub in with people in his own class, and assert himself and keep up his end; he wants to have pride, and bone up on manners and language and step out. In this country everybody is as good as everybody else if he has the money; and just because a man used to be a gas fitter like me don't say he can't rise up to the top of the heap and crow with the best of them—if he's got the stuff in him, that is. Which amounts to saying that in this country water rises to its own level, as the saying goes, and it don't make any difference where a man started from, it is where he is today; and if he has raised himself from a keg to a barrel, he wants to stack up with the barrels. I thought it would be a good chance to get to know Oscar Maloney and Noah Flagpole in a clubby kind of a way. As far as society goes, I have never been much of a mixer, sticking pretty close to business and not making free as I rose up in the world and improved myself, and naturally I would not keep up with the men I knew when I had my tools, though I was always kind to them and would answer them "Hello." But money isn't everything, as they say, and once in a while, and especially if I just had a snifter, I would feel pally, and here was a chance to horn in with some nice people in my own sphere. All of which, as above stated, is about what was in my mind.

I set to figuring how I would sell Mrs. Patterson on Sundown Lodge so she would not think I was going on a party. I had not been on a party in twenty years, but used to keep my own bottle like a gentleman; but Mrs. Patterson always suspected me of wanting to go on parties, and you would think, the way she talked, it was my way to get loaded and come home to fight it out. I found her this time in the kitchen making pimento-cheese sandwiches and coffee. I took a few sandwiches and sat down to eat them

"Put those back," she said. "They're for the company. Professor Steefelband has his class in the drawing-room. If you would come in at the front door like a gentleman, and not cut across lots to the kitchen, I would not have to tell you to let go of the company's refreshments."

"Speaking of company, Maude," I said, going to the ice box, "what are you doing in the kitchen? Where is Delia?"

"Delia got on her high horse and left this morning—after you made such a scene about the pancakes."

"Then where is Nora, the upstairs girl?" I said, passing over the crack about me and the pancakes.

It is no good arguing with a woman, because a woman says what she feels and not what she thinks. If she is sore on you she will make a wild stab at some meanness you have been up to, and she will tell you that somebody else said it about you, and then she can watch you sputter and you have no come-back; and maybe you are boob enough to thank her for the information. Which is no tip to you, if you are an old married man yourself and have had the sex under surveillance. I will say that Mrs. Patterson is a very honest woman, and very often she will tell her own fibs. So I laid the pancakes on the table, as the saying goes, and asked about the upstairs girl. We keep two in help, or try to.

"Nora is packing," said Mrs. Patterson. "I asked her to go into the kitchen for a day or two, and she said it was not her work and we had words, and one thing I will not stand for is back talk from a servant."

"Well, Maude," I said cheerfully, "you are one woman that don't need to let the servant problem bother you, since you got two grown daughters. What's the matter with Eunice and Gladys making beds and washing the few dishes we use? Cook, too - they should be able to. I think it's sinful the way you are bringing up those girls. I think a woman looks her best when she's doing housework. I remember so well the first time I saw you, Maude; you were standing in your mother's kitchen, boiling the wash, with a stick in your hand and a beautiful color. There was something so graceful and natural ——"

"Don't be low, Will," said Mrs. Patterson, pushing the door shut with her foot. "And you don't have to shout. You sound so ordinary. I've told you before and I tell you again that no daughter of mine will ever stand in a kitchen. Never!"

"Suit yourself, Maude," I said. "I'm not interfering. Only it strikes me as a man of common sense that girls ought to be taught housework. I can tell you that if your mother hadn't taught you to keep house, and if I didn't know it before I married you ——" But when I got to that I saw the rocks ahead and I switched off. "What was your idea then in telling young George Van Paltz that Eunice made that chocolate meringue last night? When I know perfectly well that Delia made it."

That stopped her for a minute and enabled me to make my get-away. I slid out through the butler's pantry and ran into Nora coming down the backstairs with her bundle. She was a big lumpy girl; if you saw only their shadows you wouldn't know which was Nora and which was the bundle. She struck me for her money, and I passed over her fourteen dollars for the week. I pay out all the money in the house so as to have some system about it.

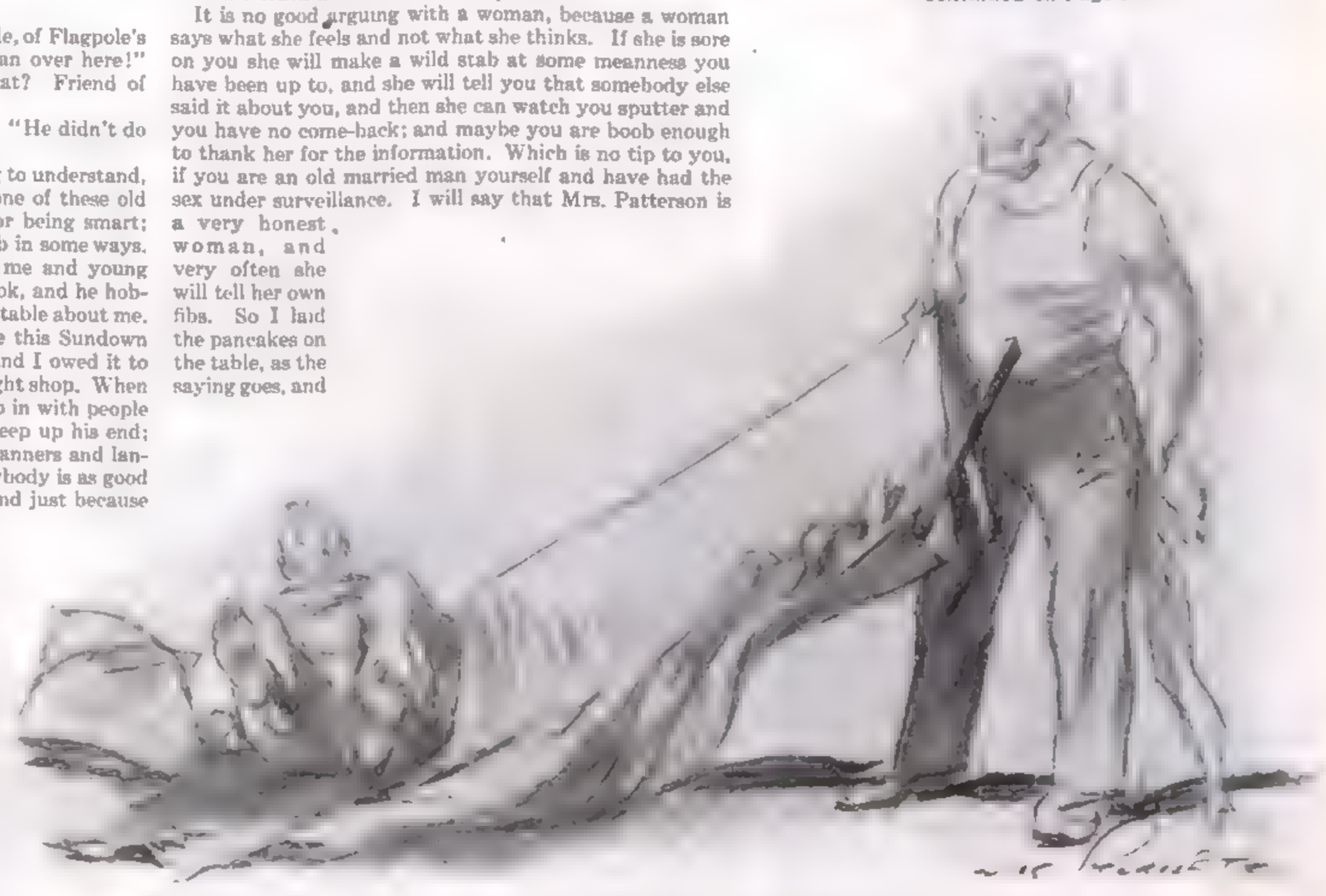
"What are you quitting for, Nora?" I asked.

"I'm taking a place in the mill with my sister," she said, bobbing her head.

"You'll only get nine dollars a week there, and find yourself."

"No matter. I'll be treated like a lady, and don't need to take no sauce from nobody. Housework ain't no work for a lady, and I wouldn't take another situation if I never did nothing. And who is Mrs. Patterson, to put on such airs? You'd think ——"

Continued on Page 97



He Lifted the Cot Up and Shunted Me Out Onto the Cold Floor

THE KINGS OF ODISTASH

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

As the Cord Tightened, the Eagle, His Ascent Arrested, Screamed With Rage and Swung Outward

THE dusky marshmen of Odistash have an odd legend about the bald eagle. They say that once in the lifetime of every male eagle, when he has attained the utmost fullness of courage and strength, he sets out on a journey to heaven. Launching forth from his nest in the woods he circles upward, climbing in a spiral course towards the sky, gliding up and up on wide rigid wings until in a little while even his keen eye can no longer discern the earth beneath him.

Up and up he goes, for days and nights, passing by the moon and the stars, but keeping far from the sun so that his wings will not be burned by the fierce heat; on and on through the immensity of space, until at last, if his strength does not fail, he comes to the place where a Certain One awaits him with the prize which he desires—a stone. Hiding this stone under his feathers the eagle sets out immediately on his long journey back to earth, and on arriving there conceals the stone in his nest and guards it jealously.

Why the eagle should desire and value this stone from some celestial valley the legend does not explain; but if a man can gain possession of it his fortune is made, for by means of the stone he can open the doors of any money vault or bank in the world. There is one condition, however, which he must observe with the greatest care. After acquiring the Eagle Stone, he must never expose it to the light of day, for if the sun touches it its rays will destroy its magic.

Now the King of Odistash, dozing on his high throne, knew nothing about this legend. His throne was a thousand feet high, and viewed from below, it was blue with buttresses of white; for the king was a big bald eagle, his throne was the sky, and its buttresses were the snowy cumulus cloud-mountains where the thundersqualls were made. In summer and early fall these squalls came crashing down upon the wide sea marshes of Odistash, sometimes forcing the king to take refuge in the thick jungle on the wild barrier island where he had his home. But this was midautumn, and since the squalls seldom came at that season the king, soaring in the high air, paid no attention to the lightning which flashed and glowed at intervals in a tall thunderhead towering above the billowy cloud ranges to the northward. Round and round he swung, a thousand feet above the marsh plains where white herons stood like images in the shallows, and willets, yellowlegs and clapper rails walked along the muddy margins of the sluggish streams; round and round, in wide interweaving circles, with scarcely a quiver of his black-brown wings, taking his ease in the cool soundless solitude where no living creature dared challenge his supremacy.

He had been soaring thus, more than half asleep, for nearly an hour, when suddenly his lethargy left him. His fierce yellow eyes gleamed under their beetling white brows as he checked his smooth onward course and hung for a moment suspended, his gaze fixed upon one spot in the vast panorama of russet marsh, pale-blue sea and dark-green forest within range of his vision. Then, half closing his wings, he slid swiftly down a sharply inclined plane, the wind whistling past the hard edges of his pinions. Two or three hundred feet above the marsh he extended his wings, swerved to the right, and, beating back against the fresh southwest breeze, began to circle above the actors in the marshland drama which had stirred his interest.

All through the marshes of Odistash wind many tidal creeks, twisting and turning this way and that, dividing into lesser creeks which in turn divide into little marsh brooks, filling with the flood tide which pours in through narrow inlets between the barrier islands, emptying again with the ebb. These waterways teem with life. Into them with the flood tide come the incalculable armies of the mullet; and in pursuit of the mullet armies often come the dolphins, forsaking for the time being the clear water of the ocean along the barrier beaches to follow their favorite prey far up the winding marsh channels until the shoaling water warns them to go no farther lest they be left high and dry by the receding tide.

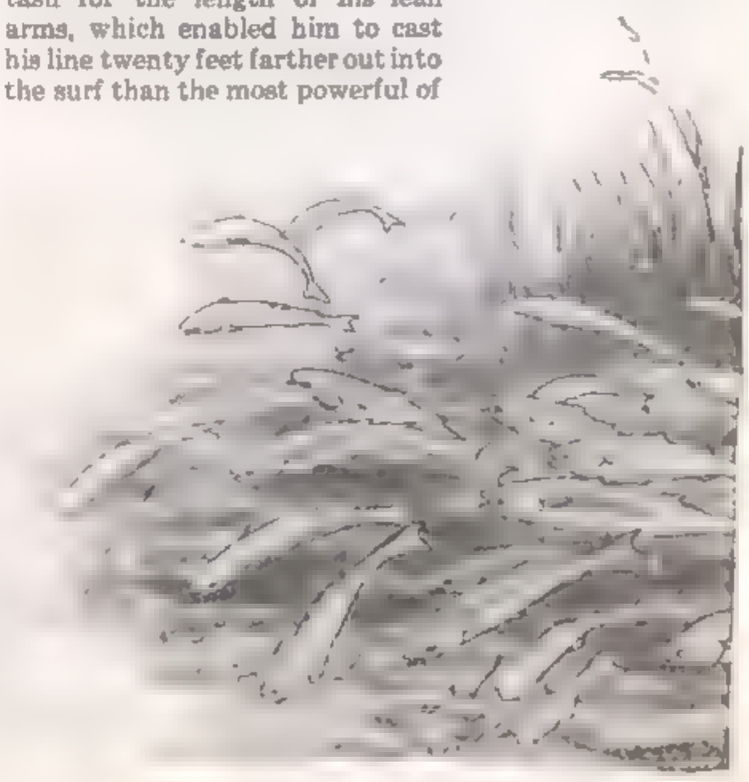
The eagle, sweeping and swerving in narrow circles three hundred feet in the air, looked straight down upon one of these marsh creeks at a point where a large tributary entered it. The tide was ebbing strongly and the mullet hosts were streaming down with it towards the sea; and in the midst of the mullet hosts three dolphins, swimming nearly abreast, were enjoying good hunting. They had cruised far up the creek with the rising tide and now they were returning seaward with the ebb.

The king had marked their progress up the creek, for, drowsy though he was, there was little that happened on the face of the marshes below him that he did not see; but he had watched them with rather languid interest, for at that time they were hunting in a lazy leisurely fashion which was unlikely to afford him an opportunity to levy tribute. When the tide turned, however, and began to ebb swiftly, bringing down with it the vast hordes of fish which had gone far up the smaller creeks beyond the dolphins' reach, the latter presently changed their tactics. It was this fact which had caught the attention of the soaring eagle and brought him down from his station in the upper air so that he might be ready to take instant advantage of the opportunity which at any moment might be afforded him.

There was every sign that he would not have long to wait. The dolphins, showing six feet or so of their rounded backs above the surface, were charging the flanks of a great army of mullet which filled the wide winding creek from bank to bank and from bend to bend. Dashing at high speed into the shimmering ranks in the shallow water close to the right-hand shore, the big sea mammals, wonderfully lithe and agile in spite of their bulk, were spreading consternation among the finny phalanxes.

Swift as the mullet were, the dolphins were swifter still, and just ahead of them, as they charged side by side through the shallows, a silvery shower of fish, each of them from six to eight inches in length, curved through the air and rained down into the water. It was this rain of fish rather than the dolphins themselves that interested the eagle, circling and poising, eagerly awaiting his chance. Sooner or later, he knew, one of those leaping mullet, fleeing madly before the oncoming dolphins, would leap in the wrong direction and fall upon the mud between the marsh and the water's edge. Then, if he could drop upon it from the air before it flopped back into the water, he would have his dinner.

A little distance downstream, around a bend of the creek, another hunter was watching and waiting. Deaf Jen Murray, famous among the negro marshmen of Odistash for the length of his lean arms, which enabled him to cast his line twenty feet farther out into the surf than the most powerful of



The Dolphins, Showing Six

his rivals, crouched in his little flat-bottomed punt watching the eagle with avid crafty eyes. Jen had fished the flood tide that morning at a shell bank just below the creek bend and had made a good catch of whiting and croaker. An hour before high water, when the fish had stopped biting, he had pushed his punt into the entrance of a little gully opening into the creek. Then, bending the tall marsh grass over him to shut out the glare—and also to hide the boat from view in case a squadron of black ducks settled on the creek—he had lain down in the punt for a nap.

He had slept longer than he intended. When he was awakened by a sudden movement of the punt as it slid a foot or so on the soft mud of the gully now left nearly dry by the receding tide, the first thing that he saw through the screen of marsh blades bending above him was the eagle hovering in the air two or three hundred yards away. Slowly and very cautiously he drew his wiry body to a sitting posture and reached stealthily for his rusty single-barreled gun.

For years Jen had known and admired the king, the greatest eagle that he had ever seen, and often he had said to himself that some day he would capture the bird. He wanted the king, not dead but alive and uninjured. A dead eagle was merely so much carrion of which he could make no use; but a living eagle, especially so fine a specimen as this one, would bring two or three dollars from some enterprising shopkeeper in the city who could draw a crowd by exhibiting the captive in his window. To Jen two dollars was a vast sum; and as the king, swerving and hovering over the charging dolphins, drew nearer and nearer, the marshman fingered his weapon eagerly and blessed the luck which seemed about to bring the big bird within fairly easy range. If the king held his course until he was almost directly over Jen's head, the marshman, who was as skillful with his gun as he was with his surf line, felt pretty confident that he could cripple one of those long wide wings and bring his victim down without serious injury.

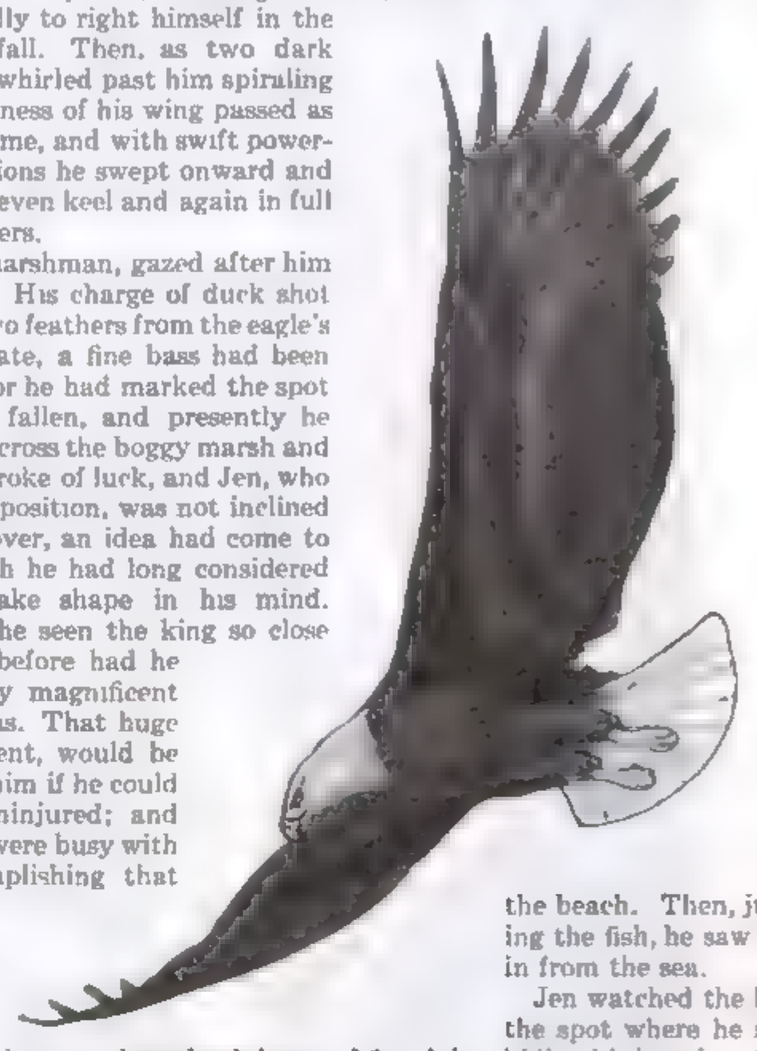
Nearer and nearer came the king. Jen could not see the dolphins—or porpoises, as he would have called them—and being almost stone deaf he could not hear the swish of their big bodies through the water; but knowing the life of the marshes and the marsh creeks as he did, he guessed the reason for the eagle's tactics. His only fear now was that the eagle's chance might come while he was still beyond easy range. The negro's white teeth clamped together as he saw the king suddenly close his wings and plunge, his head held low, his yellow talons opened wide beneath him; and as the great bird disappeared behind the tall grasses the marshman jumped to his feet, determined to shoot as soon as the eagle rose, though the distance was so great that only if good luck aided his marksmanship could he hope to bring down the quarry.

So far, at any rate, fortune favored the king. The prize that he clutched in his sharp curved claws as he stood on the sloping shore of the creek was not a mullet, but a four-pound channel bass, its red-gold back and flanks glittering in the sunlight. Hard pressed by the dolphins as it swam along in the midst of the mullet host, the bass had leaped out of the water just as the jaws of its would-be destroyer were about to close upon it. Falling in the shallows within a few inches of the shore, the fish had been washed a foot or so up the shelving muddy bank by the wave which the charging dolphins made as they rushed past; and instantly the king, rejoicing at the sight of a prize so much better than that which he had hoped for, had fallen upon it from the air and driven his long talons into its sides.

The king stood for a few minutes upon the body of his victim, waiting until its struggles became less violent; then, spreading his wings, he rose against the wind, lifting the bass almost without effort. He was forty feet above the marsh when he saw the marshman, now standing erect, his head projecting above the tall grass, his gun at his shoulder. With a harsh scream the eagle swerved and slid down the wind, his body slanting sharply, gaining speed each instant. The gun barrel swung swiftly around a half circle, held steady a fraction of a second, then spouted flame and smoke.

The king screamed again as a numbing shock paralyzed his left wing. His claws opened, releasing the bass, while he struggled frantically to right himself in the air and check his fall. Then, as two dark brown quill feathers whirled past him spiraling downward, the numbness of his wing passed as suddenly as it had come, and with swift powerful strokes of his pinions he swept onward and upward, again on an even keel and again in full possession of his powers.

Jen Murray, the marshman, gazed after him with gleaming eyes. His charge of duck shot had merely clipped two feathers from the eagle's wing; but, at any rate, a fine bass had been added to his catch, for he had marked the spot where the fish had fallen, and presently he would make his way across the boggy marsh and get it. This was a stroke of luck, and Jen, who was of a cheerful disposition, was not inclined to complain. Moreover, an idea had come to him and a plan which he had long considered vaguely began to take shape in his mind.



Never before had he seen the king so close at hand, and never before had he realized what a truly magnificent specimen the bird was. That huge eagle, he was confident, would be worth five dollars to him if he could take it to town uninjured; and already his thoughts were busy with a scheme for accomplishing that end and perhaps at the same time accomplishing something else even more worth while, something which would make even the splendid sum of five dollars appear trivial and insignificant compared with the glittering wealth which would then be at his command.

Jen lost no time in putting his plan into execution. He said nothing about it to any of his acquaintances. In the first place, he wanted all the fruits of his venture for himself; and in the second place, he knew that some, though by no means all, of his neighbors would laugh at him if he told them what he had in mind. Early the next morning he left the little house where he lived alone on the edge of the Odistash marshes, and rowed in his square-headed punt mile after mile along lonely winding marsh creeks to the back beach of one of the barrier islands stretching in a long chain between the marshes and the sea. Pulling a little way down the deep narrow inlet separating this barrier isle from the next, he landed on the sandy inlet shore and followed it to the front beach. There, at a point where a long sand spit thrust far out into the ocean, he waded into the surf and, whirling his hand line, baited with cut mullet, over his head, cast his hooks into the outermost breakers. Then he turned his back on the sea and began to search the sky.

Jen knew that somewhere in the dense semitropical jungle covering the whole interior of this barrier island the king had his nest, but he did not know exactly where the nest was, and, since the island was some six miles in length and a half mile or more in width, he wanted to get some idea of the approximate locality before beginning his search. The best way to do this, he thought, was to take his stand on the front beach and watch the sky for the king or his mate; and in planning this preliminary part of his task the marshman had decided to combine business with adventure by trying his luck with the big channel bass of the surf.

After a half hour of waiting he felt a tremendous tug and, jerking the line viciously, grinned with delight as he realized that he had hooked an unusually large and powerful fish.

Had he been using the rod and reel of a sportsman there would have ensued a glorious battle amid the curling breakers; but with Jen Murray fishing was not a species of play, and after the fish had somewhat spent its strength in three spirited rushes he hauled away hand over hand upon the heavy line and soon had his victim—a splendid thirty-pound bass, gleaming in the light like burnished bronze—gasping on the beach. Then, just as he rose to his feet after unhooking the fish, he saw the king high over his head journeying in from the sea.

Jen watched the big bird eagerly and marked with care the spot where he spiraled down into the jungle. After hiding his bass in a tamarisk thicket just above high-water mark, so that the watchful turkey vultures, incessantly patrolling the sky, would not spy it from the air, he walked two miles up the lonely palm-fringed beach to a point opposite the place where the eagle had descended. On the way he saw the king, this time accompanied by his mate, rise out of the woods and, circling upward, fly straight out over the ocean. *(Continued on Page 72)*

Feet or So of Their Rounded Backs Above the Surface, Were Charging the Flanks of a Great Army of Mullet Which Filled the Wide Winding Creek

A SOUND IN THE NIGHT

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATION BY L. EVANS PARCELL

BETSEY SHINDLEDECKER and her sister Tilly sat opposite each other at a large quilting frame which filled half their kitchen. Betsey was tall and stout, and to her round, benevolent countenance the transparent Mennonite cap with its narrow black strings gave an aspect of saintliness. Her dress was of soft gray chambray, made with a full skirt and close-fitting waist. Over her bosom was folded a large neckerchief of gray chambray. Tilly, who also wore the Mennonite garb, was older and taller, and somewhat stooped. When she walked across the kitchen she had the appearance of one bending to watch her own steps, and the black ties hung perpendicularly from her cap. She had a thin face and an alert, nervous expression, as though she listened constantly for the approach of something which was unpleasant, if not dangerous. The sisters were members, not of the main body of the Mennonites but of a small and very strict offshoot called the Improved Mennonites.

The Shindledeckers needed no quilts; in ancient painted chests in bedrooms and attic were enough to last their lifetime and the lifetime of several large generations after them. There were quilts of woolen material put together in squares and diamonds and oblongs, and there were quilts of muslin in all patterns known to Pennsylvania Germandom. There was none of silk, because taste and conscience opposed the use of silk. There was one in which tiny circles of calico had been joined together, the lacy result being ornamental rather than useful. There was one which had in it twelve thousand half-inch squares. Even the white material between the colored patches which formed the design was cut into squares and sewed together. The quilting was a marvel of neatness and exactness. There were intricate circles, sprays of flowers, animals and, loveliest of all, graceful feathers.

In the rooms with the painted dower chests stood old beds, some of them four-posters, tall chests of drawers and washstands with pitchers and basins of brown pottery. In the room over the kitchen, which the sisters shared, the basin had upon its brim two perching doves which held in their bills a little cup for soap. All the sheets and towels in the house were homespun. The sheets were broad, with a seam down the middle; the towels were five times as long as they were wide, with loops at the top to hang over wooden pegs in the doors, and fringe wrought of the material at the bottom. Upon them borders were embroidered in cross-stitch, sometimes conventional designs, sometimes the name of the long-departed maker, sometimes a little verse or motto. The kitchen cupboard was of walnut, and so were all the chairs and tables. The Shindledeckers were slow people, unmoved by changing fashions.

The Shindledeckers were naturally shy, and the trait had been cultivated by them until the two surviving members never went from home except to meeting. They tilled their garden in the early morning and sent their milk to the creamery by a neighbor, who also did their errands at the store. Only trespassers upon their property could draw them from the house and into conversation. When hunters threatened the rabbit that came to the porch each winter evening for an apple, or the squirrels that lived in the thick woodland which was their property, Betsey especially became bold as a lion and drove off the marauders with loud and truculent speech.

The fields were oftener trespassed upon than the woodland, which was supposed to be dangerous. In the center was one of the deep pits called sink holes, which are common in the limestone country. It was said that before the time of the oldest man living, a farmer quarrying limestone had suddenly sunk from sight with his wagon and two horses, and it was supposed that the surrounding earth was not firm.

The pit had long been filled by a subterranean spring, and was said to be bottomless. Round it was a close growth of magnificent trees, the summer haunt and the spring and fall resting place of all the native and migrant birds, which knew no terror of the black pool.

Regardless of completely equipped beds and chests filled to bursting, when the Shindledeckers felt each fall the impulse to quilt they set to work, and the quilt now stretched taut upon the frame bade fair to excel in beauty all those made by themselves and their mother and grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Upon a foundation of creamy unbleached muslin had been appliquéd wreaths of roses mixed with sprays of pale-blue larkspur. The designer of the calico from which they had cut the delicate and beautiful pattern was an artist rare among designers. Under each green leaf and rose or blue petal a tiny bit of padding had been placed so that the wreaths seemed to lie upon the creamy surface. The spaces between were laid out in a feather pattern in blue chalk, to be followed by thousands of tiny stitches, and then brushed or washed off.

She Drew a Deep Breath and Let It Out in a Trumpet Blast. "We're Coming!"

As they worked the sisters could look out in three directions back into the woodland, to the right up a white road which mounted the hills to the west, and to the left across beautiful fields to the town of Lanesville. By pressing their faces to the windowpanes and looking sidewise they could see the little meeting-house across the road where they attended services on Sunday morning and Wednesday evening. The rooms at the front of the house were kept closely shuttered, except at the time of fall and spring cleaning, and they could not discern the approach of visitors until they pounded at the back door. Visitors had to pound; it was not until they had thus proved the seriousness of their intentions that Betsey answered. Tilly would never have answered though the very roof clattered about her ears.

The sisters enlivened their pleasant work with song. Tilly had a high soprano and Betsey a basslike alto. They sang the hymn book through, Tilly elaborating with really skillful runs and quavers the theme as sung by Betsey.

This morning the view was beautiful beyond words to describe. The color in the woodland at the back of the house was startling in its brilliancy of red and yellow, and the color on the distant hills was mysterious in its rose and purple. The winter wheat was green and in among the shocks of corn lay piles of brilliant yellow ears. There was not a cloud, not a disturbing breath of air; the loveliness made one's heart ache.

"Sometime we'll make us a quilt with such autumn leaves," said Tilly. "We'll get samples and samples and samples, till we find the right one."

"Yes, well," said Betsey, looking at her sister with admiration.

Tilly was artist and poet, though she had no suspicion of it herself.

"I think the brown cow is so nice in the sun," she said, looking out upon their little field. "She gets sort of a orange color on her rough back."

"And the chickens, also," said Betsey, looking out the opposite window, pleased to be able to add an observation. "But you," she said, suddenly looking under the quilting frame—"you don't match nothing, you old gray one."

A large cat walked out and approached the door. He was an unresponsive beast and his dignified and indifferent behavior was the joy of their lives. They insulted him, but they adored him, and Betsey moved at once to let him out. She was five years younger than Tilly and it was fitting that she should wait upon the cat.

"He thinks we're going to sing," said Tilly.

"Well, let us begin," said Betsey.

An hour passed in music and another in silence and the morning waxed more and more brilliant. It was time that Betsey rise and put the potatoes on to boil, but she could not bear to interrupt the steady setting of her tiny firm stitches. A scratching at the door brought her to her feet.

"The proud one has come back," she said.

"If he would only earn his keep!" said Tilly. "If he would only catch once one little field mouse!"

This was nonsense; Tilly could not bear to see anything caught.

Betsey opened the door, saying contemptuously, "So you want in now, do you? You think I've nothing to do but wait on you?"

The cat entered slowly, his tail in the air. Something else came in with him, a faint sound, and Tilly raised her head and stayed her needle as though sewing were a noisy process.

"Listen!" she said.

Betsey did not say "Where?" or "What?" She stood breathless. Without doubt, footsteps were approaching.

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THE TRAP

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

WHEN a man builds a house he does more than he realizes. He boxes in a portion of this planet and converts it into a trap. Not that he can be held directly responsible, but it is certain that as a result many things happen which otherwise would not have happened. A house, as distinguished from an unwalled and unroofed area, forces contacts, and that is always a source of history

The Pope Hayward place, as it was known, was originally part of the Jouett farm, and consisted of a strip of a few acres running from the stage road to the lake. This spot, chosen by Pope for his house in 1860, was virgin land, with three miles of island-dotted water to be seen to the north, then twenty-five miles of rolling hills extending to the foot of Mt. Washington. To clear the land Pope cut down pine trees which were the descendants, in all probability, of trees growing in that very spot since the last glacial period. Not that Pope was aware of this or would have cared greatly had he known. He was twenty-one, a free man, and after the custom of his fathers was to marry and set up for himself. Tall, lank, sinewy, he brought his ax down hard and true. Each blow sounded like a pistol crack and the V-shaped cut he made was as smooth as though planed. When the tall trees fell they fell with a swishing roar and their smaller branches twitched like the muscles of a dying human. But Pope did not notice. He went on with his job, thinking of Lucy Jouett, for whom he was building. Glacial periods, a thousand generations of pine trees, civilization itself, expressed their fruition in this one fact alone.

The house, when it was finished, was a modest one-story structure containing a parlor, a sitting room and two bedrooms, with a kitchen in the rear, convenient to the woodshed in the ell, which in turn connected the capacious barn. It set on underpinning of split granite, and the sills and rafters were of oak from four to six inches square. It was clapboarded and shingled with cedar, which lasts the life of the average man. Beyond this span Pope was not interested. He was dealing only with the present, and was content to leave the past to the historians and the future to the parsons. A possible fifty years was all that he could handle.

In the fall of 1861 he brought his bride here, and the next May he answered Lincoln's second call for men. In August he was killed at Bull Run. So it seems that history counted for more in his affairs than he anticipated.

This left the widow alone in the house—the trap, as it were, baited. She did not think of it that way, nor did anyone else, for that matter; but there was the house and there was the widow—a pretty girl of twenty, strong, capable, alive. It no more occurred to her to go back to her parents than to go back into pinafores. She had definitely severed that connection when she married, and now she belonged to the Hayward place. She sold some of the livestock, but kept a horse, a cow, a pig and the chickens, plowed and planted her garden, and what with the housework and rolling bandages for the soldiers, found her life active enough. But when sometimes she woke up at night and realized how empty the house was, and how when she threw out her arm it met nothing, she shivered especially in the winter, when the emptiness was bitter cold. She felt then as though her life had come to an end and that nothing remained but to await patiently the call of the Lord.

With spring, however, she was in a better mood. There was much for her to do—a man's work as well as a woman's—and this kept her busy. She plowed and harrowed and planted her vegetable garden, looked after her stock, and at twilight found time to straighten out the flower garden in front of the house. She was at this task one evening in June when a curious figure came down the road and, seeing her beside the open door, paused uncertainly. He was what was left of a very young man and was dressed in what was left of a blue uniform. His face was pale and emaciated and he limped as he walked. He was shy and uneasy and did not venture to speak until she spoke first

"Evenin'," she said.

"Evenin'," he answered in what was left of a pleasant voice. "I'm wonderin' if you'd mind my sleepin' in your barn tonight."

Her pretty young face clouded a moment. Many men were drifting back from the front these days and they bore not any too good a reputation.

"Where do you belong?" she questioned.

"Lovell," he answered. "Davis is my name. Reckoned I could get along a piece further, but ——"

He sidled closer to an elm tree for support. She studied him with sympathetic interest. His hair was long and unkempt, but his sunken eyes looked honest.

"I'm a widow," she explained. "I'm alone here."

"Oh," he answered as though he understood her position. "Guess I'll be able to worry along another mile or two."

He left the support of the tree and started off rather shakily, when she stopped him.

"Did you know Pope Hayward?" she asked.

He shook his head

"I'm Sixth Maine"

"He was Eighth Maine"

"Killed?"

"At Bull Run."

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"If You Go Away From Me I'll Follow You to the Ends of the Earth and Bring You Back." "I've Stayed Too Long Already," She Gasped

SINGING FOR THE HAPSBURGS

By MARIA JERITZA

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

IN PREWAR Austria there was only one city for the artist—Vienna. It was the city of a splendid court The imperial family and the aristocracy, as well as the citizens of the capital, favored music, and especially the opera The cult of the opera was, in fact, a centuried tradition with the people of Vienna as well as with their rulers, and to sing on the stage of the beautiful *Hofoper*, the Court Opera House, was the aspiration of every girl with prima donna ambitions. But no operatic beginner, even if she had a successful season behind her, would have dared to try to get a *Hofoper* engagement to begin with; the *Hofoper* was for the matured artist, the great singer who by sheer weight of fame and reputation was drawn to its magic boards as though by the action of some musical law of gravitation.

I made up my mind while I was still singing in the Olmütz Theater to see what I could do at the municipal opera in Vienna, the *Volksoper*. This fine opera house, situated on the border line between the inner and outer city, was a kind of trying-out place for young ambitious singers. There they were given a chance to show what they could do, and if they were successful they could feel that sometime, perhaps, in the distant future, the portals of the *Hofoper* would be opened for them.

One morning—it called for all my courage, for I did not know a soul in Vienna—I took the train from Olmütz, went to a very modest hotel, for I had only enough money with me for a three days' stay, and applied for a hearing at the *Volksoper*. Voices were tested there every Wednesday and Saturday, and Rainer Simons, the clever and energetic director, heard the singers himself. It was a Saturday, and I did not have to wait long for my turn.

"Well, what do you want to sing?" Simons asked me.

"Micaela's aria from Carmen," I answered.

"Go ahead," said he, and settled down to listen. I was not halfway through my song before he sat up and raised his hand. "Thanks! That's enough. No more, no more!" And with that he was off into the wings.

I was angry. Here I had come all the way from Olmütz to be heard, and I knew I had not sung badly. Yet Simons had not even had the courtesy to let me finish my little song before dashing all my hopes to the ground. I was about to leave the building when a theatrical attendant came to me and said, "Will you please come to Mr. Simons' office? He wishes to see you."

A Pleasant Surprise

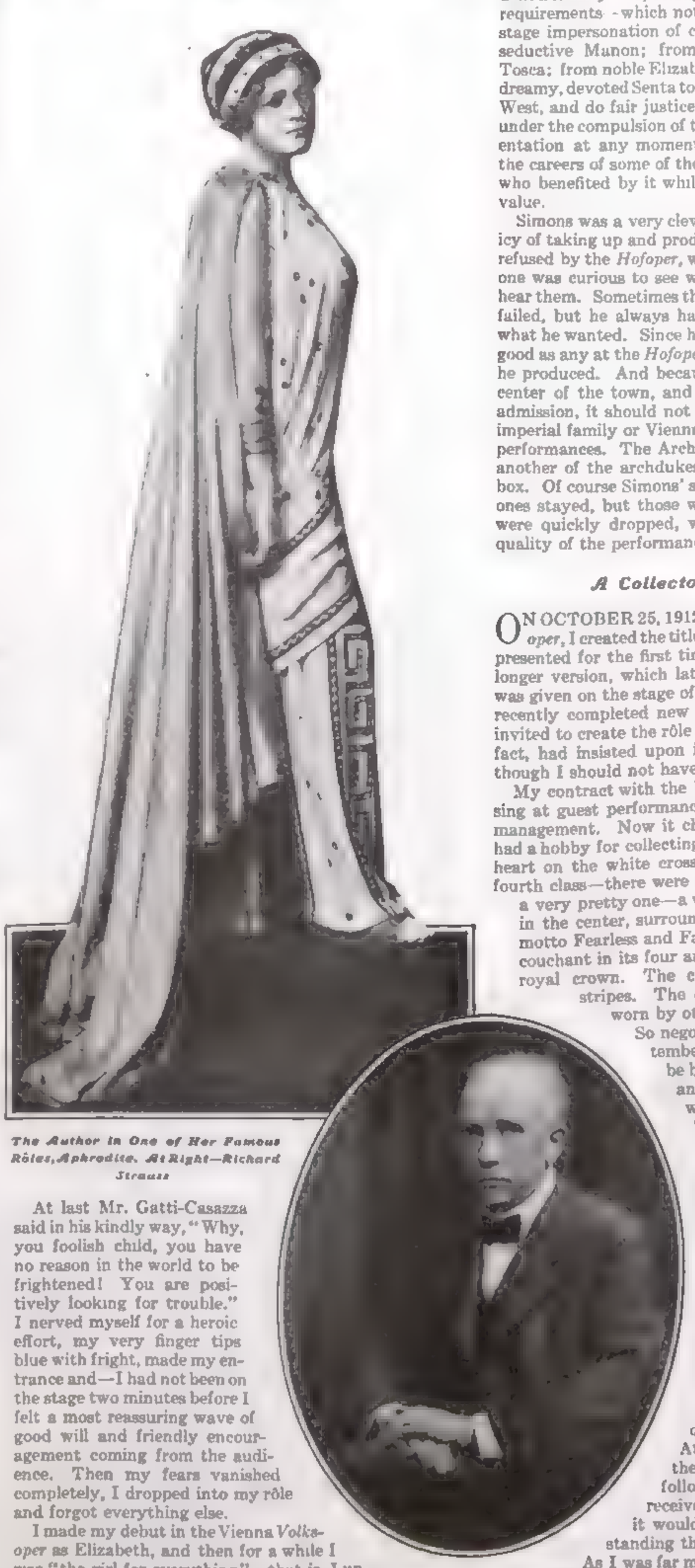
NOTHING could have suited me better, in view of how I felt at the moment. As I crossed the threshold of the office I began at once, "It was anything but courteous of you to stop me so abruptly in the middle of my aria. You might at least have let me finish singing it, and then have broken the bad news to me gently!"

Simons looked at me with great astonishment.

"Bad news? What bad news? Why, my dear child, I sent for you to tell you that you were engaged. And you must begin work at once!"

I explained that I had only a small trunk with me, with enough clothes for a day or two, and that he would have to let me begin my engagement with a week's leave of absence. This he agreed to, and when I finally reported for duty I was plunged at once into a far more strenuous round of work than at Olmütz. Simons was a driver, and the whole company stood in awe of him, yet he was popular. He was essentially a man of the theater, with a David Belasco instinct for creating successes. He was a ruthless yet intelligent tyrant and a tireless worker, but the nickname the artists gave him, *der Menschenschinder*—The Slave Driver—was not so unkindly meant as it sounds, for he never asked anyone to work harder than he did himself. He was always very kind to me, and I think the fact that I was not afraid of hard work had something to do with it. He treated me like a father, in fact, and both he and his wife took me into their home circle, introduced me to people, and did all in their power to make Vienna pleasant for the little Moravian stranger.

I really studied and came to know the majority of the rôles of my repertoire while I was with Simons, and he did me one great service. He took away once and for all that haunting fear of my first entrance on the stage, that tightening of the throat and involuntary feeling that I could not utter a note, which until then I had not been able to subdue entirely. I never felt it again until the night of my New York debut at the Metropolitan, as Marietta in Korngold's The Dead City. The fact that the composer had written this dual rôle especially for me was no consolation at that moment. I stood there in the wings, my legs shaking, trembling all over, and delayed the rise of the curtain for fully five minutes. I was so upset that I kept on crossing myself again and again and begging for "Just one minute more, just one minute more!"



The Author in One of Her Famous Rôles, Aphrodite. At Right—Richard Strauss

At last Mr. Gatti-Casazza said in his kindly way, "Why, you foolish child, you have no reason in the world to be frightened! You are positively looking for trouble." I nerved myself for a heroic effort, my very finger tips blue with fright, made my entrance and—I had not been on the stage two minutes before I felt a most reassuring wave of good will and friendly encouragement coming from the audience. Then my fears vanished completely, I dropped into my rôle and forgot everything else.

I made my debut in the Vienna *Volksoper* as Elizabeth, and then for a while I was "the girl for everything"—that is, I understudied all sorts of important rôles at a moment's notice, and sang any and every part demanded of me. And I could never tell what rôle might come up.

It is an experience which I wish every young American singer with operatic ambitions might have. A chance to study one rôle after another at high tension and rapidly, each rôle totally different from its predecessor and successor, cannot help but give the student a facility—especially as regards theatric and dramatic requirements—which nothing else will. To pass from the stage impersonation of chaste and modest Elsa to that of seductive Manon; from childlike Micaela to passionate Tosca; from noble Elizabeth to maniacal Mona Lisa; from dreamy, devoted Senta to the hot-blooded Girl of the Golden West, and do fair justice to such sharply contrasted parts under the compulsion of the possibility of actual stage presentation at any moment—this experience, as proved by the careers of some of the greatest native American singers who benefited by it while studying abroad, is of priceless value.

Simons was a very clever manager. He had a fixed policy of taking up and producing the very scores which were refused by the *Hofoper*, with the natural result that everyone was curious to see what they were like and came to hear them. Sometimes they succeeded and sometimes they failed, but he always had good audiences, and that was what he wanted. Since his vocal forces were practically as good as any at the *Hofoper*, he could do justice to anything he produced. And because the *Volksoper* was not in the center of the town, and popular prices were charged for admission, it should not be thought that members of the imperial family or Vienna high society never attended the performances. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand or one or another of the archdukes often appeared in the imperial box. Of course Simons' singers came and went. The good ones stayed, but those who could not meet his demands were quickly dropped, which did much to keep up the quality of the performance.

A Collector of Decorations

ON OCTOBER 25, 1912, while still attached to the *Volksoper*, I created the title rôle of Richard Strauss' Ariadne, presented for the first time on any stage, in the original longer version, which later was rewritten for Vienna. It was given on the stage of the so-called Small House of the recently completed new Stuttgart Theater. I had been invited to create the rôle as a guest singer, and Strauss, in fact, had insisted upon it. But for a time it looked as though I should not have the opportunity to do so.

My contract with the *Volksoper* stipulated that I could sing at guest performances only with the consent of the management. Now it chanced that one of the directors had a hobby for collecting decorations, and he had set his heart on the white cross of the Crown of Würtemberg, fourth class—there were five classes. The decoration was a very pretty one—a white cross, bearing the initial F in the center, surrounded by a crimson fillet with the motto Fearless and Faithful, had four golden leopards couchant in its four angles, and was surmounted by a royal crown. The crimson ribbon bore two black stripes. The director in question had seen it worn by others and fancied it.

So negotiations with the Court of Würtemberg began. Yes, a decoration would be bestowed; two, in fact, one on me and one on the director; but they would be crosses of the fifth class. This, however, did not suit the director at all. What he wanted was a cross of the fourth class. If no cross of the fourth class was forthcoming for him, then Strauss would have to find someone else to sing the rôle, for I would not be released. In the meantime, lest I make my escape and rob him of his pawn in the game he was playing, two policemen appeared at my home, and I was obliged to swear that I would not leave Vienna without official permission from the *Volksoper* management.

At last, after much correspondence, the matter was finally settled in the following manner: The director would receive a cross of the fourth class, but it would be only on the specific understanding that I would claim no cross at all. As I was far more interested in singing Ariadne than in obtaining a decoration, this was agreeable to all parties concerned, and I was allowed to depart for Stuttgart.

I began to rehearse at once on my arrival, and Strauss and everyone else showed me the greatest kindness and

consideration. I had not had time to prepare the rôle properly before reaching Stuttgart, and the first rehearsal was terrible. But as soon as I began to understand my part thoroughly Strauss himself said one afternoon that I "bloomed forth beneath his eyes," and pretended to believe that I was an altogether different person and not the Jeritza he thus far had known.

Empress Zita and Her Youngest Daughter, the Archduchess Maria Christina Eugenia

The Queen of Würtemberg, who was passionately fond of music, attended all rehearsals. One day I had just finished singing and was leaning against the piano on the stage, glad to rest for a moment, when suddenly I heard a commanding voice inquire, "Which one is this Jeritza? I should like to see the woman who has caused so much trouble!"

Another voice answered, "There she is, standing by the piano."

"Impossible," replied the first speaker. "Why, she is just a sweet young girl. I was sure, considering all that fuss about decorations"—of which I was quite innocent—"that she must be one of those temperamental *prime donne!*"

A few moments later her lady in waiting told me that the Queen wished to see me. I followed her, and when I dropped my curtsy was still so flurried by what I had just heard that in my confusion I addressed her as "Mrs. Queen" instead of "Your Majesty."

She sat me down beside her without any ceremony and told me to talk right out, and I soon found that she was as friendly and amiable as could be.

"How would you like to sing at the Stuttgart Opera permanently?" she asked me. I told her I was bound by contract to the *Volksoper*. She laughed. "That might be arranged," she answered. "We could give that director of yours another decoration."

Then I explained to her that I loved Vienna, that all my friends were there, and that it would break my heart to leave that city; so the subject was dropped.

Singing for Royalty

ON THE evening of the brilliant first night, after the performance, the intendant of the Stuttgart Opera, Herr von Putlitz, gave a soirée at his home to which all the artists who had taken part in the production were invited. King Wilhelm II of Würtemberg appeared and held a circle, everyone filing past and being presented to him. But there was absolutely nothing ceremonious about the affair. King Wilhelm wore a monocle which persisted in dropping from his eye to the carpet. Of course as soon as it dropped everyone rushed forward devotedly to pick it up. But this the King would not permit. Standing firmly above the undutiful crystal he would ward off the crowd of loyal monocle hunters with both arms, crying, "No, no, never mind! I will pick it up myself!" Which he would then proceed to do. This little incident occurred again and again in the course of the evening and always left a little flutter of innocent hilarity in its wake, which made the formation of any social ice entirely out of the question.

I might have waited a long, long time before entering the exclusive precincts of the *Hofoper* had it not been for a circumstance quite unforeseen. I sang before the Emperor Franz Josef in Ischl. The summer was dragging along at the *Volksoper*, and everything there seemed flat, stale and unprofitable. I was bored and longed for a change. One day I happened to tell Dr. Erich Muller, director of the Ischl Theater, how I felt. He beamed on me.

"Come to Ischl and sing for me there," he said. "It is a lovely place, the Emperor lives there during the summer and goes to the theater, and you can sing comic opera instead of grand opera for a change. Do not waste your time messing around here at the *Volksoper!*"

At first the idea appeared ridiculous. "I have never sung comic opera before," I told him. "I know nothing about it."

He smiled. "If you can sing grand opera you can sing comic opera," he replied, and finally I decided to try it, at any rate.

I did want a change, and Ischl was reputed to be a lovely place, so I went there as a guest singer from the *Volksoper*.

It was a beautiful place. Two rivers, the Ischl and the Traun, surround the little peninsula on which the town lies in a valley with towering green mountains all around it. My mother and I at once established ourselves in a pleasant villa, not too far from the theater, and when rehearsals were not in order I went about in peasant costume—like everyone else at Ischl—and did a good deal of walking, for there were delightful foot excursions to be made in every direction. Behind our villa rose a long grassy hillside with a considerable slope. A favorite amusement of some of the other young girls of the company and myself—we were a jolly, carefree lot—was to climb to the top of the little hill. We would seat ourselves at the top and then a little push would send us flying down—the grass was very long and slippery—amid shrieks of laughter. Of course our dresses and stockings would get perfectly green, but it was such fun that we did not mind that in the least.

My appearance as Rosalinda in Die Fledermaus had been duly announced, and Doctor Muller had spoken truly, for when I made an entrance on the stage, there sat the Emperor Franz Josef in the imperial box. The opera had been a favorite of his ever since its first Vienna production in 1874, and it was soon evident that he was enjoying every detail of the stage action and every one of Strauss' notes. How he applauded! And how the house applauded, for when the Emperor applauded in Ischl the audience applauded too. In the second act, disguised as a Hungarian countess, I sang the very brilliant *Csardás*, beginning "Music of the homeland, your strains all-compelling," with its fiery, passionate *frischka* dance close, the whole thing a picturesque gypsy rhapsody, not any too easy to sing. When I ended, the Emperor clapped, and did not stop until I sang the number a second time. Then we—he and I—repeated the performance; he applauded and I sang. But when he insisted on my singing the *Csardás* the fourth time I could not get a single note out. My throat felt as dry as tinder and my tongue seemed ready to hang out of my mouth. So I stepped in front of the stage, swept the Emperor a grand curtsy, and then put my hand to my mouth and throat, smiled and shook my head, to show him that my spirit was willing but that my throat was weak. He understood, laughed and nodded his head for me to continue. Fortunately, after the *Csardás* the dialogue set in again, and I had a chance to recover my voice.

Madame Jeritza as Saffi in The Gypsy Baron. At the Right—As Marguerite

Franz Joseph's Praise

NOT long after the performance Baron Prileszky, who had been in attendance on the Emperor in his box, himself told me that the Emperor had said to him, "I cannot understand why I had not heard her at the *Hofoper!* Here is a delightful young creature, with a wonderful voice, an admirable actress, and I hear her only by chance! Do the singers at the *Hofoper* have to be middle-aged or old?"

I sometimes think that hearing the Strauss music he liked so well under favorable circumstances that night in Ischl may have recalled his happier younger days to Franz Josef. It may have evoked the recollection of the time when he was considered the most accomplished dancer in the empire, and often moved across the floor of the great ballroom in the *Hofburg* to the music of Strauss waltzes like the ones he heard that night. The old are grateful to those who can recall memories of their youth and its joys to them, even if it be but for a passing moment. After the performance of Die Fledermaus the Emperor never missed a performance at which I sang.

Ischl with its brine-vapor baths had been the summer residence of the Austrian imperial family—a fact that drew many of the Austrian nobility there as well—ever since 1822. It was in August, 1912, that I sang there, and I remember we had a special performance in honor of Franz Josef's birthday, which fell on August eighteenth. Strange to say, the birthday of his successor, the ill-fated Emperor Karl, was on August seventeenth. Since the Emperor had been going to Ischl almost uninterruptedly every summer since he had ascended the throne, the imperial birthday had become an institution in the place. It is not strange. He had been celebrating his birthdays there—or, rather, the town had been doing so—for some sixty-four years. The Emperor and those members of his family who were in town always ate a family birthday dinner together, usually in the restaurant of the *Kursaal*, since there was not room for so large a number of people in the imperial villa. The people of Ischl were very fond of him, and I found it very

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THE PRICELESS PEARL

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IV

HUMAN nature being as it is, it is probable that the loss of the pearls was nothing to Edna Conway in comparison with the satisfaction of being able to telegraph her brother that his priceless pearl was suspected of having stolen them. She was a kind-hearted woman and would not normally have wished to put even the most degraded criminal in prison; but there seemed an ironic justice in the fact that a woman sent to reform the manners of her children should turn out to be a thief. She valued her pearls too. They were not only beautiful and becoming but they had a sentimental association. Her husband had given them to her when they were first married, after a tremendous success at Monte Carlo. They had cost a great deal of money in the days when pearls were cheap, and yet, as he had got them from a ruined Polish nobleman, they had not cost their full value. He had said to her as he gave them to her, "There, my dear, if I never give you anything else ——" As a matter of fact, he never had given her anything else; in fact, he had often tried to take them away from her when things had first begun to go wrong. But Edna had managed to cling to them, feeling that they would always keep away that wolf which idle well-to-do middle-aged women appear to dread more than any other group in the community.

Edna was not only kind-hearted but she was normally utterly lacking in persistence; she would not have been able to conceal suspicions from anyone over a protracted period. But malice is a powerful motive, and she managed in the days that followed the loss to play her part admirably. The idea that Anthony was already hurrying home to meet the impostor who had slipped into the real Miss Exeter's place gave her a determination she usually lacked.

It was perhaps stupid of Pearl not to guess that her fraud had been detected as soon as the detectives set to work. But Pearl was so much interested in the recovery of the jewels that it never crossed her mind she herself was suspected. She did notice a slight change for the better in Mrs. Conway's manner—a certain sugary sweetness—a willingness to be in the same room with her, especially if the detectives were for any reason busy—a new interest in all her plans.

The thought that occupied her mind was the idea that Wood was on his way home; that at last she and the man she had been writing to every day for weeks were to meet face to face. How could he fail to be pleased with her—she who had made Antonia neat, Durland studious, and had at least suggested to Dolly's egotism that there were other women in the world at least as attractive as she? Pearl thought a great deal about their first meeting; there would be a certain awkwardness about it, especially if it took place in the presence of the family, as it probably would. Still, she could manage it. She would say in a few simple words that she was Augusta Exeter's best friend, and had taken her place. He was sure to be amused and smile that nice smile which Augusta had described. The interview went on and on in her imagination, a different way each time she imagined it; but always agreeable, always exciting, always ending in Mr. Wood expressing his gratitude and admiration.

Yet this man about whom she was thinking so constantly was actually speeding toward her, feeling as bitter about her as it is possible to feel about a person you have never seen. We forgive anything better than being made ridiculous. It was not mere vanity, though, that made Anthony so angry. He knew that much of his power over his sister had been destroyed. Everything that he suggested in the future would be met by Edna's amused "Another priceless pearl, Anthony." Yes, he said to himself as he sat with folded arms and stared out of the train window, he had made a fool of himself. What did he know of the real Miss Exeter? He had no one but himself to blame.

"If I Was You, I'd Say, 'Look, Girlie, We Want to Help You. We Have You Dead to Rights, and You'd Better Come Across'"

He had been on the point of starting home when he received Edna's second telegram announcing her loss. Everyone, as the author of Cranford has observed, has a pet economy, and Edna's economy was telegrams. She never cabled or telegraphed if she could help it, and then she usually obscured her meaning by compressing it into as few words as possible. When Anthony opened this one and saw its great length and her name at the bottom of it he knew that something was terribly wrong. It said:

Pearls stolen from safe. Only governess had combination. Detectives discover she is impostor. Real Miss Exeter married and went to Canada two days after you saw her in New York. This woman has no idea she is suspected. Is closely watched and has had no opportunity of disposing of jewels. Pearls thought to be still on place or hidden on beach. Please return immediately. Be careful about telegrams. She might get them first.

As soon as Anthony read that message he felt a conviction that it was all true. Whether or not she had stolen the pearls, he knew she was an impostor, for he realized now that he had known from the beginning that he had been in correspondence with a beautiful woman. He had tried to tell himself that the quality he felt in her letters was the vanity of a plain one, but all along he had known in his heart that in some strange and subtle way beauty had exuded from every line she wrote. He had been made a fool of by a beautiful and criminal woman. Well, he would hurry home and settle that score in short order. He was not a cruel man, he said to himself, but this did not seem a situation that called for mercy.

It was, of course, necessary that someone should meet Anthony on his arrival in New York and acquaint him with all the details. As Edna was unwilling to leave her household, the duty fell to Miss Wellington, who complained a great deal and leaped at the chance.

So when Anthony got off the train in the Pennsylvania Station there was not only his secretary but his old friend, Cora Wellington, waiting to greet him. The secretary remained to see about the bags, while he and Miss Wellington drove to his apartment. The robbery was still a secret—not to be told to the papers—even the secretary did not know of it. As they drove up the long incline to the level of Eighth Avenue Cora said the thing that Anthony wanted to hear and yet would not say even to himself:

"Really, Anthony, I think Edna might have guessed that it was not the governess you had sent. You couldn't have selected such a person—dyed yellow hair and a sort of exuberant, almost coarse good looks that you wouldn't admire in any woman and would not tolerate in a governess, I'm sure."

It was agreeable to hear, but he would not admit it.

"Poor old Edna," he said. "I don't feel exactly in a position to criticize. This woman must be clever."

"Clever!" exclaimed Miss Wellington. "It's uncanny! Instantly she obtained an almost hypnotic influence over Durland and Antonia. Even Dolly was on the point of succumbing—if it had not been that the woman overreached herself in her affair with young Williams. Between ourselves, Anthony, though I haven't said this to Edna, I don't feel at all sure that that affair did not go a great deal further than the kiss."

Anthony frowned in silence. This was almost more than he could bear. He said to himself that it was the idea of Antonia being brought into contact with such a situation that disgusted him.

Cora was kind enough to sit in his drawing-room and wait while he had a bath and dressed. It was a nice room and she thought as she waited how she would rearrange the furniture if ever she should come to live there. There were photographs of the children about—Antonia as a baby, Durland in his first sailor suit, a picture of Edna with the three children grouped about her like English royalties.

She was wearing the pearls.

Then Anthony came out of his room, looking handsome and sleek and brown and very well dressed in blue serge; and they went out and had luncheon together, and then started at once for their drive of a hundred miles in Anthony's car.

She answered all his questions—and one he did not ask. She volunteered: "I must confess, Anthony, when I first saw this girl—saw how unsuitable she was—I felt your wonderful judgment must have been clouded by your having fallen in love with her."

"Recollect, please," he returned, "that even if it had been the girl I saw, I had only seen her once."

"Don't people fall in love at first sight?"

Anthony smiled.

"I don't," he said; and he went on to describe the slow process by which a love which can be depended on to last must necessarily grow.

To Miss Wellington, who had known Anthony for fifteen years, the description was perfectly satisfactory.

They reached Edna's house a little after five. Dolly had gone away the day before to soothe her wounded feelings at a house party in the Adirondacks. Durland was playing golf and Antonia having supper with her friend Olive. Edna alone received the traveler. She did not reproach

him; she gave him the greeting of a woman simply crushed by anxiety.

He said, "I'm awfully sorry about this, Edna. You've had a disagreeable time—aside from the pearls, I mean."

She raised her large sullen eyes.

"If only you had not made me promise, Tony—so that I was not free to turn a thief out of my house until she had actually stolen my valuables. A woman has an intuition when she's allowed to follow it."

He had not a word to say in answer. He had an interview with the detective—the head man, Mr. Albertson; the other one was engaged in watching Miss Exeter—the false Miss Exeter, who was sitting, as her custom was of an afternoon, on the beach. It was this habit of sitting for hours alone on the beach that had led to the theory that the pearls were hidden there, waiting the right opportunity to be dug up and dispatched to a confederate.

Mr. Albertson was a tall, gray-haired man of the utmost dignity. His figure would have been improved by a faithful addiction to the daily dozen, and his feet were extraordinarily large. He had a calm, grand manner and was extremely chivalrous in his attitude toward all women—even those he was engaged in sending to jail. He reminded Anthony of the walrus—or was it the carpenter? who wept so bitterly for the oysters while he sorted out those of the largest size. Mr. Albertson melted with pity for that sweet young creature as he detailed the growing mass of evidence against her: The burglaries in Southampton since her coming; the fact that she had insisted on having the combination of the safe; the fact that Mrs. Conway had locked the pearls in the safe and that only Miss Exeter had gone to the safe afterward; the mysterious appearance of Miss Exeter in Mrs. Conway's room during the night before the robbery, and, of course, her alias. It had been largely a matter of form, Mr. Albertson said—the sending of his men to look up her record. It had been a shock to them all to find that the agency which had originally sent Wood the names of governesses could offer proof that their Miss Exeter had married and gone to Canada. So far they had not been able to get any information as to this woman who had slipped into her place. Some of her things had a P on them. Mr. Albertson mentioned that there was a notorious English thief -Golden Polly or Golden Moll.

"She's called by both names," said Mr. Albertson. "This girl answers her description very good."

Wood nodded. Had he in fact been getting a daily letter all these weeks from Golden Moll? The idea intrigued him not a little.

"I think I'll go and have a talk with her," he said.

"By all means, by all means," said Mr. Albertson. "We've just been waiting for you, you know—just to see how she'll act when confronted with you. She hasn't a notion, you know, that you've left Mexico. But," he went on in his deep rich voice, "I'd speak her fair if I was you. Kindness, Mr. Wood, never does any harm. What are we put in this world for except to help each other -women especially? If I was you I'd say, 'Look, girlie, we want to help you. We have you dead to rights, and you'd better come across. Come across, girlie,' I'd say, 'and make it easy for everyone.'" Mr. Albertson had already recommended this speech to Mrs. Conway without success, and now it seemed to him that Mr. Wood was not really going to make it.

"Ay, yes," Anthony said rather noncommittally.

He turned from Mr. Albertson quietly, as is some people's manner when they are doing something important and, crossing the piazza, stood a moment at the top of the steps.

The sun had just set behind his right shoulder, and to those who love the sea the bare flat scene had at this moment an extraordinary beauty. All round the circle of the horizon there was a grayish lilac color. The sea was blue and gray, the beach was pink, with gray shadows under the dunes—strange blending colors that come with no other light. The storm was over, and the sea, though not smooth, was heaving with a slow, regular swell. The beach, even to the dunes, was strewn still with seaweed and lumber and all the flotsam and jetsam of a high tide.

Immediately in front of Anthony was a large rose-colored parasol, the owner of which had evidently forgotten to put it down, although for an hour now it could have been of not the slightest use. Nothing appeared beneath it but the tip of a white suède slipper.

Anthony stood and looked, a smile hovering at the corners of his mouth. There she was—possibly the Golden Moll of Albertson's suspicions, certainly the writer of interesting letters, the reformer of his niece's manners, the stealer of the pearls.

Then he heard Antonia's voice behind him, calling his name. Ordinarily she would have stolen up behind him and clung round his neck with her feet off the ground; but now she evidently wanted him to get the full effect of her changed appearance, for she stood ten feet off and spoke to him. Oddly enough, she was wearing the very clothes which Pearl had described—the pink linen, the hat with the pink rose, the gray silk stockings and gray suède pumps. Nothing, Anthony thought, could have been more accurate. The child was very beautiful, just as he had hoped -hardly dared to hope—to see her.

She gave him just that second to take her all in, and then sprang at his neck.

"Oh, don't you think I look nice?" she said passionately. "It's all Miss Exeter—your priceless pearl—and she is priceless. Don't you think I look nice? I like her better almost than anyone I ever knew, because she's so straight. Don't you think I look nice?"

"Indeed I do," said her uncle. He managed to free his neck from the yoke of Antonia's arms and held her off and turned her round. "Yes," he said, "you look exactly as I like to see you."

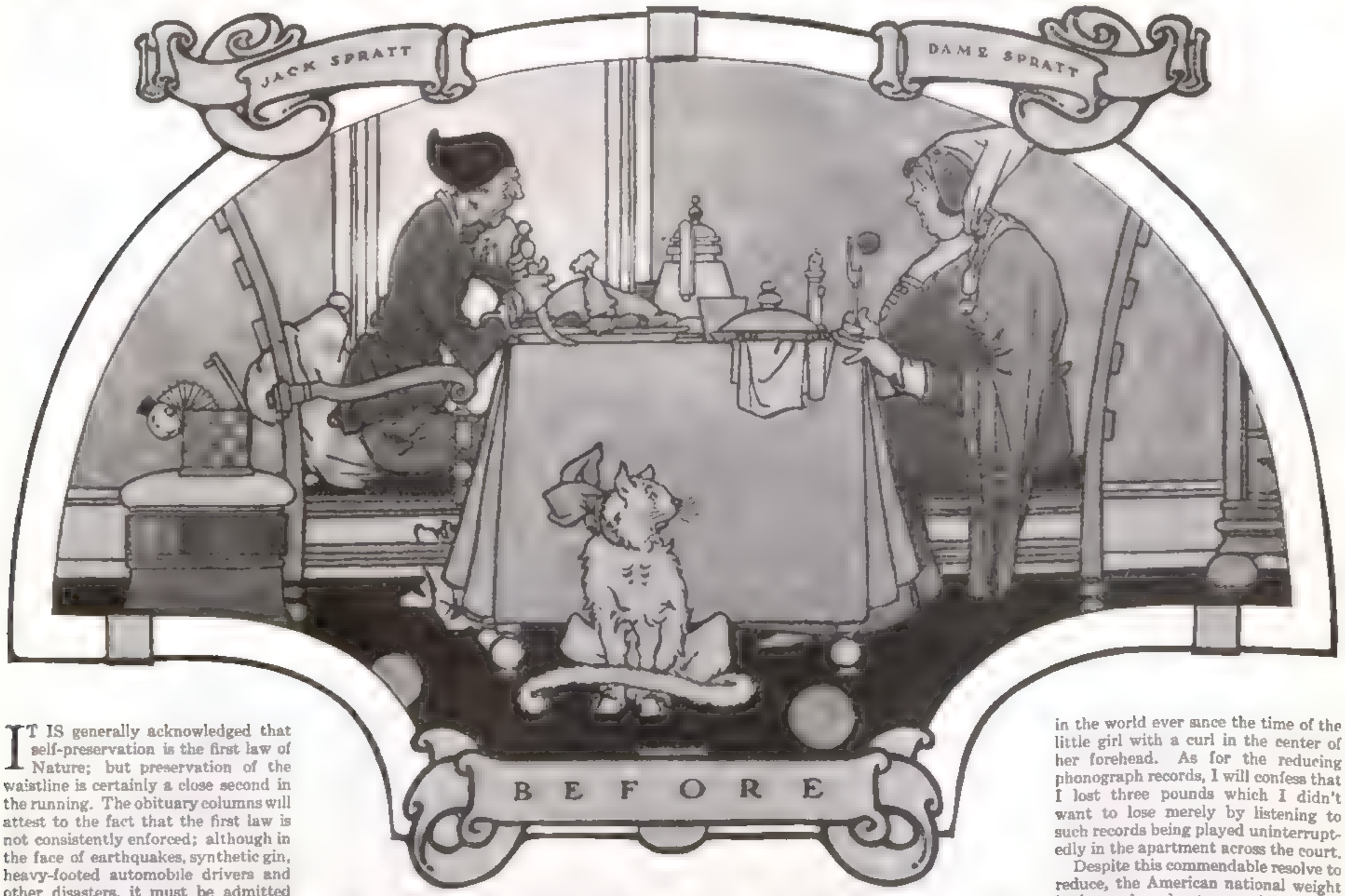
Antonia smiled and then sighed.

"I feel every stitch I have on," she said, "particularly the shoes and stockings." She raised first one leg and then the other and shook it, with a gesture not at all graceful. "I've never worn them except in winter before. But still, it does make a difference in one's popularity—clothes—particularly with boys. Boys are funny, Uncle Anthony."

Nothing interested Anthony more than to discuss the problems of life with his niece, but at the moment his mind was not sufficiently disengaged. He was sorry to interrupt her, but he was obliged to go and have a few words with her governess. *(Continued on Page 77)*

"Look Here, Uncle Anthony," He Said, "Did You Know What is Going On in Our House?"

On and Off—How to be Fat or Thin



By Raymond Leslie Goldman

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT IS generally acknowledged that self-preservation is the first law of Nature; but preservation of the waistline is certainly a close second in the running. The obituary columns will attest to the fact that the first law is not consistently enforced; although in the face of earthquakes, synthetic gin, heavy-footed automobile drivers and other disasters, it must be admitted that humankind does as well as might be expected. In the enforcement of the second law, however, humankind is deplorably lax. People want to enforce it, and if wishes were exercise all waistlines would be trim and slim; but nevertheless, most people go little further than to want and wish, and as a consequence—statistically speaking—if all modern waistlines were uncircled and laid in a straight line it would take only half as many to reach from New York to San Francisco as it should require.

A learned scientist recently declared that the human race is degenerating. I should hardly be so unkind as to say this of a group among whom I have so many friends; but I will say that it is getting fat. And in making this statement I know that I shall meet with few challenges. The reader will glance down at his—or her—own too generous proportions and admit it to be true.

A Sweeping Revolt

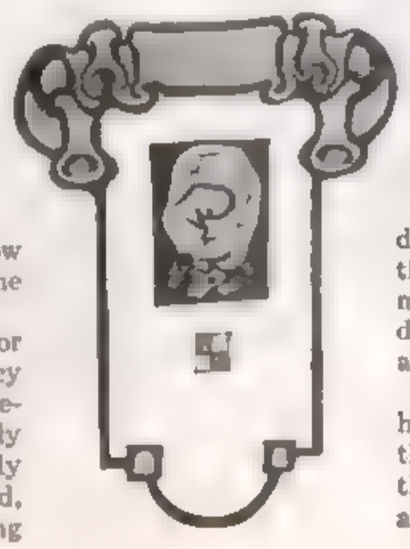
THE few who may feel that they can safely contradict me are very likely underweight; but, speaking literally as well as figuratively, the underweight class is much smaller than that of the overweight, and surely the prevailing boyish-form mode was inaugurated to consternate the many rather than to please the few.

The theme of this article deals not merely with the ounce and the pound of flesh; Shakspere has already dramatically told that story. But the weight is usually the barograph of human ills, and the pepper and ginger and other condiments which colloquially express a state of physical and mental well-being seldom enter into the seasoning of the too fat or the too thin individual.

Indeed, the law of the preservation of the waistline and that of the preservation of self are so intimately related that the line of demarcation is scarcely perceptible. Fortunately, the public has come to a knowledge of this. A sweeping revolt has begun against King Corpulence and his heavy councilors, Major Embonpoint, Major Flabbiness and General Sluggishness. It may be accounted for by the aforementioned boyish-form mode, which appeals to human vanity and the natural yearning for that which is not; but since the incipience of the revolt can be directly traced to the World War period, it is more probably another of the drastic reactions of that conflict.

Whatever the cause, the result is a well-meant though usually abortive effort to reduce, to consummate the wholesome desire to be able to wear again the slim-waisted garments of yesteryear. There are enough young women who have not yet grown stout—though they are beginning to worry about the possibility—to arouse a competitive antagonism in less fortunate wives; and there are enough trim young men to awaken the envy of paunchy husbands.

As a consequence, before-and-after pictures adorn in greater number the advertising columns; dieting, even self-inflicted starvation, is rampant; and the phonographs of the nation bellow "One-two-three-four" in time to martial music.



I am neither disposed nor qualified to attest to the potency of those methods of weight reduction which are commercially exploited. Some are probably very good and some very bad, as it has been with everything in the world ever since the time of the little girl with a curl in the center of her forehead. As for the reducing phonograph records, I will confess that I lost three pounds which I didn't want to lose merely by listening to such records being played uninterruptedly in the apartment across the court.

Despite this commendable resolve to reduce, the American national weight is decreasing about as rapidly as the German national debt. And why? Well, I briefly stated the reason at the head of this article when I said that most people go little further than to want and to wish to reduce; and I shall elaborate this declaration in due time. The typical plea of the man who is overweight is something like this:

"But what can I do? I have tried many, many times to reduce. Once, for three long weeks, I literally starved myself, and I did manage to take off a lot of weight. But it left me weak and ill, and in order to regain my strength I also had to regain my poundage. Another time I tried exercise. Don't say that I didn't enter into it with the proper spirit, because I did. Why, the very first day I put in over an hour of serious, strenuous work. But it nearly killed me!"

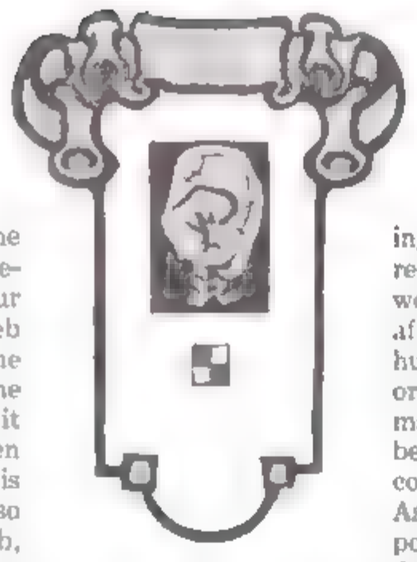
Lugubrious Tales of Fat and Thin

"IT MAY be all right for you young slim fellows, but it put me in bed for a solid week; and in that week I gained a few more pounds. Then I tried lighter exercise. I took up golf. Why, even now I play a round or two every Saturday when the weather permits. But I don't lose weight; I'm even gaining!"

The plea of the man who is underweight is similar, if antithetical.

"I have tried to build up," says the latter. "I tried living a lazy, inactive life, so far as it was possible. I slept a great deal and ate fattening foods. I drank quarts of milk and cream each day. The result was that I couldn't stand the sight of milk or potatoes or bread, and my stomach was completely disorganized. I did gain a few pounds, but it made me sick, and I soon lost what I had gained."

Each of these individuals would relinquish his efforts and resign himself to his fat or thin fate, consoling himself with the reflection that any other state of being is impossible to achieve. But, of course, it isn't impossible.



We may daily see successful examples of this consummation so devoutly to be wished. I refer to the professional pugilists

If the layman, scanning his sporting page, reads that Harry Greb, let us say, has weighed in for his bout with Johnny Wilson, tipping the scale beam at one hundred and fifty-eight pounds; and if he remembers having read some three or four weeks previously that this same Harry Greb was entering upon his training, weighing one hundred and seventy-odd pounds—well, the layman is a bit flabbergasted, to put it mildly. You can hardly blame him when you consider what he has gone through in his failure to reduce his own weight by even so little as a single pound. Yet Harry Greb, within a space of three or four weeks, has removed over fifteen pounds from his body; and, instead of weakening him, it gave him strength, energy and endurance enough to enable him to battle fifteen fast rounds with the middleweight champion of the world and to defeat him.

And this is not an unusual experience to Greb; he does a little trick like that whenever he wants to; and not only Harry Greb but every other fighting man in the fistic world.

Hard, But Not Impossible

"WELL," reflects the layman, "it is miraculous, that's all there is to it! These men are wizards. They must have snatched from the witch's caldron some magic formula or potion."

Wizards? Magic? Not a bit of it. If there were a formula it might be inscribed thus:

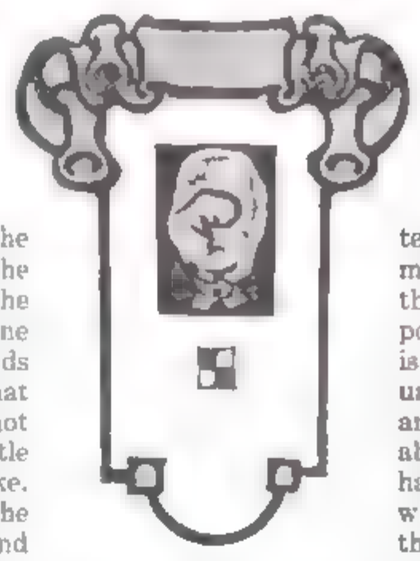
Determination	All you possess
Perseverance	More than you think you possess
Routine	Enough to make it sour
Self-denial	Enough to make it bitter
Hard work	Enough to evaporate the fat
Co-ordination	Enough to retain all the other ingredients
Common sense	A whole headful

"If that is the formula," says the layman with a lift of his too stout brows, "why, I recognize it as the one given out to young men who hope to make money. It is nothing but the formula of success."

To be sure it is!

Now let us see how the pugilist applies this formula to the work of keeping physically fit, just as you have applied it to the task of making money. For the purpose of illustration we shall create Battling Johnny Smith, an imaginary lightweight champion.

Smith, through his manager, has just signed an agreement to defend his title against a certain prominent contender. He is guaranteed forty thousand dollars for his services, with the privilege of accepting, instead, a percentage of the receipts. It is stipulated that he weigh in, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the fight, at one hundred and thirty-five pounds or less; for were he above that maximum figure he would not be a lightweight and the title could not be considered at stake. As an evidence of good faith he posts a forfeit of five thousand dollars, this sum to be claimed by the contender should Smith fail to make the required weight. The date of the fight is set for October first, just four weeks from the day on which the agreement is signed; and on this date, September third, Smith weighs one hundred and forty-nine pounds.



He has acquired the fourteen superfluous pounds through his comparative inactivity since his last big fight several months before. During these months his training has consisted of occasional light workouts in the gymnasium and the more usual recreational pursuits of the ordinary man—baseball, golf, tennis and similar sports. He is out of training, though not out of condition, in the strict sense of the phrase. For Battling Smith, like most modern professional pugilists, is living a clean, normal life; he knows only too well that championship titles do not long remain in the same company with that wicked trio, Wine, Woman and Song. The additional fourteen pounds, however, besides putting him outside his fighting class would impede the quickness of his action in the ring almost as effectively as if that much weight in iron were attached to his arms and legs, and his strength and endurance would be seriously impaired. From this, some idea may be gained as to what happens to the physical—yea, and mental—alertness of the average man who is from twenty-five to fifty pounds overweight.

Battling Johnny Smith, whose sole object in life at the moment is to attain physical perfection, establishes his training camp. There are a number of permanent camps catering to professional fighters, particularly in the East, in New Jersey and New York State; but important champions, training for important battles, prefer to establish their own.

To this camp Smith brings quite a retinue. There is the manager, who attends to all business details for Smith for a mere one-third of all the money earned by the latter, and whose girth increases in proportion to the decrease of Smith's. There is the trainer, who for the moment is the unquestioned czar of Smith's universe. There are three or four sparring partners, who will absorb a great deal of punishment at the hands of the champion, consoling themselves with the fallacious but inevitable reflection that they will some day meet and defeat him in a real battle. There is the cook, who knows that the way to a fighter's supremacy is through his stomach—and who knows the way. And there is the rubber, who is a masseur with the accent in Irish instead of French.

The site of the camp has been chosen with an eye to several essential features: Quiet, and for this reason considerably removed from a large city; clean, pure air; atmospheric conditions and altitude similar to those to be encountered at the battle arena; good dirt roads and trails suitable for running and hiking. Here are the living quarters, and a gymnasium equipped with punching bags, a punching dummy, elastic exercisers, medicine balls, a boxing ring, showers, steam room, and so on. And now Johnny Smith is ready to begin his relentless campaign against the fourteen usurping pounds.

Getting Down to Work

THE first ingredient of the formula which he draws upon is common sense. It is one of the most important of them all, and yet, strangely enough, the very one which is overlooked by the average man. But Johnny knows what "muscle-itis" is, and he also knows that the way to vanquish that enemy is to put him in the same ring with common sense. Muscle-itis is the fighter's word to express the incapacitating result of subjecting muscles, recently unused to exercise, to too severe a strain. You know it as stiffness or soreness, or as the state of being all in. It is a rapacious ogre, an infanticide which murders thousands of newborn good intentions. Just remember that, like all fabled ogres, it is powerless before the charmed and trusty sword, common sense

Johnny begins his training as gently as if he had four years, instead of four weeks, to complete his work. First he gives himself an internal bath—a generous dose of good old-fashioned castor oil, followed by citrate

(Continued on Page 62)

THE VAN DUERSEN HAZE

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"A Dear Friend of Your Father," She Repeated. "Oh, Peppi! How the Doyen Would Love to Hear You Say That!"

THE canvas before which the lady stood rooted depicted a corn patch in Indian summer twilight, the yellow shocks wheeling away in open Roman columns on a field of cloth of clover, through whose soft velvety pile one traced the stubble of harvested rows. In the air hung the impalpable golden dust of evening. It was called, oddly and awkwardly, Sedimentary Light, as if it were the day, not night, that fell, and here only the last finest particles remained afloat.

The lady was made up in pastel tints for the afternoon, with just that touch of too much which is so fetching when it is not overdone.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with an acquisitive gleam that Peppi, hopeful scion of the illustrious house of Centimeri, dealers and appraisers, always looked for—and seldom found—in a client. It had limitless possibilities, that gleam like a trace of color in a miner's gold pan.

There were other visitors in the gallery, but they were whispering in the hushed tones of a sick chamber over the Inness, the Murphy and the Carlsen at the other end.

The lady bent toward and searched the little gold title plate through a lorgnette, which instantly, as she raised it to her eyes, added ten years to her age—which should have been, say, well, thirty. Her head moved with her eyes from letter to letter, and her lips moved, too, for she was nearsighted. Peppi in admiration guessed that she must be over thirty but managed beautifully. Concluding the legend, she puckered up her lips and knitted her brows and elevated a shoulder; she stood erect again, shedding her ten years with an unclasping of the finger tips, and looked through and beyond young Peppi into the limpid depths of some abstract thought.

"Madame is right," said Peppi, bowing.

"*Comment?*" She started slightly, as though he recalled her.

"The title will be changed," pursued the impeccable Peppi. "It suggests a geological epoch—or, ah—a treatise on the corpuscular theory." He smiled, closing his eyes. He was as handsome, this boy, as one of those evanescent great lovers of the cinema screen who come shooting up out of the void every now and then, to glow for their moment and then burn out.

"You have the perception—the taste—and the courage, madame!" said Peppi, falling into the patter unaffectedly. "This one is not yet discovered. They," he whispered discreetly, indicating the group about the more seasoned masterpieces at the other end of the gallery, "will not know he is on earth till they see his name in the critiques." He stole a look at her. "You are probably a dear friend of my father?" he hazarded.

She threw back her head with sudden soft laughter, showing her pretty teeth, a single dimple and the throat of a swan. Oh, no! She was not thirty—by far—amended young Centimeri, who flushed with a disturbed pleasure.

"A dear friend of your father," she repeated. "Oh, Peppi! How the *doyen* would love to hear you say that!"

She turned to the Sedimentary Light and addressed it in the third person as one does a child or a pet dog: "I want it, yes. I must have it! I shall have it! It is a necessity of life, of living! To think of it without possessing it is bitter—like unrequited love! Only yesterday—oh, how long ago was yesterday!—only yesterday it did not exist, because I had not seen it. And today, now, I demean myself abjectly before it. I am stricken mad with a desolation I cannot describe at the thought of leaving it. Oh, love can be a great misfortune, Peppi, as you will learn as you grow older—unless the ladies are too assiduous in their court," she amended slyly.

"And yet," said the capricious creature, turning a disdainful shoulder on the cornfield, "what is it there that should keep me awake nights? It is academic, yes. It is irreproachable, yes. It has a tonal quality which, if it errs at all, errs on the side of too much. It is delicate—sensitive—beautiful and—achieved!" she recited, beating time with one hand. "Bah!" she cried. "What a tongue those beef-eating Englishmen yoke on our necks. I choke with an emotion I have no words to express! Let us think in French. Or no! You! You shall tell me—in the words of a child—you, who still see through the glass clearly! Tell me, I command you!"

This last to Peppi with a dramatic gusto that almost carried him off his feet. He inclined slightly toward her, like a diplomat conveying some dread secret under the very eyes of his enemies.

"It is the Van Duersen haze," he said, without moving his lips.

She looked up suddenly and he nodded. They were silent. Then: "There are others?" she asked in a level tone. He nodded again, his eyes on the far end of the gallery. He held up two hands twice, indicating in dumb show, eighteen.

"He has painted no more?" she breathed.

"No, madame."

"All with the haze?" she asked with her lips.

Peppi nodded. Peppi loved this scene. He had hypnotized her. And she was so beautiful, so vivacious, so tense.

"All with the haze," agreed Peppi.

She turned to the Sedimentary luminosity, regarded it, troubled.

"What is the value of this one?" she inquired, with the air of one who always asks the value but never the price.

The diplomat bent lower.

"Forty thousand," he sighed.

"Ah"—with a tragic gesture—"he is dead, then!"

"Dead? Good God! No!" cried Peppi, taken aback. He crossed himself hurriedly. "Dead? Heaven forbid! He is only now revealed to the cognoscenti! Tomorrow the ateliers will be ringing with his name!"

"But—forty thousand dollars!" she protested with a wan smile.

Peppi stole a secret look at the Van Duersen, which, to tell the truth, he was seeing through new eyes, the eyes of this woman. Certainly never had he been moved by his present inspiration in regard to it. It is always well to view a piece through the eyes of the would-be purchaser, especially when they show that telltale gleam.

The lady was protesting; yes, but not too much. She must be lined with gold, inside and out. He thought of his absent august *pater*, the great and unchallenged *doyen;* and how that illustrious personage would beam with the pride of a doting father when Peppi confessed that he had appeased the passion of an exotic nymph by selling her a nobody for forty thousand dollars. Peppi stole another look at the Van Duersen—the Van Duersen haze. Haze! Yes, the haze! He had coined that phrase on the spur of the moment. That was the secret, the touch of genius! This thought flashed across his brainpan like an electric spark. Then he was conscious of an inductive kick-back. No; the *doyen* would not beam with paternal pride. Instead he would pinion his handsome son with a stern look and cry "Ho! A nobody, eh? Let us see this nobody—this nobody that appeases the passion of a nymph!" Peppi surveyed it with sheep's eyes. For Father Centimeri had never seen this daub. Young Peppi had hung it only yesterday. Some fellow who had evidently been peddling it from gallery to gallery had pleaded so earnestly that Peppi, to get rid of him, had promised to give it houseroom—in the storeroom. Then there appeared a yawning hole in the south wall, left by a borrowed Goya—Sacarelli was always borrowing that Goya—and this thing had fitted. It was not half bad; better men had done worse, he told himself. And within twenty-four hours this enchanting creature should be standing before it and saying, with a wan smile, "But—forty thousand dollars!"—not as if mocking his effrontery but her own passion.

She opened her bag and dropped in her lorgnette, and shut it with a decisive click.

"Eighteen, you say?" she said, raising her eyes to his.

"Madame," acquiesced the palpitating Peppi, bowing from the hips.

"And there will never be any more."

She offered this as a statement of fact. Her tone was blithe. Her eyes defied him to deny her. Peppi started. Only for an instant had he slept and dreamed.

"No more?" he repeated, struggling toward the surface.

"No more," she said with awful finality. "Only a dead man can afford to paint like that."

"Name of a Name!" ejaculated Peppi, shocked. "A young man, madame! Not yet come into his full powers!"

"So? A young man! He is to erupt like a volcano, then?" Vixenish, she beat down his guard.

"No, no, no, no!" protested poor Peppi; then, with cunning, "I have him sewed up in a sack!"

"Then drown him," said the lady tartly, and she turned to the Florentine mirror to adjust her little hat. "Forty thousand for a live one! Peppi, you dis[illegible] me. I shall sleep tonight. I thank you, *mon cher*. Fauge!" she cried, bursting out again. "Inconceivable! For a dead one yes," she admitted to her own pretty image; but she must qualify, mitigate this too. "That is," she told her reflection confidentially, "if he would consent to stay dead. No turning in his grave to mix colors again, like Papa Corot, and flood the market." She patted her exquisitely tinted cheeks with a little wad of lace handkerchief, still confessing to the mirror, "Papa Corot had a little haze too; but it was not the Van Duersen haze!" She sighed for a thing lost. Her soft eyes caressed the Indian summer twilight that seemed indeed to be perceptibly lowering, like those microscopic powders which scientists weigh and separate in the still air. "Ah, if the gods might reach down and touch him now!" she prayed in a half voice, which Peppi's quick ears, nervously acute with the dawning of a weird fancy, had no difficulty in catching.

Then, as one resolutely abandoning hope, she drew her fur about her, bowed with ironic solemnity to the handsome youth and was departing. He hastened to open the glass grille and bow her into the foyer. He took the street door out of the hands of the little Punch-nosed dwarf in cap and bells and managed to stay her progress for an instant.

"Papa comes home soon?" she inquired, buttoning her glove.

"Alas! two months yet," responded the tragic Peppi.

"And you are quite alone?" with the air of complimenting him on his responsibilities. "Now that Leon Midor has gone, you are quite alone?"

She was looking full at him. He bowed, trying to smile. He wondered how much the lovely creature knew: for the Leon Midor of whom she spoke had until recently stood in Centimeri's stead here at the gallery. But alas! only a few weeks gone, Leon had been politely but irrevocably requested by the police to return to his native Mediterranean, for what ominous reason Peppi knew not. In fact, the police had seen him aboard, so there might be no mistake.

"You will come again?" he urged with boyish impetuosity.

Her sleepy-eyed smile might mean anything, everything. Peppi leaned suddenly toward her.

"Tell me who you are—else I will follow you through the streets!"

Her stern look opened up a gulf between them. Peppi fell back abashed.

"But I will tell you something else," she said, smiling, relenting a little. "The *doyen* has faith in you! More than merit it! Do yourself proud for him on his return." She passed out, signaling to her car, which rolled up to the awning.

Pelts, a shabby little fellow—Pelts of the police—nosing about for volunteer scents on his day off, a time when he really indulged his fancy, was slinking by. At sight of her Pelts came as near to starting perceptibly as was physically possible for this emotionless human sleuth hound. He got a good look at her when she paused to instruct the driver.

"No!" he said. "Her eyes are too dark—by two shades."

And this observation being irrefutable, he shoved his gloveless hands into his pockets and sniffed along his way.

Young Centimeri, with the air of Lord Byron nearing the end, moved back to his high desk and resumed mechanically his pick-up task of thumbing an old folio to make it older. But, let alone his mind, he could not even keep his thumbs interested in this puerile task which his august parent had commended to him on departing. He went inside and draped himself carelessly on a stone bench where he could bathe his soul in the translucence of the Van Duersen haze.

"I have some money, from my sainted mother," mused he, as if communing with the picture, which responded to his confidence with the calm serenity of a dying sun. Either that woman had hypnotized him or else here was something indeed! He wished for his father. Then he hoped his father might be delayed in sailing for home.

The glass grille opened and Angier del Sol entered. Angier was dressed for an afternoon wedding, as usual. But he knew pictures. And he had a patter that was like the brook, flowing on forever. Although he had only one suit and a dressing gown to his name, his wardrobe of adjectives was that of a Beau Brummel. And he was in demand, not so much for his opinions as for his fluency and plausibility. He edited catalogues; he wrote *feuilletons* for magazines printed on heavy paper; and such was his discretion that he could accept a confidential commission from an approved dealer without prejudice. At the present moment he was heaven-sent.

"*Bel ami!*" he breathed, as he tapped the musing Peppi lightly on the shoulder. This fledgling copy of the great sire rather amused the great poseur. "And Leon Midor is no more, then?" he said, in the tone of one who knew all but asked nothing.

"Pouf!" said Peppi, imitating a smoke ring.

Angier decided to sit down, having nothing on his mind. He was apparently gazing at the haze, but saw nothing for some mote in his eye. Peppi waited with a nonchalance that pleased himself immensely. After a long time Angier turned suddenly on young Centimeri a look of deep penetration, which Peppi bore unruffled.

"You are coming on," said Angier. "Tell me, when the *doyen* is away, you are not tempted to try a little *pas seul?*"

"*Pas si bête!*" smiled the heir of the house.

"Ah! You are beginning to feel your toes! You will dance yet, my friend. As for the cunning, I see it even in the tips of your fingers."

"Let us take a little stroll," invited Peppi; and, rising, he took Angier by the arm and walked him up and down the gallery, like an invalid. Then they sat down again. "I feel my toes," said Peppi. "I have this moment conducted you past a picture for which I have just refused forty thousand—and you did not turn a hair."

Angier's perspicacious eye flitted from Constable to Terbers, to Carsen, to Murphy, to Inness with the surety of a society reporter spotting Blue Book entries at a church wedding.

"Refused?" he murmured mildly. "The *doyen* should hasten home."

"There was an impossible condition."

"Impossible? How? Impossibility gets off the track for forty thousand. What was the condition?"

"That the artist die at once, without argument."

"Oh! It is murder they want, then, not art, for their forty thousand."

A look of annoyance passed over the countenance of Peppi.

"Take a little stroll by yourself," he said.

The complete Angier rose and strolled, like Lord Dawlish in Hyde Park. The earnest little group about the seasoned masterpieces, who had noted Angier del Sol and hoped he might approach, opened their circle for him; and, regarding the seascape of the great Dane, Angier said the usual thing in his unusual way, with a brand-new set of adjectives. This aloud, to the ineffable bliss of the audience. But as he turned away from the picture, "It is not his throat we are to cut!" he said to himself. As he passed on, stopping here and there, he made a moving picture that they watched breathlessly. He gave a moment to some skied pieces, but, for the most part, as he moved on he saw nothing.

Now a curious thing occurred. Directly abeam the haze he paused. Slowly revolving on his heel, he took off his hat, which until this moment had remained on the spot it was designed for, and he bowed ceremoniously to the Van Duersen. Then in the attitude of a seer he stared on and through it, much as if the gravitational field of that unattainable light presented some magic filter through which eternity was revealed to him.

Peppi's heart stopped beating. The group at the other end of the gallery craned its neck.

A little old lady in black, with rings on top of her gloves, came creeping down and asked him in a staring whisper who did it.

"Anonymous," said the savant, wiping his face clean of thought. He languidly rejoined Peppi on the bench.

"How many has he done?" he asked limply.

It was true then. Peppi's heart pounded like a surf.

"Eighteen others," he said glibly.

"Kill him," counseled Angier. He nodded profoundly over a job well done. He got up and went over to the Van Duersen and examined one corner of it through a special monocle he had for such occasions, and when he went back to Peppi the earnest

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With a Jovian Nod He Said, "You're All Right. You're Sly! I Didn't Know You"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 19, 1924

Buncombe

A CLERGYMAN with a gift of incisive and arresting statement preached a sermon not long ago on Cant, taking his illustrations from the three fields of religion, politics and business. Surely his series of preachments will be incomplete unless he follows with a sermon on Bunk, a first cousin, if not a brother, of the topic already treated. To follow bunk through so many avenues of research would be an exhausting task, but a modest start can be effected in the realm of investment finance.

Many studies have been made, by engineering bodies and other investigating agencies, of waste in industry. But of all sheer and to a large extent avoidable waste there is none more obvious or more extensive than ill-advised investing. Such engagements are entered into nearly always in an atmosphere of exaggeration and inability to face realities. A combination of ignorance and vanity as well as of mere cupidity is the only explanation of the mental process which commonly accompanies this wholesale misplacing of funds.

Most discussions of the subject lay emphasis upon ignorance and cupidity, but methods which are being used to an increasing extent in the sale of questionable stocks cast doubt upon this generally accepted, this almost classical analysis. Vanity, egotism or whatever quality it is that renders possible the nearly universal vogue of bunk comes nearer to furnishing the real clew.

When a man buys stock because it is offered to him as "a fellow alumnus" or "a leading member of your community" or a member of the same club, lodge or union, it is evident that promoters have learned to take advantage of the silliest and most indefensible weaknesses of human nature in the most direct, simple and effective way. It is an assault upon human frailties against which the principles of sound business conduct offer no protection.

Man's vanity is never so tickled as when he feels that, due to his own superior judgment and discernment, modest savings are about to multiply into riches. The slow growth of money through the unhurried operations of moderate interest is too suggestive of the primal curse itself. If money can be made to treble and quadruple in a short space of time, one feels lifted above the common herd. Such investments imply the possession of financial talent, if not genius—gifts which justify a large extension of the ego.

So the swindling stock salesman plays upon his victim. "We have chosen you and only a few other members of your lodge or union to share in this great opportunity." He does not mention the risks of the investment, the handicaps to success, the probability of failure. Once the prospect can be made to believe that there is something exclusive, something exceptional and limited about his being asked to buy, counter arguments might as well be thrown to the winds.

The selling point that one is especially picked out for preferment may in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand prove the sheerest twaddle, but it predisposes the prospect to buy as no other argument does. It is what closes the sale. Investors are said to need financial education; what they really are in want of is ability to distinguish between realities and the misty dreams stimulated by self-flattery.

Penalties of Aggression

POLITICALLY labor has progressed remarkably in Great Britain. This has been due to postwar conditions which make it impossible for any government to retain popularity, and very largely also to skillful direction on the part of able and moderate leaders. Trade-unionism, however, is not keeping step with the forward march of the political wing. The ranks of the unions are thinning and the financial outlook is bleak. For this condition the unions can blame the aggressive and selfish tactics they adopted after the war. Whether there was any justification for the demands on which they went out, there can be no doubt that the big strikes of 1920 and 1921 were disastrous. The miners' strike of 1921 was particularly unwise. It not only reduced the striking organization almost to a condition of insolvency but it involved other unions to an equal degree. Hundreds of thousands of workers were thrown out of employment for the term of the strike. Writing in The Nation, A. G. Gardiner estimates that the Amalgamated Enginemen's and Firemen's Union, for instance, suffered the loss of its entire reserve of half a million sterling as a result of the action of the miners. The mistake made was in assuming that trade-unionism could hold out for advantages that could have been granted only at the expense of the classes. Britain was in the first grip of postwar depression when the unions resorted to the big stick, and the existing conditions made failure not only inevitable but obvious. The policy of aggression was adopted in spite of the opposition and warning of many of labor's ablest leaders.

Trade-unionism has not yet recovered from the disasters of the big strike years. It is estimated that there has been a falling off of more than two million in total memberships since 1920. Disheartened by unemployment and rebelling against union restrictions which make it difficult for the individual to eke out an existence during hard times, the workmen have been deserting their old affiliations. The unions, as a result, have not been able to recoup the losses sustained in the general strikes and are today in a condition of impoverishment. The reserves accumulated during long years of gradual growth have been dissipated.

There is a lesson to be drawn from the contrast between labor politically and labor economically. Moderation has been the watchword in politics; force, the program of the trade organizations.

Economic Laws

UNDER the continued assault of new schools of thought the old economics of Adam Smith have been subjected for some years past to a quite considerable strain. Even such a supposedly simple law as that of supply and demand, accepted by long generations of business men as truth from on high, is a favorite target for young intellectuals with whom the study of Freud is just as necessary as that of Ricardo.

But respect for the hoary old friend is heightened and renewed every now and then. The latest demonstration of its force is found in the frantic efforts of Hollywood to turn back the flood tide of would-be movie stars. When a chamber of commerce plans to place upon every envelope leaving its city a sticker warning the youth of the land that stardom is not easily attained, it is safe to infer that screen-struck maidens have become a real nuisance, if not a menace, even though the aggregate which finds its way to the far-western city is probably nearer ten thousand a year than the ten thousand a month so often mentioned.

When the best-known of all actresses of the silver screen finds it desirable to harangue the daily crowds that gather in the city's central square on the futility which waits for the thousands who seek to follow in her train, it is obvious that strong impelling forces draw the nation's youths and maidens thither. Clearly these motives are not wholly economic in their nature. But speaking in all seriousness, there is an economic side to this appalling excess of supply over demand, and it is one which any high-school student could have predicted.

That the emoluments of motion-picture stars have been exaggerated in the public press has been suspected at all times by persons whose natal day was not identical with yesterday. But whatever the facts may be regarding salaries in this occupation, the public has been fed for years with stories concerning the enormous proportions of the same. Perhaps it was good publicity for the stars; perhaps not. In any case the chickens have come home to roost. Surely nothing else was to be expected.

For years the country has been told, correctly or incorrectly, that this and that star received as much in a week as the ordinary substantial citizen of a small village made in a year. Not much was said—or if it was said it did not register—concerning the long years of preparation and the severity of competition. The theatergoing public has thought of its favorites as perpetually young. Beginning as a trickle, the rush of the young to earn these salaries has become a flood. Qualitatively the supply may not equal the demand, but quantitatively the laws of economics are more than vindicated. Adam Smith must be chuckling in his grave.

Sport and Frenzied Finance

PROFESSIONAL sports continue their dizzy financial spiral upward. Over half a million dollars has been paid to a pugilist for one fight, and the gate receipts of last fall's world baseball series ran as high as two hundred thousand a game. There is no reason to suppose that the peak has been reached. Professional sport has taken a place in big business. Fight promoters talk in millions, and ball players' salaries occasionally soar to a plane just above the remuneration of cabinet ministers and bank presidents and just below the earnings of movie stars.

The truth is that we are allowing ourselves to be press-agented to death. The average American is a sporting-page addict with the capacity to absorb two whole pages of its news and gossip at least once a day. He reads everything, and it is easy to fan his interest in even an unpromising match. He is kept on tenterhooks until the fight articles are signed. He is fed on news from the training camps. He is told how much beefsteak the challenger eats for dinner. Rumors of all kinds run through the sporting columns like a rash. Opinions of all kinds of people are collected and printed. So it is not strange that finally, in company with about a hundred thousand more of his kind, he mills his way into the arena to witness a second-rate fight and contribute his share of the million-dollar gate.

The newspapers are without a doubt largely to blame for this bloating of professional sports. With two or three pages to fill every day, the sporting editor is eager for novelty. He seizes upon anything that offers scope for extended comment. He is as keen for spectacular matches as the promoters and fighters themselves. He can press-agent a one-sided bout into a million-dollar clash. He ballyhooed the Dempsey-Carpentier fight into "The Battle of the Century" when he knew, or should have known, that the game Frenchman stood no chance against his opponent.

Competitive sports and frenzied finance should never go hand in hand. We are fast approaching the stage when championships will be won with check books, and adding machines will be of more importance than athletes.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH OUR NEIGHBORS—By David Lawrence

The New Entente With Canada and Mexico

NATIONS, like individuals, are always seeking new cures for old ailments; and old ailments are always cropping up in new places. For centuries the Old World has seen war after war germinated by the contagious tempers of neighboring peoples. The New World, like the Old, has its opportunities for economic retaliation and border friction. But it remained for America to devise a formula for cooperation between immediate neighbors that may some day by example inspire Europe to do likewise.

Rarely is anything new discovered in diplomacy. But often an old principle is given a better application. For the relations between Mexico and the United States, on the one hand, and the relations between the United States and Canada, on the other, are at the moment in process of historic change. An advance has been made in the realm of international morality; an advance that carries with it a victory for reason over coercion in the case of Mexico, and an advance that means in the case of Canada, even though a dominion of the British Empire, a step forward in achieving direct intercourse with the United States Government.

Six years ago Mexico and the United States began quarreling about a principle of vested rights, a phase of national sovereignty which in the Old World might never have been settled except by the domination of the strong over the weak. But it has been settled, and without the least injury to national dignity on either side of the Rio Grande—the kind of a settlement which proves conclusively that where there's a will there's a way, even in international disputes. And the agreement is not affected in the slightest by the recent outbreak of revolution for it was made with the Mexican people and not with a particular administration. Indeed, both the "ins" and the "outs" in Mexico have the same objective in external policy and it is to the advantage of both factions now more than ever to adopt an attitude toward the United States in line with the settlement already reached. Its operation may be delayed to some extent but not frustrated.

The problem of our relations with Canada has been less conspicuous. The Dominion of Canada is next door, yet it always has been dependent on the British Foreign Office in London in the conduct of relations with the outside world—a roundabout process and an artificial barrier separating two sovereign peoples who inhabit two-thirds of the entire North American continent.

Frontiers can be imaginary lines, but they can also be furrows of friction. Sovereignty is a jealously guarded possession, and yet what happens on one side of a boundary line may be strictly within a nation's rights and have a harmful effect on the people across the line. It has never been fashionable for nations to discuss their domestic questions with each other. Sovereignty has seen to that and incidentally has been the basis of more misunderstanding and ill feeling than any other inherent attribute of nations.

Questions of sovereign right are every day coming up between the United States and her northern and southern neighbors. The problems with Canada are different, of course, from those with Mexico; but fundamentally they involve the same principle.

The negotiations with Mexico opened new channels of international intercourse. They now have been proposed as a permanent basis for the relations of the United States and Canada. They would apply as well to France and Germany. They would avert trouble in the Balkans. Simple process it is—a method of getting an agreement on the facts first and an agreement next on what the disagreement is about, and then impartial commissions to which

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Putting a Heavy Strain on Human Nature

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Propaganda

OH, THE subtle propagandists propaganding
Still are telling us precisely what we are;
They're appealing, they're denouncing, they're demanding;
Each would hitch our humble wagon to his star.
They have preached to us about our bounden duty,
They have pointed out the path we ought to tread;
Both domestic and imported
They have ripped around and snorted
And have left us rather dizzy in the head.

Yes, we know we ought to bolster up
the Russians
And the Czecho-Slavs, the Jugo-
Slavs and such,
Not by any means abandoning the
Prussians,
Nor the French, Italians, Japanese
or Dutch.
We must aid them while they drill
their little armies
Which are only meant to guard
them from attack;
If we lend them all our money
They will call us "dove" and
"honey"—
We'll be Shylocks if we dare to ask
it back.

Then we must support this altruistic
movement,
And we'll have to join this wonder-
working League.
Won't we patronize this plan for
world improvement
And this perfectly magnanimous
intrigue?
We will surely sign this transcendental treaty
For to hold the lamb while others shear the fleece!
We must help the foreign nations
Get their spoils and reparations
As crusaders in the sacred name of Peace!

So, the British and the Germans and Italians
Have a different sort of music for our ears:
Mr. Zangwill says we're ignorant rapscallions,
Which is something that we've known for years and years.
When they've lectured us in all the tongues of Babel
And our cup of woe is beaded to the brim,
Doctor Wilson and his backers
Call us cowards, fools and slackers,
Say we've turned our backs on Providence and him!

Ah, beloved, you have laid the Truth before us;
Each is wholly right and all the rest are wrong,
And if everyone would only sing in chorus
We might draw some inspiration from the song.
Though you're cultured, though you're heirs of all the ages—
Dear Italian, German, Frenchman, Greek and Russ—
Though we know you're highly moral,
Since your wisest doctors quarrel,
Is there any hope in simpletons like us?—*Arthur Guiterman.*

DRAWN BY R. B. F. H. '23

Mr. Newriche (At Golf Club Banquet): "Say, Boy, Which Club Do You Use Here?"

Wild Animals

Met at the Camps in Yellowstone National Park

WOMEN in high-heeled shoes, silk stockings and khaki breeches, hiking among the geysers and along the trails.

MEN in low shoes, Palm Beach trousers, heavy sweaters and straw hats, doing the same thing.

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN crowding around the camp dining room half an hour before mealtime for fear they would not be the first served.

THE TALKATIVE LADY who was forever wanting to change her routing so she could be with new-found friends.

THE MAN who ran to the cone of Old Faithful to see her spout and was treated to a nice hot shower.

THE MANY who put their hands into the hot springs to see if the water was actually hot—and found out.

THE LADY who asked if the springs froze over in winter.

THE ROUGHNECK who told her they did and that once a man broke through the ice and scalded his feet.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM with notebook and pensive look who will go home and write a description of the Grand Cañon.

THE MAN who put his collar into the Handkerchief Pool and expected it to come out starched and ironed.

THE MAN who exchanged dessert with his neighbor at table, before the neighbor arrived, because of a slight difference in cross-sectional area in favor of the absent one.

THE LADY who got close enough to a bear to take a snapshot and then discovered that her camera needed reloading.

AN OBLIGING BEAR who sat upon a stump until the nerve-racking task was finished.

THE PEST who growled at the service at the camps, but would not change to the hotels. —*Harry Owen Frazier.*

Song

DO YOU remember, sweet my sweet,
A magic woodland way
That throbbed beneath our dancing feet
One far-gone golden day?

Do you ever dream of the budding trees
And the limpid shining sky
Or the faintly perfumed little breeze
That sighed as we said good-by?

Do you recall how the pathway ran?
Pray wire me if you do,
For I want to show another man
The path that I showed to you.
—*Mollie Cullen.*

Comment of a Country Editor

BRENTON HOLBIRD, who promoted it, sees grave peril to our institutions in the fact that the lecture at the opera house last week drew fewer people than the World's Series. It is admitted, however, that virtually everybody in town who prefers a lecture to a ball game was there, and that is all that may reasonably be expected. A lecturer is always at a considerable disadvantage. Broadly speaking, no man wants to hear another man talk unless he knows it is his turn next.

It is more than five years since Brooks Hadsell and Phenie Caveen were married, but the various members of the Hadsell family still are firing salutes in Phenie's honor. The case is notable for the reason that one salute is all a daughter-in-law ordinarily gets.

Congressman Mortimer Judd, who will be a candidate for reëlection next fall, has enunciated his demands. He will ask Congress to reduce taxes, freight rates and the cost of necessities to the farmer, and for laws raising the price of farm products and the wages of labor. The Hon. Mort makes progress in statesmanship. Compared with those of former campaigns his present program is an elaborate one. When the Hon. Mort first ran for Congress, in 1908, he was elected on the ground that Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon was a menace to American institutions. Two years ago

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Mr. and Mrs. Beans

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Beans, I've Changed My Mind About That White House Job"

"I Learn That We Would Have to Associate With Fox-Terriers, Airedales, Cats, Collies and Goodness Knows What if the People Keep on Shipping Varmints to Coolidge"

"So I Have Decided That Washington Society is Much Too Mixed for People of Our Breeding"

They're different!

Just taste Campbell's

The popularity of Campbell's Beans is best described in this way:

Thousands of people all over the United States choose Campbell's every time they buy beans.

You just know there is "something different" about Campbell's—something better.

Splendid quality beans. Tomato sauce that is a delight to the taste, a quickener to the appetite.

Every step in preparation and blending true to the strict Campbell's standard of "only the best". And so the Campbell's Beans on your dinner plate today are bound to have a deliciousness all their own!

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS
SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

Russia as the Dark Horse—By Philip Gibbs

RUSSIA is the potential arbiter in the future of European destiny, whether we like it or not—and we don't. At the present time the Russian people are emerging slowly and feebly from their slough of misery Granted fair harvests such as they had last summer, and they will be able to support their population with only certain districts half famished now and then, as frequently happened in Old Russia. Their government is stable and unchallenged. Their industry is slightly improving with German aid, and they are gradually developing an export trade with other countries which is helping them to regain that purchasing power necessary for their import of agricultural machines, railway engines and industrial plant.

The conditions of Russian life have improved considerably since I was there in 1921. When I entered Russia it was at the last gasp of that communistic adventure which had brought nothing but ruin and agony to the whole people, and was acknowledged even by its authors as a ghastly failure. The rationing system in lieu of wages was still in force—theoretically. But in reality the government was utterly unable to provide daily rations to factory hands and other workers in the cities, owing to the resistance of the peasants to the system of requisitioning and the general decline of agriculture, intensified by the frightful famine on the Volga

To save themselves from starvation the mechanics and factory hands had fled to the fields where they might scrape something out of the earth enough for life. Industry had disappeared. The splendid city of Petrograd, which had once had a population of 2,500,000, was reduced to 760,000 people, mostly in the direst misery, when I paced its broad streets and stared at its deserted palaces, banks and public buildings like a man wandering in the capital of some ancient civilization from which all life and meaning had departed.

Owing to the law against private trading there were no public hotels, no restaurants, no shops, no markets in either Petrograd or Moscow until on October eleventh of that year Lenine, in an astounding speech, confessed with a kind of brutal emphasis and many hard knocks against the stupidity of his fellow communists, the utter defeat of the whole system and the impossibility of its continuance. He promulgated the New Economic Laws, which substituted wages for rations, reëstablished money as the basis of exchange, permitted private trading, restored the rights of private property under certain, or rather very uncertain conditions, and declared the need of foreign capital for the reconstruction of economic life in Russia. It was an almost complete reversal to the old order of things. The only rag of the communistic creed still left to cover the nakedness of its failure was the claim of the Soviet Government to all minerals, forests, oil wells, and other natural sources of wealth, and a monopoly or rigid control of the rights of foreign trade.

Transition

I SAW the transition of the first stages from the severity of the communistic system to this new liberty of economic life. I saw the survivors of the old bourgeoisie come out into the market places—to stand among the booths with the peasants who had brought in their foodstuffs, trying to sell their trinkets, furs, old clothes and household treasures saved from the wreckage of their former state. A pitiable and tragic sight.

I saw a few restaurants opened in Moscow and Petrograd by people who had once been aristocrats or rich middle-class folk. I saw the first shops take down their shutters and display queer assortments of goods. I saw the sense of joy—as though the shadow of the great terror had passed from them at last—with which these people returned to the normal ways of human life with individual rights of property and trade. Since then the return to private commerce has been rapid. Most of the old shops are open again. If their stocks are small and hard to replenish, their windows are lighted, and business is not too bad, I am told.

Even on the Volga, where 25,000,000 people were starving to death slowly but very surely when I went down to them, famine in its most grisly horror was checked and then defeated by the greatest act of international rescue and Christian charity ever done in the history of the world That was the work of the American Relief Administration, who fed 11,000,000 Russians every day for a year, aided in a minor way, because of less means, by British and other societies.

There is still misery in Russia, still hunger among great numbers of Russians, still only a slow revival of industry, still no real liberty of thought or speech or religious faith even the Salvation Army has been expelled because it was a religious body as well as a charitable organization!—but 98,000,000 peasants are getting the fruits of the earth again, enough for life, with a heavy surplus in many districts, and there is a more cheerful life, a new sense of welfare and progress in the cities. Russia is becoming a world power again, after an almost mortal sickness.

I have said that her government is stable and unchallenged. Perhaps that is a statement that may be falsified by future events when Lenine's death or Trotzky's overthrow lets loose the quarrels and hatreds raging behind the scenes of the soviet régime. But during my visit to Russia I did not meet a single man or woman, of any class, aristocrat or intellectual, English observer or American journalist, who was not convinced that the worst thing that could happen to Russia, and the least likely thing, would be another revolution to overthrow the Soviet Republic. Russia could not stand another orgy of bloodshed. The younger crowd, many of them sons and daughters of the old aristocracy, are serving in soviet offices or the Red Army, loyal to Russia if not to the tyranny imposed upon it, and pinning their faith of the future in the gradual modification of the Bolshevik system, the gradual control of the government machine by moderate and liberal-minded men, the gradual return of Russia to the council tables of the world.

Relations With Germany

AMONG the younger crowd not tied in any way to the memories of the past, but educated under the Bolshevik creed, there is a strong and jealous sense of patriotism and nationalism, intolerant of the world without which refuses to admit the Russian leaders upon equal terms of intercourse, utterly cynical of the idealism proclaimed by nations like France and England—they have some cause for cynicism!—and filled with vanity and self-consciousness. Old ambitions are stirring in them Not forever, they think, will the Slav race be powerless in the European jungle. The old Bear is recovering from its wounds.

The Russian leaders—men like Tchitcherin and Radek, who are imperialists first and communists afterwards—are watching the situation in Europe with lynx eyes. I have had long talks with both of them and I know how closely they are informed, how hard they are thinking. These men, who are realists, know perfectly well that the future of Russia is linked up closely with the future of Germany. Poland lies between them, and Russia will move against Poland when Germany is ready. In any case it is mainly by German financial aid and industrial energy that Russia may develop her resources and increase her military power, which even now is not negligible for Eastern warfare

It is certain that Russia will enter into an alliance with Germany, for economic reasons, if for none other; but men like Tchitcherin, who is very sensitive and jealous of Slav pride, will not admit any dictatorship by Germany, or any political domination. The Russians have no love for the Germans, but they are willing to make use of them, and especially to use the political turmoil in Germany as a most wonderful chance of undermining the foundations of Europe to their own advantage and power

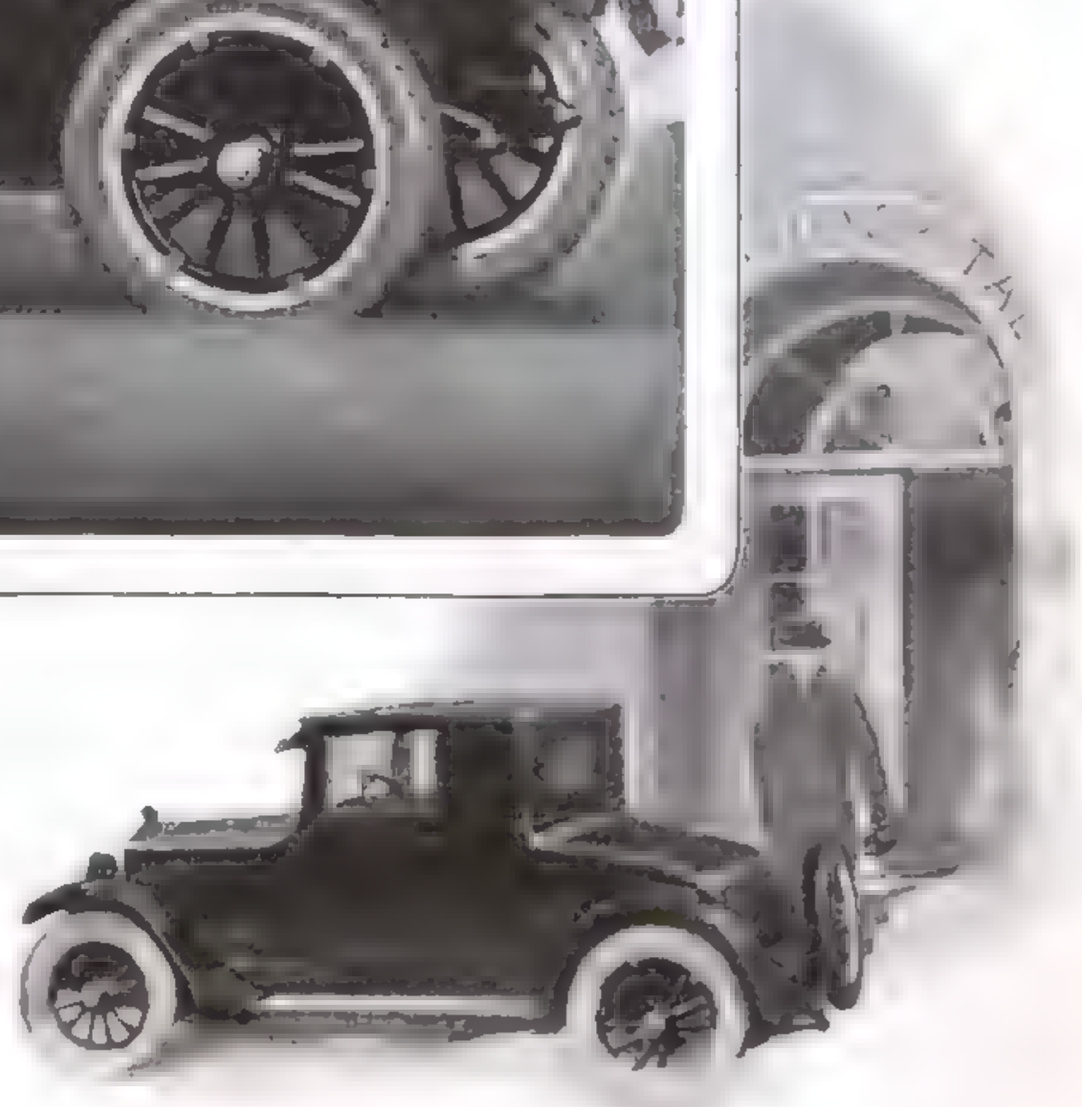
The Russians are biding their time for the issue of the civil struggle in Germany to test the strength of communism in that country and anyhow to help in its anarchy

While the representatives of the Soviet Government abroad were assuring Great Britain and other countries that they were "completely disinterested" in the possibility of a communist revolution in Germany, Zinovieff, the president of the Third Internationale, claimed in a series of articles that his agents had been very active in Saxony.

(Continued on Page 85)

Trees at Night

Miss Hawthorn Entertains a Group of Scrub Oaks and Old Sycamores



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and all those thousands of men whose primary need is individual transportation

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Ample room under rear deck for a couple of husky grips or sample cases. Space inside the car, back of the seat, for smaller sample cases, portfolios, physician's kit, and so on.

ANCIENT FIRES

Continued from Page 5

appallingly shabby. He might have stolen them from a scarecrow, and, looking back now, I believe that he was half starving.

"Hopejoy had no right to let you wander about here," I stammered.

"He didn't," the boy answered indifferently.

"Then I'd jolly well like to know how you got in."

"My own way."

"Who are you anyhow?"

"My name's John Smith."

That, too, was somehow melodramatic—theatrical. It sounded too unlikely—like a disguise that wasn't meant to deceive anyone. He smiled a little, an elusive, attractive smile that enraged me because it was so disarming.

"My people used to be charcoal burners out there," he said, jerking his head toward the window. "Generations of 'em. That's how I know the place. When I was a kid and the people here were away I used to sneak in. I've come home for a bit. And who are you?"

"Euan Fitzroy"—not without satisfaction.

"Oh" he raised his eyebrows at me—"so you belong here too. Do your people make a lot of money charging a shilling at the gate? Do you want my shilling? Is that what you're fussing about? Because I haven't got one."

I felt myself flush up to the roots of my hair.

"I don't want your beastly shilling. It wouldn't belong to me if you had one."

"Why don't you live here? Is it too big for you?"

"It doesn't belong to me either."

"Then you've got no right here."

"More right than you, anyway."

"I don't think so. Let's fight about it. Shall we?"

"I—I jolly well mean to ——"

He laughed.

"Come on then."

Lisbeth stood between us.

"Oh, please!" she whispered.

I think he saw her for the first time. He stood quite still, his slim, nervous figure suddenly relaxed and quiet.

"Are you a ghost too?" he asked.

There was I don't know what secret intimacy and gentleness and irony in his voice. It made me frantic with helplessness. She was gazing back at him, grave and wistful, one hand pressed against her heart in an unconscious gesture of wonder. To her he was still someone out of a dream.

"We'd better get out of this," I said sullenly. "It's all too silly."

He followed us. As we came out into the gallery he even passed me and walked at Lisbeth's side, and I heard him talk easily and conversationally to her. He carried off his desperate shabbiness—the threadbare Norfolk suit, the down-at-heel shoes—as though it were most right and natural.

"It was a wonderful place, this, before the tourists came," he said. "I could tell you stories about it that no one else knows. In that room there Mary and Elizabeth met once—secretly. Only three people knew about it, and they took care to hold their tongues."

"It's not true," I interrupted truculently. "You don't know a thing. You're just making it up."

He looked back at me over his shoulders.

"My five-times great-grandfather was one of them," he said. "He saw Elizabeth. We charcoalers were woodcutters, too, in those days and we saw a lot. We couldn't read or write, but we could remember."

I laughed rudely, but somehow I was in the wrong again—outside the kind of uncanny intimacy between himself and these rooms that were plunged now in a somber dusk.

Outside in the courtyard we lingered awkwardly. We were seeking something final to say to each other. On my side it was something violent—aggressive. After all, he was a trespasser—I, Euan Fitzroy, had the right to throw him out neck and crop, and I was strong enough to do it—and he treated me as of no account. He did not even seem to be aware of me, but stood with his hands thrust negligently into his ragged pockets, and looked at Lisbeth's face, very white and lovely in that fairy light.

"And such a sweet, good ghost!" he said almost to himself. And then with a laugh he bent and kissed her cheek.

It was done in an instant. Then he was off, running with a faunlike grace and speed over the grass towards the ruins, I in mad hot pursuit. But he was too swift for my heavier strength. Once he shouted back at me—a mocking, not unfriendly shout—and I knew that he hadn't stayed to fight me because he guessed that this would tease me more. Then he was gone—so utterly that the earth might have swallowed him. I came back at last, panting and nearer tears than I would have cared to own. He had insulted Lisbeth and I hadn't killed him. What was the use of defying dragons? He had kissed her, lightly and easily. And I ——

Lisbeth was gone. I burst in upon old Hopejoy on the crest of what must have seemed a most unreasonable storm.

"Why—she's just walked on a little. You'll catch her up, Master Euan. She told me. I reckon I know the young good-for-nothing all right. I 'eared as 'ow 'e'd come back. His old aunt—Lizzie Smith—a real respectable body keeps a sweetie shop in High Street. Never no good, he was. Always larking round like a young fox. 'Ow 'e got in I don't know. Ran away when he was ten and been round the world, they say. In some pretty places, too, I'll warrant—prison, maybe."

"It's your business to keep such people out!" I said fiercely, and banged the door in his face and ran for all I was worth. At the bottom of the hill Lisbeth waited for me. I took her roughly by the arm. I was so shaken and miserable I hardly knew what I was doing.

"The beast! Oh, Lisbeth, what a beast!"

"It doesn't matter. He didn't touch the real me, did he? And somehow I don't think he meant to be horrid. I was just—just a ghost, as he said. Poor Euan!"

She slipped her hand into mine and we walked on in silence. It was quite dark now. Black clouds were rolling down from the plain and there was rain in the wind. We were both too sad and tired to talk. We loved each other and we had never been so far apart.

Such was my last, my longed-for day with her.

V

THE dragon came, after all—belatedly and in a strange guise. It was at the end of my second year at Guy's. One year more and I should have been a full-blown doctor. Instead I became a soldier.

I am not writing of the war or of the strange things it did to Stoneborough's quiet people. It is all too near still. There is just one scene essential to my story my parting with her. I had said good-by to Colonel Gay, frantic and insulting in his own helplessness, and we had gone out together into the hall I had never kissed her. I had never spoken to her of my love I felt now that I never should. And then suddenly it was done Our eyes met, and as though it were the simplest, the most inevitable thing in the world, she put up her hands to my face and drew me down to her and kissed me

"Oh, Euan, God take care of you!"

We clung to each other I think on the highest plane of passion there are no men and women only human beings and that love, driven to the verge of supreme happiness or supreme despair, is sexless Passion we both felt. It knitted us together, fused us so that for one moment I knew a peace which made my whole life, even if it ended here in seeming frustration, gloriously worth living. I kissed her then as I had dreamed of kissing her. I felt her mouth on mine touch my eyes, my forehead, in a kind of blessing. But my senses were quiet demanding nothing, keyed to an absolute renouncement

"It will be over soon—in a few weeks. Father says it can't go on."

"Of course not. You mustn't worry. I'll be back almost before you know I've gone"

"I'll write—every day and send you things."

"No, no! Just write, so that I know Give me something—your handkerchief. I'll wear it in my cap like one of those old knights"

We tried to laugh. But our cheeks were wet. She was aching for me. And yet I had to go. And I knew that I was going, because in her eyes there was no question—no choice Reason even duty let alone my temper, should have kept me to my profession; but I had flung everything to the winds, because this was the only way she knew.

"Don't come to the station. I couldn't bear it."

"I couldn't either. Good-by, Euan."

"Good-by, Lisbeth."

But one day it would all come right. Surely—surely if one loved like this ——

I remember, as a kind of anticlimax, passing Lizzie Smith's sweet shop in the High Street on the way to the station. The lights were out. The rain had driven the loungers indoors. I could see a smudgy line of ancient dusty sweets under the edge of the drawn blind. And in the midst of my sick grief the thought of that scarecrow, triumphant figure in conjunction with this frowzy, respectable little shop made me laugh to myself. I wondered where John Smith was now.

"Why, in jail, probably," I thought, and did not think of him again for four whole years.

VI

IT WILL be a long time before Stoneborough forgets its postwar election, if only because of the tragedy which marked its climax. There was Mackenzie, a Labor candidate, who wanted the millennium; and Sir Felix Gordon, who wanted the Kaiser's head; and Stoneborough, which had heard too much about millenniums, stood by the latter gentleman. In addition, Sir Felix was one of the men who had won the war—something in munitions—and he was a power in Central America, where he had great estates. No carpetbagger either. He had taken Abbey Lodge, the biggest house outside the Close, and it was discreetly understood that once inside the house and beyond the reach of the Bribery-and-Corruption Act he meant to return good will for good will.

Perhaps it was my shattered arm made me perverse. I went Labor, and Colonel Gay turned me out of his house and Stoneborough turned its back on me—all except Aunt Geraldine and Miss Cornelius, who told everyone, "It's just the war, poor boy," though they themselves stood for Gordon heart and soul.

But Lisbeth had said she would be my wife. And she was lovelier than ever. These few years had developed, not changed, her. More than ever she seemed to me a woman out of a dream, and I felt with a faint sinking of the heart that the dearest thing in her—that almost mystic charm, as though she had only just reached the borderland of this world—had somehow protected her from the blows that had stunned the life and power of happiness in me.

It seemed that we had both forgotten John Smith. And then we came upon him suddenly in the midst of an election crowd—high up on an improvised platform—and I knew that he had been at the back of my mind all the time, like a patch of startling color.

He hadn't changed much. He had kept his slenderness, his faunlike, deceptive air of fragility. His clothes were shabby as ever, and worn with the same gorgeous carelessness that made them the proper and seemly dress of a man. The soft hat had been thrown on the seat behind him and the winter sun drew out a smothered fire from the thick brown hair that he wore brushed back close to the head. Evidently some one in the crowd had challenged him. He was in the thick of the fight, and the whole poise of his body suggested a clever fencer, alert and supple, husbanding his energy. But his eyes had the look which I remembered with a queer clutch at the heart. I couldn't have told why it should seem to me faintly tragic, for it was daring and remorseless and assured, as though he knew that the distant thing for which he waited was coming to him, all sails stretched.

And then suddenly his eyes dropped—rested on me by accident, came back from whatever they had been watching and seemed literally to pounce as a hawk pounces He recognized me. But I was only a clue. He passed me in a flash. Then his whole face changed, softened with a queer look of gayety, of triumph, half ironical, half caressing. It was as though someone he wanted had tried to escape him and failed, and that he was amused and touched by such a futile, pathetic effort. Involuntarily I turned to Lisbeth too. I felt I had to stand between her and the audacious intimacy of that stare. It was absurd that my boy's anger should flare up again. But Lisbeth had forgotten me. She stood there, intent and still, with that withdrawn look which was so troubling, as though her heart had gently escaped out of one's hands.

He had begun to speak again, his hands thrust into his sagging pockets, his head up. He was not looking at us now, but there was an illusive smile about the clean-shaven mouth that had nothing to do with what he was saying. It made me think of a cat that turns away from its victim for a moment of pretended indifference.

"The last interrupter taunts my man with being an adventurer. This is my last answer. He is an adventurer. That's why I'm backing him. I'm an adventurer. I've done nothing else but adventure all my life. Rot in your vegetable patches if you're vegetables, but if you're living men come out and live like men. Adventurer! As though that were an insult! Why, what is life but an adventure?

"You think you want peace, that you're sick of war. You're not. You're sick of peace already; sick of having to go back to the old drudgery that's so damnably safe and profitless. You want to risk yourselves for something worth while, with a fighting chance. Fighting, in one shape or another, is a natural state, and you're natural men. Gordon is a fighter, and so am I. We started nowhere and we're coming out on top. You can come with us or stay where you are."

He made a sweeping gesture. The crowd fell back from the cart and he jumped down, leaving his hat behind, and a pale-faced companion to whom the desertion seemed disconcertingly unexpected. It was such a young, spontaneous movement, but yet not young at all. Even that masquerading seven years before hadn't been really boyish.

He came straight for me, so purposefully that there was nothing for it but to hold my ground. His expression, his whole bearing, was that of capturing an old friend, and I had either to carry off a stupid, stockish pretense of not remembering or laughing back at him. Well, I laughed. He made me. When he chose he was like a tidal wave.

"Why, where's she gone?" he asked. For Lisbeth had vanished slipped from my side into the crowd without a word. My disconcerted face seemed to amuse him hugely. "Isn't it stupid—not even knowing her name?" he said.

"I don't see any reason why you should," I retorted stiffly. But then I gave it up. I surrendered, as it were, to the fact of our queer relationship—to a sort of inevitability that was like fate.

"You've got a good memory for faces anyway," I added.

"So have you; a regular pugnacious memory. You're as mad with me as you were seven years ago. Let's go and have it out. There's a quiet spot by the river. I owe it you." Then he saw my arm. "Oh, well, I'll let you punch my head. I expect you'd do some damage. Damnably strong. Anyone can see that. That's why I ran away."

"Oh, no, it isn't," I said. "You ran away because you knew it would make me madder than anything else."

He turned a quick look of appreciation on me.

"There's something in that, of course. I did want to annoy you. You'd annoyed me."

"I'd like to know why?"

"Well, butting in like that."

"It seems to me that you did the butting," I retorted grimly. "The place might have belonged to you."

"That's what I thought." He took me by the arm and steered me resolutely out of the crowd. "It may seem unreasonable to you, but the fact is you intruded. Tell me, is she awfully wild with me?"

He talked as though it had all happened yesterday.

"If you mean Miss Gay—why should she be?"

"Miss Gay? Thanks. Why, for kissing her at once like that."

"You were a young cad," I said. "But I don't suppose she remembers it at all."

"Oh, yes, she does. And she doesn't think I'm a young cad either. She never did. She knew better. It was the only

Continued on Page 32

Four-Cylinder Two-Passenger Roadster
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(Continued from Page 30)

thing I could have done. But you were in love with her. I suppose you are still."

It was outrageous. But his outrageousness was disarming. Not that it was spontaneous. It was deliberate. It was as though he had said "Now I am going to put all my cards down on the table," with an amused eye on me to see if I had enough metal in me to play up to him. I answered "Yes," and had a sudden sense of quiet and security.

"You couldn't help it," he reflected. "There are women and women, you know. She's the fatal sort. Trailing clouds of glory or something. She knows all about God."

I was staggered.

"And what do you know about God?" I demanded ironically.

"Not so much as she does. But a lot more than you do, my renegade jack-eared Puritan." He was arrogantly serious, so much so that he swept the subject out of my reach. "Is she going to marry you?" he demanded.

"I haven't asked her."

"No, you wouldn't. You wouldn't think it fair. The war and all that. Well, you can now."

"Look here," I said with belated heat, "I don't mind your talking about my affairs -though heaven knows why I don't—but you can leave Lisbeth out of it."

"Ah, Lisbeth—Lisbeth Gay—that's so like her. I was afraid she might be a Mabel or something utterly wrong like that. What's the use of getting angry all over again? I've never loved anyone else except Lisbeth. It's natural that I should take an interest."

"You're mad," I said.

"Of course you've got the pull over me. You've known her all your life. You could marry her tomorrow. On the other hand, I brought down ten brace of Germans for her sake—at least in part; I had my own neck to think of too. But I went after the V. C. deliberately."

"If you imagine that twenty dead Germans make a tribute likely to please Lisbeth Gay ——" I interrupted.

"It would please any woman."

"Not a modern woman"

"Well, Lisbeth isn't modern."

We had come to the graystone gateway that led into the Close, and I stopped, determined to cut short this impossible conversation. I believe at the bottom of my heart was the conviction that if he saw Lisbeth's home he would recognize it. We faced each other. I met his strange blue eyes, so apparently expressive and revealing, with a scowling steadiness. It was the only way by which I could resist the crazy charm of the fellow.

"You know, you're not being frank because you are frank," I said acutely. "You're only saying all this because you know it knocks one speechless. Social intercourse is only organized to deal with liars. You're like a man walking up and down the High Street with a revolver. One simply can't protect oneself."

He laughed.

"There's a lot of truth in that too. But I'm in a hurry. I want to get our friendship on a clean footing."

"Friendship?"

"Well, we might be friends. We've got to be something to each other. That's clear. I believe you're a fine fellow. I shall always like you—even if I have to murder you. I suppose you won't introduce me to her properly."

"I don't even know who you are," I interrupted helplessly.

"Commander John Smith, V.C., D.S.O.," M. C.," he returned, and for the life of me I could not tell whether his gravity was real or humorously assumed. "At present electioneering agent to Sir Felix Gordon"

"That seems a queer job for Commander John Smith, V. C., D. S. O., M. C., to take up backing a shady financier."

"He's not shady. There are no shades about him whatever And he's offered me a thumping big job on his place in Quetzelango if I pull this off."

"So that's it."

"Of course. John Smith has got to live."

"Why?"

"Because he damn well means to."

There was no answer that I could think of. He measured me coolly.

"By the way, you're speaking for Mackenzie in the Market Place tonight, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Don't. They'll duck you."

"That settles it."

"You're an obstinate devil."

Involuntarily we had wandered on, and now we stood at Lisbeth's gate and he stopped short. His curious light-blue eyes met mine with a whimsical challenge.

"She lives here, doesn't she?"

"What has she to do with you?"

"I want her," he said simply.

There was an indescribable largeness about that answer. And it was imperative too. I felt that this extraordinary love of his was not a mere freak of passion, but a terrific force in him.

It drove me to say seriously, "It is for her to choose."

"She has chosen," he answered. His frankness was more baffling than any subtlety. It led you on and led you nowhere. He glanced up at the little low-roofed house sinking to sleep under the twilight, and smiled. "I'll pay my first call now. An election agent can go anywhere. Are you coming too?"

"No, I'm unpopular just now."

"I'm sorry. It'll spoil everything, to think of your standing there—shut out of paradise."

"You're an outrage—an indecency!" I flung back at him. "And I still wish I could punch your head."

But in truth I had never liked him as I did then. There had been real feeling in his voice.

He loved Lisbeth. And so he knew that the dim low house contained all the loveliness in the world.

He turned, adding casually over his shoulder, "And if you won't consider yourself, you might consider poor Mackenzie. You know you're a rotten speaker"

I lingered for a moment after the door had closed upon him. It was true. I did feel shut out. And I wanted to go in and make my peace and sit by the fire with them as in the old days I wanted dreadfully dreadfully, because it was all so dead and hopeless to throw off the self I had become and be just the self that those two had loved and understood. I felt homesick as a lost child, and sad as the prodigal must have done who knew that, however many fatted calves they killed for him, he could never be one of his own people again never forget what he knew.

A light sprang up joyfully in the dark house. I turned away.

It was my heart coming back to life again, and hurting horribly.

VII

I SPOKE that night in the Market Place; or rather I tried to speak. But neither Mackenzie nor I had a fighting chance. We were on the wrong side. We wanted peace, and poor Stoneborough, decimated, weary, disillusioned, wanted the Kaiser's head. At least that was what Felix Gordon told them they needed to give them back their dead and their peace of mind.

So they stormed our lorry. They didn't mean much harm—a good ducking for us in the weir at worst—but they were irresponsible and out of hand, and I knew that once they got us down it would fare badly with us. I didn't care. I was sick and disillusioned too. The war seemed to have killed something vital in me. And Lisbeth didn't understand. She could understand my arm's being smashed. Not the other things: not the disgust, the horror, the resignation that became apathy and callousness. And I couldn't tell her, and so I was losing her.

Then suddenly some poor crazy fellow—Hopejoy's son it was—reeled over the edge of our lorry and caught me by the arm. He began to twist it, not knowing what he did, and hiccuping:

"Why's my girl chucked me, cap'n? Why don't they give me back my job? I'll tell you, because I was an 'ero and went to that bloody war."

I could only think of the pain. I went blind with pain. I went down into deep seas of it, clinging to one purpose—not to cry out. I did hear a groan. It seemed to echo on interminably inside my skull, but I don't believe it was ever uttered. There were other men on the lorry now, pushing me toward the edge, laughing and shouting In the midst of all that uproar I seemed to hear the bone snap like a crack of thunder

They would have me down in a minute. I was sick and faint and drenched with sweat. I wanted it to be over. But young Hopejoy had grown quiet. He still held my arm, but he was gaping down at it like a frightened child. I suppose there was something rather horrible in the feel of the thing.

"Wot's 'appened, guv'nor?"

"It d-doesn't matter," I gasped. "It was done before, you know."

The whole incident couldn't have lasted more than a second. We were looking each other in the eyes. The pain seemed to have flung me up onto some high lonely place with this man. We saw each other clearly for the first time—both bankrupt in everything that mattered, cheated, baffled. It wasn't my pain any more; and his loss was mine -everybody's. I heard myself saying in an eager, apologetic sort of way:

"It doesn't matter at all not your fault, Hopejoy."

He was crying. I didn't know what had happened. I don't know now. Things like that aren't to be explained. But they do happen. They happened on the road to Damascus and they happen to little men in a little way perhaps once in a lifetime. Your head breaks through the clouds. I was crazily happy because young Hopejoy cried. The black curse had been lifted from my mind. The prison door had been flung open. I wanted to shout to everyone—to all these fellow prisoners to come out with us. They wanted to smash me up—would smash me up perhaps. That didn't make any difference. It was all a stupid mistake. No use in venting our loss and bitterness and disillusionment on one another. There was only one way out of this mess—to have compassion. I suppose I was beside myself with pain and with the wonder of my release. That didn't matter, either, so long as one got hold of the truth in time. Why, when you come to think of it, it was as old as the hills! We'd been talking about it for nearly two thousand years anyway, and we hadn't even yet got it into our heads, much less our hearts.

And there in the midst of it all I had a vision of Lisbeth. I saw her with the eyes of my first love. My heart seemed to rush out to meet her. How magnificent, how splendid to love like this! What things I had to say to her!

Young Hopejoy was hitting out wildly at the faces that came boiling over the lorry's sides.

"Leave him alone; 'e ain't no German, you blasted idiots! He's hurt! I've broke his bloody arm!"

It didn't help much. They bundled him on one side. They had got me between them, twisting that wretched limb as though it had belonged to a sawdust doll. Still that strange exalted feeling remained like a light shining through a mist of blood.

They let me go. It was like being dropped by a whirlwind. I should have fallen if young Hopejoy hadn't caught me round the waist. At first I was too dazed to know what had happened to distract their attention from me. Then I saw him. Of course, I had known he would come. He couldn't keep out of a show like this.

It made me think of a Blake picture. It was fantastic and mad -very nearly absurd—and splendid too. He came riding bareback on a huge stallion that he must have commandeered in its way from a show, for it was trapped with ribbons that fluttered gayly like the caparison of a knight's charger. In that mingled flare and darkness the beast had a satanic majesty. Even from where I stood I could see the menacing eye, the fire that seemed to leap from the terrific bronze quarters. I don't know how he controlled it. One hand was wound into the plaited mane, the other carried an officer's riding crop.

The two of them came plowing through the people like a great leviathan through a stormy sea And they gave way stampeded treading on one another shouting fighting to get out of range of those deadly hoofs

He was cursing them, too, and laughing I could see his lips moving and the gay exultancy of his face But he was in high earnest. A man snatched at him to pull him off, and I saw his riding crop come down full across the eyes with a ruthlessness that made me, even then, wince all over my body. The man went down like a blade of corn before the scythe. And after that no one tried to stop him.

He came up alongside, maneuvering his great beast by heel and hand with an amazing power.

"Get on in front of me!" he ordered.

I shook my head at him.

"No, I'm damned if I do!"

"You'll be damned if you don't. Don't take an unfair advantage, Fitzroy. You've no right to get yourself killed just to annoy me."

Someone urged me from behind. It must have been young Hopejoy. Now I came to think of it, I didn't want to be killed either. There was something to live for. I was alive again. But my strength was gone.

"Sorry—don't think I can manage it."

"Jump! I'll hold fast."

I had a queer, an absolute confidence in him. I made a blundering, headlong effort and it was done. He was behind me, holding me close to him as though I had been a child. I heard the angry shouting change its key. They were laughing, too, now—beginning to cheer even. It had been a glorious row. They had meant to chuck me into the weir, and now they were glad and touched because he had saved me from them.

I don't remember much of that strange ride. I could feel the easy, beautiful movement of the great beast under me and the steady arm about my waist. Presently we were in a quiet street. There were people about us; but different people, who seemed to be sorry and anxious and ashamed. I slipped off somehow, lurching against iron railings, fighting a deathly sickness. In the lamplight I could see the stallion looming up like a beast of the Apocalypse, and John Smith standing very close to me.

"I'm afraid you're hurt, Fitzroy."

I gave an absurd, cracked little laugh.

"Rather funny, isn't it? To go through the Great War, and then nearly get oneself killed in an election."

I knew I was going. I wanted to say something about Lisbeth—that she was not to be frightened—that everything was going to be all right now. My voice died in my throat. I saw John Smith's face—close to mine. I was submerged in the sudden knowledge that whatever happened to us two I'd love this man.

I suppose I pitched into his arms. I don't remember.

VIII

THE next thing I knew clearly was that my good-for-nothing arm had been cut off and that Felix Gordon was dead -murdered -in his own garden. And John Smith lay in Stoneborough jail awaiting trial

Gradually, as I grew stronger, the whole story was made clear to me. It seemed that in Quetzelango a certain ex-President Marreno had returned to power over the bodies of his old persecutors. Individually he reclaimed a certain vast property—the San Juan Finca and prospective gold mine which had been conceded to one Sir Felix Gordon by Marreno's successor as a token of gratitude for services rendered—with the unexpected result that in far-off Stoneborough—which would have been hard put to it to place Quetzelango on the map—many people had lost all they had to lose, and even more.

Not that Sir Felix Gordon had bribed Stoneborough. Stoneborough had bribed him. For what was more natural than that they should want to put their money in a concern to which their prospective member owed at least part of his obvious affluence? True, it was only a small company, with Sir Felix as chairman and a few unpronounceable Quetzelangos on the board. But hadn't the government knighted him for war service? Wasn't that guaranty enough? True also that the shares were not in the open market. All the better for the few chosen friends and supporters who were let in.

Actually, half Stoneborough was let in—including Aunt Geraldine and Colonel Gay. It was Miss Cornelius who, as soon as my abating fever made it safe, told me how Aunt Geraldine, with all the sporting blood of our race on fire, had plunged secretly and recklessly, blinded by the vision of a Fitzroy once more in Old Stoneborough where he belonged. And now nothing was left.

"Your poor aunt, she wouldn't come near you—she's been so ashamed. She feels she's had a hand in something dishonorable. She says if it had only been horses—betting, you know. Lots of Fitzroys were ruined that way. You must be very kind to her, Euan. It's almost broken her heart."

"You leave her to me," I said.

There had been, I understood, a terrible meeting of Gordon's shareholders, who recognized one another with bitter astonishment; but there was nothing to be done. Legally Sir Felix was out of reach. He had

(Continued on Page 34)

In one process, now— *Scour* and also *Purify*

—*with Sunbrite, the "double action" cleanser*

THE old way was to scour and polish the kitchenware as one job; then to sweeten and purify it, when necessary, as another separate process.

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Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A **Sunbrite** *cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every taste of the onion flavor*

Watch This Column

"A Lady of Quality" Charms

We are all governed more or less—principally more—by our personal prejudices. I, for example, like plays with happy endings, which accounts for the many love-stories we produce and the liberties Universal takes with some stories in which we drive out the gloom and let in the sunshine. I never could understand why, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, they killed off Little Eva when she might just as well have lived and made a lot of people happy.

I don't want to go to the theatre to weep. No, and I don't like death-scenes. I don't like to see the hero shot or hanged, or the heroine die in the arms of her lover when they can just as well live and send you home with pleasant impressions and memories.

VIRGINIA VALLI in "A LADY OF QUALITY"

This accounts for our choice of beautiful love-stories in which the principals "live happily ever afterwards." It accounts for our production of such exquisite gems as *"A Lady of Quality"* with the dainty VIRGINIA VALLI in the title rôle. It accounts for changing the story of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"* and allowing Esmeralda to live and love instead of being hanged in the public square, as the book said she was. What do *you* think about it? Do you enjoy happy endings or do you like to weep?

I am doing everything possible for the starving and stricken people of Germany. Will *you* help? Will you send money or clothing or anything you can afford? I will distribute it at my own expense. Conditions over there are pitiful in the extreme. Will you forget the war and remember only the call of Humanity?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

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not given anyone money. He had not personally accepted any. Certainly nobody had had anything in return. And, as he very reasonably argued, it was impossible to hold any individual responsible for Quetzelango's periodical upheavals. For that matter, wasn't he himself the chief sufferer? His property had fallen into the hands of rebels, and unless the British Government intervened, which was improbable, there it was likely to remain. Shares in it were worth so much paper.

On the other hand, Sir Felix said, if the meeting passed a vote of confidence in him he would pledge himself to an immediate journey to Quetzelango, where he would treat with Marreno for the best terms possible. The vote of confidence was passed by a sullen, helpless majority.

John Smith had had no part in all this. It was known that after my spectacular rescue he had been dismissed from Gordon's service.

Then the tragedy. Felix Gordon, who had weathered the bloodiest periods of Quetzelango's history, met a violent death in a peaceful English garden. At whose hands? Official suspicion pointed in one direction. On the night following that shareholders' meeting John Smith had had a last interview with Gordon. Aghast servants testified to the bitterness and noisiness of its character—at least as far as Gordon was concerned. Smith, it seemed, had spoken very quietly, offering two alternatives either this or that—the listeners could not specify the actual terms. Whatever they were, Gordon had refused them violently and had even gone to the door with his visitor as though he couldn't trust him out of his sight, shouting denunciations. And John Smith had said nothing.

That night Gordon was to have gone up to town by the last train. He had been called earlier in the day by telegram. The servants actually saw him leave the house. He was found the next morning on the private footpath which led from his garden to the station. Medical evidence proved that death had taken place several hours before. As to the cause of death, he had been shot clean through the forehead, apparently with his own revolver, which he held loosely in one outstretched hand. But suicide was practically ruled out. The ground all round the body was churned up by a prolonged and frightful struggle.

The servants had heard nothing. Their quarters were at the other side of the house, and the footpath was a lonely stretch, fringed by trees which might easily have smothered even a revolver shot.

There were three chief witnesses. The first, a young newly joined constable, swore he had met John Smith close on midnight coming out of a side road which adjoined Gordon's house. He had been hatless, and under the lamplight his face had been distinctly visible. According to this witness, he wore a suit of gray tweeds, and was calm and unhurried as any man might be who had gone for a late stroll. Still, a stroll at midnight is unusual, and the young constable made a note of the encounter. On the other side was Aunt Lizzie and her little servant and shop assistant, Annie Roberts. Both swore that the prisoner had had supper at home and had gone to his room early and had stayed there. Aunt Lizzie had locked and barred the only exit, through the shop, with her own hands; and Annie Roberts, whose cubby-hole adjoined the front door, and who had been kept awake by toothache, swore that no one, however stealthily, could have got out without her knowledge.

John Smith's room was at the top of the house, a forty-foot drop. The window looked out on a side street. Even the prosecution did not suggest it as an exit, much less a possible entry.

The two women swore that John Smith did not own a gray suit, and no such thing was found in his possession. They held their ground stolidly. They were the witnesses for the defense.

IX

BUT there was no defense. That was his inevitable dramatic gesture. At the police-court proceedings, so they told me, he had merely shrugged with good-humored patience. At the trial he spoke once, not to the judge but to the jury, turning swiftly to them with such a nearing of power and resoluteness that they had flinched as though before the flash of a drawn sword.

"I am not guilty!"

Thereafter he did not speak again.

No counsel fought for him. There were able men all over the country ready to take up his case for the mere glory of figuring on his side, for he drew even people who had never seen him. But he refused their help. He was not insolent or even indifferent. His attitude was logical to the point of foolhardiness. If he was innocent, then there was no need for him or anyone else to fight. It was the business of the prosecution to prove a lie to be truth, if they could.

And gradually the consummate cleverness of that stand began to dawn on us all. The prosecution, thrown out of its stride, grew angry, nagged, scolded, goaded; began to overstep the limits of legitimate insinuation and had to be pulled up short by the judge himself. It flung itself, impotent and baffled, against that silence. It began to symbolize to the men and women who listened in tense judgment a malicious unfairness, an unsporting effort to weight the scales. Once at least, after a cross-examination in which by hint and innuendo counsel had tried to implant damning suggestions in the jury's mind, I saw that bewigged gentleman swing round upon the prisoner, hand on hip, his legal face made sneering by its very expressionlessness. One could almost hear the unuttered taunt:

"Now go into the witness box, if you dare!"

And John Smith had made no sign. He stood there—he stood tirelessly throughout the trial—his eyes fixed on things beyond the judge—great absorbing things, one imagined. It was as though he had not heard or seen.

But now, looking back upon those three vivid days, I know that he was aware of ebb and flow of feeling in that court. I believe that for the first time in his life, perhaps, he drew upon all the reserves of power that he possessed—joyfully, exultingly, as he felt us one by one come under his mastery until that whole court turned toward him as toward a fierce, intoxicating light. Hardest of all he must have fought when the witnesses gave their testimony. He did not look at them. But Aunt Lizzie, a frail, frightened old woman, grew brave and convincing under a cruel cross-examination; and Annie Roberts, slow of mind and speech, flashed out a spirited answer or two; and the young constable, who had been glib and convinced at the preliminary proceedings, began to waver and throw telltale glances at that impassive face.

There was the question of John Smith's life. Not even the prosecution, do what it might, could stifle our knowledge of that almost unique war record. He had come from the ends of the earth to fight. He had risen from the ranks. He had been decorated with every order that a soldier dreams of. He had come through unwounded—and that told for him, in some odd way, as though it were an instinctively accepted proof of the man's magnificent right to survival. As to his life before the war—silence again. No one could speak of that with authority except himself, and he did not. Gordon might have spoken. It was known that Gordon and he had worked together in Quetzelango. But Gordon was dead.

Motive? His dismissal? The breaking of Gordon's promise of a post at the San Juan mine? Inadequate. The whole life and bearing of the man discounted an act of reckless anger. The quarrel? No one knew its cause. Nothing in Gordon's papers gave a clew to any serious reason for their rupture. There were many people in Stoneborough who had better reasons for vengeance. That fact did not transpire. There was no counsel for the defense to point to it. It was none the less known to us all.

And yet—and this was the strangest thing—I do not think that in the minds of any one of us John Smith was innocent. Perhaps that lay in his very nature. There are men and women with whom the word "innocency" can never be associated. Instinctively we know that they are the very root of all action.

In those three days he only looked towards us twice—once, as I have described, at the very end; and the first time of all, when he came up from the cells and stood clear of the two warders, like a man throwing off a degrading touch, and faced the court. He bowed gravely, with a subtle grace, to the judge; then turned to where we sat. He saw me, and I thought a queer pleasure came into his face, and then Lisbeth.

That look seemed to me interminable. I felt that everyone in that court must have seen what was in his eyes. He was a fighter in the arena, whose life hung on his courage, saluting openly the woman he loved.

And Lisbeth herself? I dared not even think of her. I was afraid.

People wondered to see her there. They were shocked even. This fair young girl in this yellow, airless court, the scene of so much pettifogging human error, hurt and worried them like a flower growing resolutely and innocently from a dungheap. They thought, no doubt, that we ought to have kept her away; but then they did not know. To them she was still a child who in a wonderful and lovely way had kept the look of a child's unearthly innocence. They did not understand that upper lip and its gentle sternness.

Heaven knew if I could have saved her from that time I would have done so. If she had said then "Marry me" I would have carried her off to the other side of the world. Though I was deadly weak still, and my arm—what was left of it—hurt as though an animal with blunt fangs were gnawing at it day and night, I did plead with her. I pleaded for myself with a rough egoism that brought a puzzled look into her eyes, as though a friend had become a stranger. And I was conscious, even in that moment, of a sad amusement. Hadn't she known I was human—a man who wanted things desperately? No, probably not. How should she know? I had held back too much—in my romantic reverence of her—hidden too much. It hadn't been wise; it hadn't been even fair. Well, she had to know now what it meant to love her as I did.

"I've loved you since I was a child; I've wanted you as my wife since I've been a man. There never has been anyone else in my life but you. There never will be. But I've waited long enough—too long. That kind of thing can begin to fester. There can be no reason on earth why you shouldn't marry me—except one ——"

I caught a gleam then of that other Lisbeth—that Lisbeth who once she saw the truth and the right would follow it with a terrible fearlessness.

"What is that, Euan?"

"That you don't love me."

"But I do—I do!"

It was a cry of distress—of protest against something too much, too strange for her. I held her to me with all the strength I had. I kissed her dead white face with the desire of years. Brutal and beastly I seemed to myself a moment afterwards. For she lay against me with closed eyes like a dead child. But I would not let her go.

"Marry me—marry me, Lisbeth. If you love me you must."

She raised herself. She stood back from me a little, not as though she wanted to escape but so that we could look each other in the face. And her eyes made me think with a start of pain of other eyes. For they had that same ice-blue fire in them. Only they hid no mystery, except the mystery of great goodness.

"I can't; not now. When it's all over, I promise you. It would be cowardly—like running away."

I did not know clearly what she meant. It was significant that I did not ask her. Nor did I plead with her again. For the first time a definite fear was stirring in me. A man might come to life too late

We sat three days in that dingy court. But towards the end of that last day I hardly listened. I heard, without understanding, the waspish periods of the prosecution. And then the judge spoke, and the jury's faces peered up whitely, expressionlessly. His voice made a far-off murmur broken by a dry cough and the rustle of his notes:

His duty—to put before them—direct them as to the law. Theirs, to free their minds from prejudice—hearsay; justice impartial justice. Varying degrees of crime—manslaughter; that, too, they would have to consider—reliability of the witnesses—a difficult case—made more difficult by the prisoner himself.

And here the sunken eyes lifted and rested on that baffling figure with a kind of querulous wonder.

Then, too—essential to put aside—personal feeling—the records of the two men—the dead and the living—immaterial in the eyes of justice—they were people of common sense—it was in their hands ——

Presently the stream trickled into silence. His voice lifted:

"Members of the jury, you will retire to consider your verdict."

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FISHER BODIES

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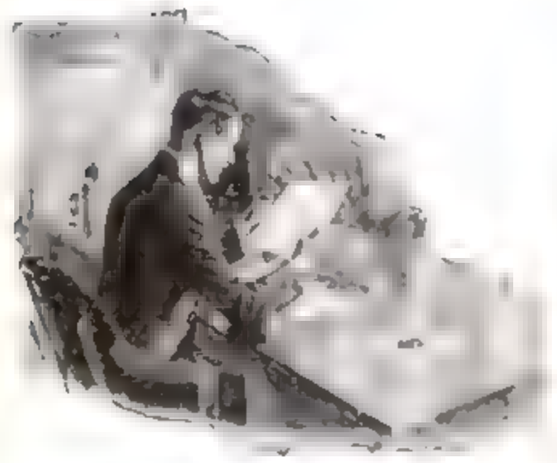

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(Continued from Page 34)

And they had risen from their places, and after that strange moment of suspense filed out, leaving us like forgotten marionettes in a dingy box.

■

LIGHTS sprang up. They floated in the yellow air like marsh gas over foul water. A sigh that was half a groan sank into an appalled emptiness. A door opened. They had come back at last, shuffling into their pen, and we craned forward trying to read what must surely be written. But their faces were studiously expressionless. John Smith had come up out of the dark, the warders close at his heels like great bulldogs, and waited, his hands rested on the dock rails, loose clasped and tranquil. He seemed to be standing alone and high up above the ground fog which enveloped us in a blurring mantle, so sharp-drawn that I had a poignant sense of unreality, as though I myself, the people round me, had disintegrated into drifting wraiths of mere emotion and instinct.

But he was hard and real, the substance of him close knit by an integral purpose. He was the one free man among us all, because he wasn't afraid.

A sharp triple rap from the usher's wand, like the knocking in a French theater before the curtain rises. The judge came out of his door upon the dais. We stood up again, with the rustling sound of wind among dead leaves. He was fumbling nervously with his red robes, and I had one of these ghastly comic twists of thought which pounce on us like imps to ridicule the big moments of our lives. I thought of a panic-stricken bridegroom fumbling for the ring. But it was the black cap of which he was making sure.

I felt Lisbeth let go my hand and stand alone.

The foreman turned towards the judge. The judge bent his head. He was very deaf. He must have been afraid of making some terrible mistake.

"Well, gentlemen?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

We were on our feet simultaneously. The judge receded, dwindled. He had no power now. We were like people struggling out of a nightmare, making queer strangled sounds that exploded an instant later—miraculously—beyond the walls of the court into a dull roar of triumph. There was a man near me crying openly, stammering, waving, fighting for coherent expression, as though he himself had escaped death. The judge made fretful gestures. He was almost inaudible.

"—— a disgrace." He would have the court cleared.

Then later, more clearly and for the first time with the genuine feeling of a man: "—— a verdict in which I heartily concur—a relief to set at liberty a brave and honorable soldier whose fellow citizens have cleared him from the suspicion of a hideous crime."

It was over. The prosecuting counsel gathered up his papers with a sudden air of bored detachment. The relentless pursuit had been nothing more, after all, than a piece of habitual play acting. There was no reason why he and the late prisoner should not dine together in perfect amity.

People were surging over the barriers. I saw the colonel hold up his hand to John Smith. He did not take it. He seemed not to see it, but to be still intent on his own vision. A warder touched him on the arm—not authoritatively now, but deferentially, as one might remind a gentleman of some lapse into forgetfulness. But he did not move.

"My lord, I have a statement to make ——"

He was speaking at last. His voice, rather high-pitched and metallic, struck us into silence. We hung towards him suspended, fascinated.

The judge himself, halfway towards the door, turned back.

"My lord, I killed Felix Gordon. The witnesses spoke the truth as far as they knew it. There are many ways of leaving and reentering a house to a man who is active and has a steady head. I killed him fairly. My reasons I shall give, in full and at the right time and to those whom they concern. He had double-crossed us all. I knew and had proof, but he had kept himself out of reach of the law. I had worked for him. I was responsible to my friends and fellow citizens whom he had ruined. I offered him the choice of making restitution or of fighting me for his life. He chose to fight. He was armed and I was not, and he knew it. And so I killed him."

He waited a moment. He had a compelling dignity which saved him from the taint of melodrama. He added in a low tone:

"I do not make this statement out of any desire for sensation but because my church demands a public acknowledgment of my action before she can absolve me. That's all."

He turned, motioning the two warders on one side, and passed out between them into the open court.

XI

THEY carried him shoulder-high through the Market Place. We saw him for a moment riding the heads of that crowd, and though he smiled a little, it was without either exultation or relief. One would have said that he had done with the whole incident and that his mind was already working in the future.

We made our own way home with difficulty, pushing the colonel's chair—for he was too lame now to walk more than a few steps—through side streets, where stragglers stopped us to ask "Is it true?" and to exclaim "Well, upon my word, did you ever hear the like of it!" with a half-amused, half-shocked grimace as though tickled at the thought that a man might play such hanky-panky with our solemn English law. And the colonel nodded and stammered, "Yes, you can't try a man twice in this country. He's safe, and I'm damn glad."

Presently Lisbeth and I were alone in his library. The colonel himself, like a child that has torn its emotions to tatters, had been got to bed, and I had waited for her, pacing the dimly lit room and touching the little things that belonged to her as though there were magic in them. At last she came. We looked at each other. We had too much to say. There seemed no beginning. All the way here we had not spoken, and now our silence lingered on like a hateful, baffling intruder. She came and stood opposite me by the fire, gazing down into the glow, her red-gold head resting on her hand in a pose so poignantly familiar, so dear, that almost my heart rose to my lips. I felt that in another moment I might find things to say to her that would release us both. And then —— I suppose physical pain and weariness, however much one disregards them, secretly undermine a man's self-control, his very judgment. I laughed. The sound of that laugh was detestable. I saw her start a little. My heart sickened. I had checked and thwarted that splendid impulse, and now I could only blunder from bad to worse, like a frightened fool. Her eyes rested on me and I felt their dangerous steadiness.

I plunged headlong.

"I'm sorry. Only I've just seen the funny side—there is one to most things. There were we, stiff with the horror and tragedy of it all, and he must have been laughing up his sleeve at us—at everybody, at the law and the judge, at dear old Father McGroarty himself. I can guess what McGroarty said: 'My son, there can be no forgiveness without public acknowledgment of your act.' Well, he has acknowledged it—handsomely."

I could see myself, a dark, thick-set fellow, maimed a little in mind and body, a stranger to both of us. She asked in a low voice.

"Do you think of him as a common murderer, Euan?"

"Not a common one, heaven knows. But he's killed a man. You can't get away from that."

"Is killing always murder? You killed men in the war. And he killed people, too, and was decorated for it. He killed men in Quetzelango. He told us about it. You didn't think of him as a murderer then."

"Surely there's all the difference in the world," I retorted; "a difference of motive anyway. I didn't kill Germans for my own sake. Nor did he—at least, I suppose not. In Quetzelango there doesn't seem to be any law except jungle law."

She answered me swiftly.

"And he didn't kill Gordon either for his own sake. And our law isn't of any use. It doesn't punish bad men who ruin people who trusted them. And he did give Gordon a chance, and risked his own life."

"I don't believe he's ever risked anything. He's always known what he could do." That was a flash of inspiration. I broke off, only to add with a wretched superiority I wasn't feeling, "But you're talking nonsense, Lisbeth; tilting at the whole of our civilization."

"Perhaps our civilization is nonsense too," she said.

"Perhaps it is, but it's all we've got. A lot of us thought enough of it to die for it." We were both of us angry now, like people who speak a different language and blunder from one piteous error into another. "People like Smith try to wreck it, but there's still something of it left—respect for life. We've no right, as individuals, to judge each other to death as he did. Heaven knows it's taken us long enough to get hold of that much. If that goes, everything goes. We'll topple back into the Stone Age."

"If civilization means that," she said, "why did you kill one another for it? You only respect life when it suits you. I know—I feel that there are bigger things than life, and that a man who takes it may be doing the greatest thing of all."

The lower part of her face was in the light. The upper lip, which somehow still kept its sweetness, was as inflexible as iron. Once perhaps, I thought wryly, some ancestor of hers, as gentle, as compassionate, might have burned heretics for their souls' good. But all that didn't matter now. An immeasurable laming sadness had laid itself on me.

By some subconscious road, running beneath all this fierce youthful dogmatizing, I had been brought up sharp against a truth I would have given a world to have escaped from. But it was too late.

"Lisbeth, you'd justify anything he did."

There it was, dragged into the open. Our eyes met, and into hers leaped a distress that made me almost forget my own. The blood had rushed in a dark flood over her face and neck, and now receded as swiftly, leaving her very pale. Her voice was firm—rather desperately firm.

"That's not true. I'm only trying to be fair. What do you want me to do? What do you want me to think?"

"Dear, I can't dictate to you. I wouldn't if I could. Besides, I don't know what I think myself."

"Don't you want me to see him again? I won't if that would make you happy." That sudden docility was piteous. It hurt me like the surrender of a naturally proud and independent spirit. "But I can't pretend ——"

I shook my head.

"I don't want you to. I'm not so stupid as all that. You've got to judge things for yourself, just as I have. What's the use of anything to me if you're not free and happy?" I thought that she was going to lay her hand on mine, and I moved away into the shadow, for just then I couldn't have borne her touch. I should have been ashamed to show how weak I was. "Nothing else matters."

I thought "What matters is that you love this man," but if I had said the words aloud she might have answered yes, for she would tell the truth, and then I couldn't have dreamed my dreams any more. I should have gone away—not kissed her again—lost everything that had been the color and fire of my life. I was too big a coward.

"Don't let's talk of him, Lisbeth. After all, what does he matter to us? He's a bird of passage—an adventurer. In a few weeks he'll be off to the other ends of the earth. We'll have peace again."

I heard her sigh—a tired-out sigh—and then the click of the gate and sharp quick steps on the gravel path. He was coming. I knew—and I knew, too, that she had caught her breath and that her hand had gone to her breast in that remembered gesture of wonder. Even as I turned he was there in the open doorway, in the glow of the firelight.

They faced each other, and I had a brief prophetic vision of these two. It came like a flash of lightning and left me in greater darkness, but I was to remember it. They did belong to each other. Even physically there was an affinity between them, some rare quality, aerial and clear, like sunlight on an Italian hillside. Without moving they seemed to come together. And yet it wasn't a fusion of component elements, rather the impact of opposed forces, mutually attractive, terribly and inevitably drawn to a collision. Above my love and pain was my fear for her.

He was dishevele and breathing quickly. He held out grimy hands that were bloody and torn as though by a sharp instrument. He laughed under his breath. But there was nothing youthful in that passionate

(Continued on Page 38)

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haste. He came to her like a man, cool and resolute, out of the thick of action.

"They wouldn't have let me go," he said, "so I got into the house and escaped them by the old way—as I used to escape when I was a boy. There's a pipe three yards from my window. I used to swing myself along to it by the gutter easy enough, though I'm heavier and the gutter crazier than we were. I'll show you one day—you and Sergeant Baxter, who swore only a monkey could try it and survive." He broke off. Still without moving, it seemed to me that he laid hold of her and held her fast, and she was trembling. I heard the challenge in his low voice, "Well, Lisbeth?"

And then —— He hadn't seen me. He wouldn't have seen me if I'd stood full across his path. I even brushed against him and he didn't know. I couldn't have stayed there. I couldn't have borne it. It wasn't tolerable. I was stifled and overpowered by that quiet, terrible violence. I was glad to be out in the gray mist, even knowing that I had lost her.

XII

I DON'T know where I went that night. I wandered like someone distraught wherever I was sure of being alone. But indeed at nighttime round Stoneborough there isn't any real solitude. I think the very earth is made up of the living dust of the people who fought and toiled and dreamed here. And the sounds of water and the wind in the willow trees are their voices, far off, indistinguishable, yet deeply familiar. Gradually in their midst one loses all sense of loneliness—of pitiable finiteness. One becomes a part of eternity, of the races, ageless, loving and suffering. So at last a kind of fugitive peace came to me and I turned homewards by the river. And there I met him. He sauntered towards me, singing to himself. It was as though one of those distant voices had torn off the muffling centuries and become distinguishable. Within a pace of each other, we both stopped. The encounter seemed to be inevitable and final. A thin gray river mist hung between us, like a silent, curious witness, blurring our faces, separating us by a kind of unearthly remoteness. And I think it was that feeling of our unreality that made it possible for us to speak as we did—without passion or resentment. I, at least, was subdued with weariness and a sense of some vaster issue beyond ourselves.

"I've been looking for you," he said gently.

"Why should you expect to find me here?" I asked.

"I don't know. It's the place I should have come to on such a night."

He motioned with his hand and I turned about. The winter's moon had just risen above the great plain and the mist behind us had become a luminous white sea out of which Old Stoneborough lifted a black stateliness. In the daytime the walls were shattered and overgrown. Night restored and magnified them. It is strange how the created thing can at last outmatch the creator. I thought—perhaps my companion was thinking, too—of the men who had sweated and agonized to build these walls and of these others who had come riding along this path and looked up to them as to a place of sanctuary. They encompassed us, but they were shadows.

Old Stoneborough persisted—a stark reality. It had thrust its roots deeper and deeper into the soil. It had a strange dark life of its own.

"It looked like that a thousand years ago," John Smith murmured, "only I suppose there would have been lights in the windows."

"Hardly. It must have been frightfully cold. They would hang tapestries against the night air. Besides, there would be enemies on the watch."

"Yes." His voice cleared. It was like a bright sword gently drawn from its sheath. "And what a place to defend! Even now you couldn't take it by direct assault. They were great men, those ancestors of ours, Fitzroy."

I turned with him. Old Stoneborough seemed to go before us, like a giant on guard, barring the road. Smith walked with his hands in his pockets, easily, freely. I tried to remember that this morning he had been a prisoner, hanging between life and death. But the thing balked my imagination. He was without hat or overcoat, but the damp cold seemed not to touch him. I wondered if, believing himself invulnerable, he had become invulnerable.

"Don't you want to go back there, Fitzroy?"

"Gordon asked me the same question. No, either I've outgrown it or I'm too small for it. I don't know which. It's not my home."

"Where is your home?"

"Goodness knows."

"I mean to buy it one of these days. Will you mind?"

"No, I don't think so."

"That might seem strange to anyone else, but not to me. Has it ever occurred to you that we might belong to each other in a kind of way? I can imagine that there were handsome women in that charcoaler's hut of ours in the forest, and that your men took what they wanted in those days."

I wondered if he were taunting me, but his voice was brooding and touched with an odd warmth as though the conjecture pleased him. And I remembered the portrait of that first Sir Euan.

"Of course, it's possible."

"I almost believe it. I don't see, otherwise, why I should always drift back here. But I'd like to prove it. And by the Lord, it would please that jolly old gambling aunt of yours."

I smiled at that. He could be amazingly naïve, like a child. It was hard to tell why he did not seem ridiculous. "You know, she wanted the place back, if you didn't—by hook or crook. And Gordon was the crook all right. An amazing fellow! What did it all amount to? A few thousand pounds. A mere sprat in his net. But he couldn't resist the fun of cheating even the little people."

"I suppose he meant to cheat them? You're so sure?"

"I knew. He didn't even bother to deny it. He and Marreno were hand in glove. I don't say that if Stoneborough had elected him he mightn't have given them the benefit for a time. But he was getting sick of respectability. He wanted to go back to Quetzelango, where he didn't have to pretend anything, and stay there. If he had managed a get-away that would have been the end of San Juan as far as Stoneborough was concerned. Marreno would have confiscated the place, lock, stock and barrel, and Sir Felix Gordon would have vanished; but behind the scenes ——" He broke off with a laugh. "You know, I was really sorry to kill him. We had had wonderful times together. But there was no other way. I told him so, but he thought he was too strong. He went armed always. He meant to shoot on sight, but he wasn't quick enough. Being respectable so long, he had grown fat and slow."

He fell silent. I caught a glimpse of his face—of the fine-drawn, almost delicate features that were set now in a kind of alert composure. I knew that he was revisualizing that struggle, following it step by step with the cool detachment of a judge. In some mysterious way he made me see how it had all happened. I knew, for instance, that there had been scarcely a sound—just the shuffle of their feet, their smothered breathing, that final shot. These two had turned a quiet English garden into a corner of the jungle. No argument, no pleading. The ultimatum had been given and rejected. From the moment that Gordon had realized that he had drawn too late he realized also that it was all over with him. He and his opponent had learned their fighting where quarter was unknown, and it would never have occurred to him, rather dull-witted as he was at bottom, that he had any resource but in himself. Still, he had died game. I guessed that too. He had looked into the slowly, ruthlessly descending muzzle of his own weapon without flinching.

John Smith pointed casually.

"By the way, that's where I threw in the famous gray tweed suit our bumpkin constable was so set about. I'll tell Baxter. He might like to drag the river. But it's deep here, and runs fast."

He had cast a kind of enchantment over me, so that the killing of Felix Gordon had seemed a natural and inevitable act. But at that touch of farseeing deliberation a dozen questions forced themselves on me. He had risked his life. That was true enough. But from what motive? Indignation? To save what could be saved for Stoneborough? Or had he known that Gordon was headed for disaster and by a series of incredibly bold moves pulled himself out of the ruins to a stronger position? Even that spectacularly generous rescue on the Market Place—hadn't there been an element of cool calculation in that too? And yet there was that rare simplicity, that singleness of mind and purpose that made it hard to suspect a calculating treachery in him.

"Well, you've snapped your fingers at law and order pretty successfully," I said at last. "But if you take my advice you'll get out of here. They may get you on a technicality. Besides that, people have a way of waking up with cool heads."

"I am going—back to Quetzelango. The shareholders will send me. I'm the only one who can pull the fat out of the fire for them. Marreno and I know each other."

"Too well, perhaps."

"Enough to come to terms. I can be of use to him too. One doesn't bear rancor out there. One sells one's support according to the needs of the moment. It's a wonderful life." He drew his breath deeply, like someone who has come out of a confined room into clean, free air. "Yes, I'm going. But I'm not going alone."

We had been walking more slowly, and now we stopped altogether and faced each other. This was what really mattered between us.

"You and I are up against it, Fitzroy," he said.

I heard the exultancy of his voice—the friendly exultancy. He thought that he had fought and beaten me, and that queer mocking spirit in him watched alertly for my answering gesture of pain or anger. He did not understand that for the moment I had forgotten him. Lisbeth! Life without her! An eternity of living! What was it Swinburne said? I remembered Lisbeth reading something aloud to a shy, black-browed boy, who didn't really understand, so splendid and colorful life seemed to him then. "—— even the weariest river ——" The swirl of water at our feet made me remember. Yes, that was true at any rate. But life that was like a breath under the stars would seem a long business when the gray light woke me tomorrow to the loss of her; years of monotonously reiterated effort, with everything that I had learned of beauty through love of her turned to pain. I suppose I stood there stockily, phlegmatic-looking enough. I knew I heard my own steady voice with amazement. I felt I was bleeding secretly to death.

"You mean that Lisbeth is to marry you?"

"I've asked her to go with me. Her father wishes it. And she loves me. You know that. You're not a fool."

"I know she loves me too."

"Oh, yes, in a way—a child's way. You grew up together. A merciful thing for you both you didn't marry. She belongs to me. I've never forgotten her. I meant to come back. She didn't forget either. She waited. It was settled between us seven years ago—up there."

"Well, what am I to say?"

He stared at me. I baffled him too.

"How should I know?"

"I think you expect me to fight you. Lisbeth isn't to be fought over. She's proud, and she's quite free."

My eyes had grown accustomed to the half light. I saw the lines of his face, and something that I had never seen there—a fleeting look of amazed and arrogant perplexity.

"You've got to set her free, Fitzroy."

Then I knew, and I had a moment of triumph in her. So she had stood fast. In the teeth of a torrential passion, she had kept faith. He had met her and been defeated.

"So she refused ——"

He made a movement of fierce impatience. "I told you she was not a modern woman. She has old-fashioned notions. So long as you've got her word she'll stick to you. Oh, it's a mere form—a woman's love of ceremony."

I could afford to let him say that, for I knew he spoke out of a rare sense of humiliation.

"And now you're asking me to cut my own throat?"

"Humbug, Fitzroy! You've got to make place. You can't help yourself. You want her happiness, don't you?"

"Do you?"

He walked on.

"She will be happy with me."

"You're sure of that?"

"I love her," he repeated grandly and simply.

"You've loved other women."

(Continued on Page 41)

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(Continued from Page 38)

"I've lived with them." He tossed them aside with a gesture as curt and brutal as his words. "I've only loved once. You think you've been constant, Fitzroy. You have to have inconstant blood like mine to know what constancy means. Things that I've done physical things—they were outside me. I've had a strange, difficult life that you couldn't begin to understand; but there's a part of me here"—he laid his clenched hand on his breast and I heard his voice darken and break—"which has never been touched except by her. She has been the flag from the masthead, the shrine, the dream behind everything that I have done." The terrific sincerity of him checked the bitter question "Did you kill Gordon for her sake?" And, indeed, it was a needless question. I knew that when he had wrenched himself free of those dead hands he had given her the victory

"God knows what manner of man you really are," I said. "I only know what Lisbeth is. And she's fragile at heart. She'll have no peace with you."

"She doesn't want peace. No one does" He nodded towards Stoneborough's quiet lights. "They think they do, but they don't. It's risk and excitement and power we want. Lisbeth too. I'll give her a kingdom yet, Fitzroy. She shall be richer than any woman in the world: she shall have all the jewels that men ever sweated and died to bring out of the earth; she and I will make a new dynasty of kings"

It should have sounded mad—laughable. My little Lisbeth, with his jewels and his fantastic kingdoms! And yet there was a grandeur in that extravagant outpouring that moved me like an ache of an old dream. Kingdoms and jewels and danger. That was a real offering—not safety, not peace.

He said suddenly, and with unaffected feeling, "I can't go on without her."

"Isn't that what really matters?"

"All that matters to me."

I stopped. This was to no purpose. We were struggling over something that was already lost to me. It was almost indecent. There was nothing in him to which I could appeal. The naked simplicity of his passion overrode me. It lent dignity to what might have been a grotesque egotism. He did love her. And I was at the end of my endurance. "Of course she is free"

I heard a smothered sound of relief. Not that he had really been afraid. But a fretting, unaccustomed struggle had been averted.

"How you must hate me!"

"I think I have done with hating"

"You're a strange fellow. I've always liked you and rather wished I didn't. And now ——" His eyes widened a little as though he saw me more clearly. There was that one thing between us from the beginning to the end—our love for her. I felt like a living torch, burned with pain—and he knew. "I'm awfully sorry for you."

Then I had one of those strange flashes of vision—too vague to be formulated, but thrusting the heart through with foreknowledge. "As I'm for you," I said.

After a moment I turned and went on my way alone.

XIII

THE next day Lisbeth and I had it out together, and I told her that she was free. In a way I was more at peace than I had been for a long time. When a man has resigned himself to his fate he has risen above it, and I can think of that good-by without shame. She on her side had done with struggling. She faced the truth, as I knew she would, with an unflinching honesty. But its very brightness blinded her She saw me, I think, through a kind of mist, and I was glad of it. I did not want her to see me clearly. I was very quiet so as not to startle her from the dream in which she was living, and I knew my quietness deceived her. But it is easy to deceive people in love so long as the deception leads them towards the only end that matters At least the old rasp and distress of our relationship had gone. I was not her lover any more. I was just Euan, the playmate, who would understand even a miracle

It is like a picture burned into my mind—Lisbeth sitting there in the firelight, her slender hands holding her face as a vase holds a flower, telling me of that love. It was all as strange and rare as a fairy tale, and she might well have been its princess, a golden figure not quite of this world, and yet so lovably human that I dared not look at her. She had known from the moment that the shabby scarecrow boy had kissed her—known, and yet not believed. She had tried to put the memory out of her mind as something absurd and fantastic, but the kiss had been like a pledge, given with a royal carelessness. "I shall come back for you." And sometimes she had wanted desperately to marry me and make an end of the dream, sometimes she knew that she couldn't; and during the trial she had been able to think of nothing but his safety.

To have married me then, she felt, would have been a blow in his face and an act of desperate cowardice.

"But I would marry you, Euan," she said; "I do love you differently. And I want you to be happy."

I suppose all down the ages women have said that to the men who have loved them vainly. It is spoken out of their great pity and their hatred and understanding of pain in others, but it is a little cruel. It is, even to a man who loves as I do, a kind of insult to the one thing left him—his pride in his own love. And yet I had to make the time-honored gesture.

"We've been saved from the worst sorrow, Lisbeth. I shall be all right."

She sighed.

"I shan't be really happy until I know you love someone else"

I shook my head and smiled at her. I hope it was a successful smile and lent the truth a gay and gallant dress.

"You'll have to be happy before that. I'm an obstinate fellow and you're a bad habit. If ever you see me again—years and years hence—you'll have to say to yourself, 'That man loves me—madly, like a boy.' But it mustn't worry you. It's rather glorious, you know, only to have loved one woman. It'll make me feel that I've been a success, after all."

Perhaps she didn't believe it then—didn't want to. It might easily have sounded a pretty rounding off. At least, she was so young, so ignorant, so desperately in love herself that when we said good-by at last she put her hands on my shoulders and lifted her face for me to kiss. And I did kiss her—very gently

It was almost dark in the low-raftered shadowy room. She couldn't have known

The rest of that evening is vague to me. I spent it with Aunt Geraldine and Miss Cornelius, and we talked of the trial and John Smith and what would happen to all the ruined people of Stoneborough. We did amazing sums on paper, and for about the hundredth time they tried to refuse my help and look puzzled and a little hurt—for a Victorian respect for property still clung to them—when I said that I didn't want my money and that it was a sort of curse.

"But Lisbeth ——" Aunt Geraldine began.

The very sound of that name was like a shrewd knife thrust into a half-numbed body, and the merciful haze that hid my future from me rolled away, leaving an avenue of empty years. I heard myself telling these two in a voice that sounded unnaturally loud; and their faces, which had been vague and featureless, seemed to grow large and come very close to me, full of compassion.

And suddenly Miss Cornelius brought her fist down on the table so that that antiquity groaned and quivered.

"I wish they'd hung him!" she said.

But I laughed at her.

"Why, he's one of your own pet pirates, Corny!"

"I'd hang him all the same," she muttered.

I went back to my work. I heard that Lisbeth and John Smith were married—almost at once, for, just as he had predicted, he had been appointed by the San Juan shareholders to represent them in Quetzelango—but I would not play the conventional part of the resigned magnanimous lover. I neither attended a ceremony that would have been gall and death to me nor sent a word to her. It was much better that she should forget me.

But one thing I did do. I knew when these two were sailing, and went down to Liverpool to watch their boat put out. I did not try to see her, even secretly, but stood on the outskirts of the embarking crowd, and in a kind of dream lived over all our youth together. The war had made life seem very long. I could hardly believe that I was still a young man and that Lisbeth was going away from me; that soon there would be seas between us.

At the last, by a strange chance, we saw each other. The gangways had been withdrawn, the ship was moving slowly, and along her sides passengers, waving and shouting, crowded to take their last look of England. And she was there—I think alone—I saw no one else. And across that slowly widening gulf our eyes met.

Her lips parted. But I cannot tell what I saw in her face—sadness, wonder, realization for the first time of what she meant to me—and more than that, the look of a fairylike child who has become a human woman with a new vision, an understanding as yet bewildered, but wrought already with pain. And yet I knew, too, that she would not, could not have turned back.

And so we watched each other till we could see each other no more, and I turned blindly away, blundering into people, muttering to myself:

"If only she is happy! Let her be happy and I won't care!"

Like a child bargaining with a huckstering, half-believed-in God.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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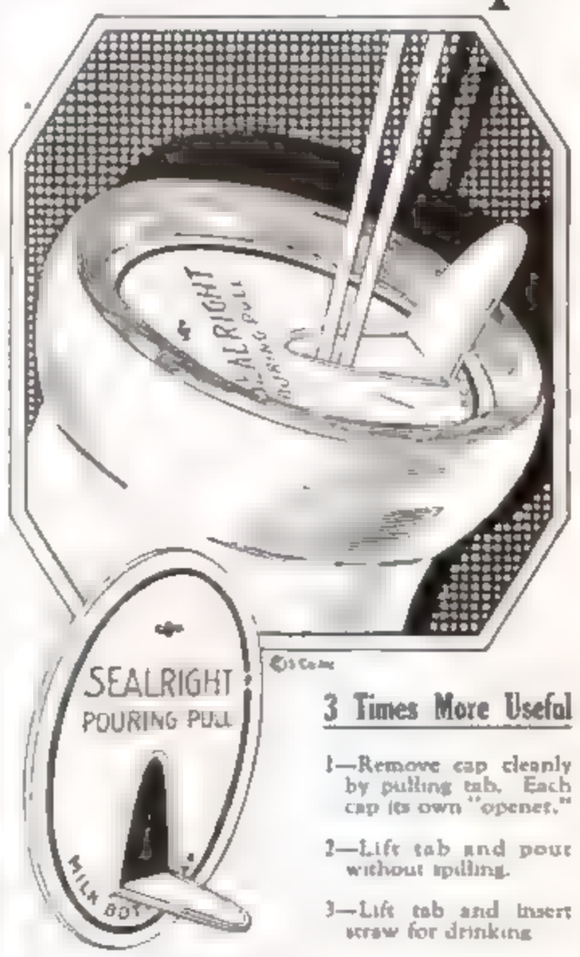

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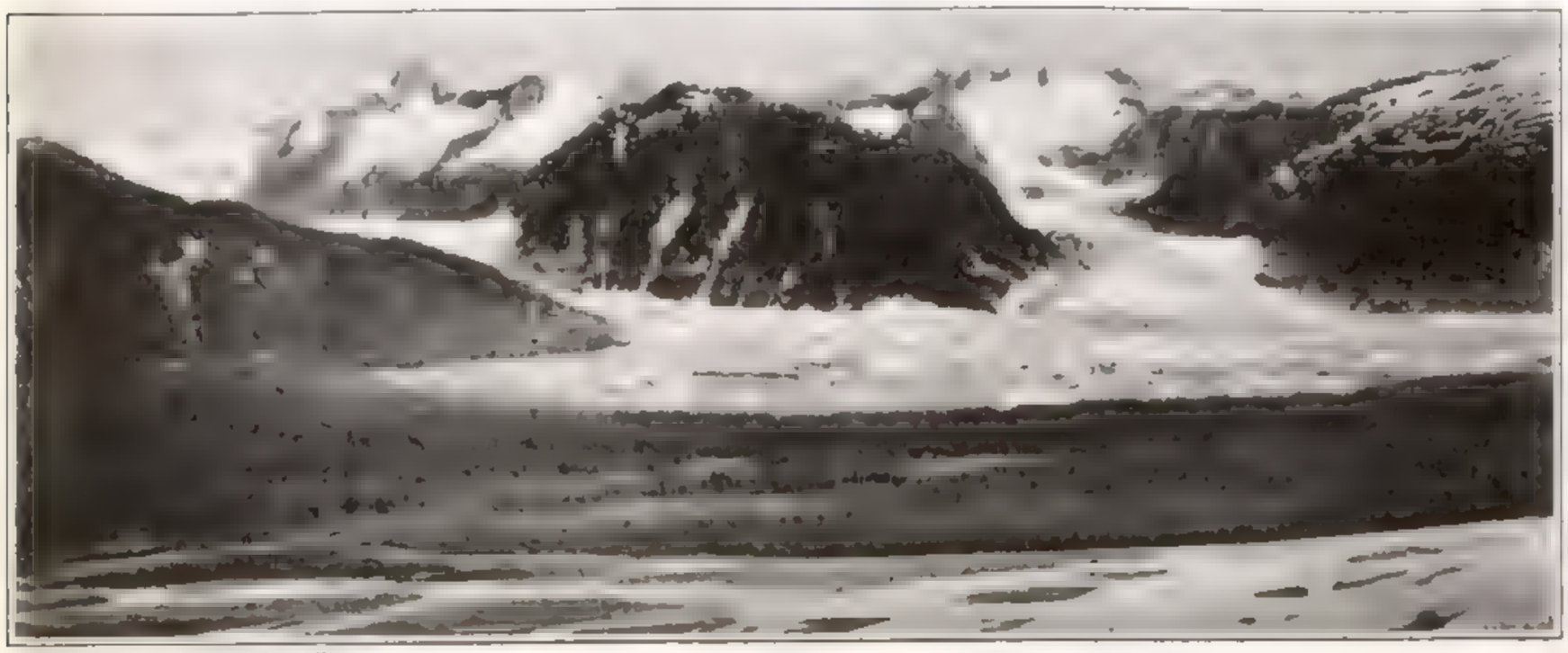

Twin Glaciers and a Lake So Far Unnamed Near Juneau, Alaska

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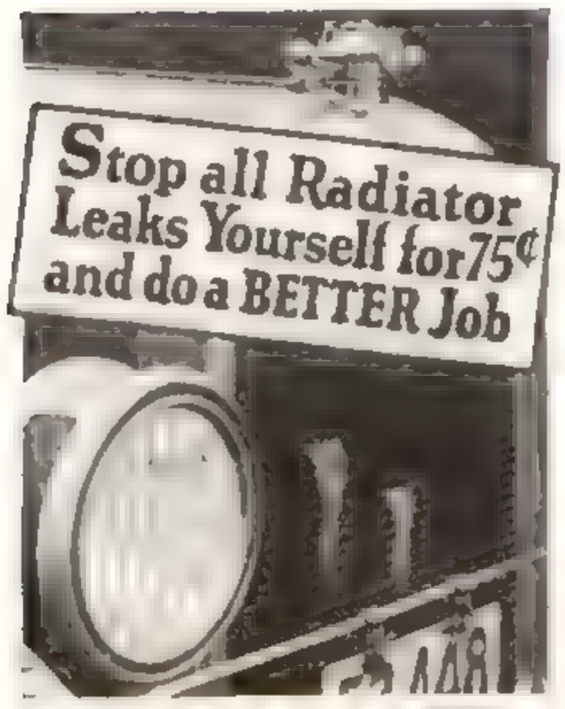

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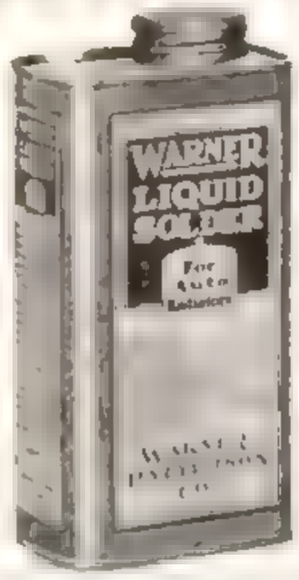

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Works perfectly with alcohol and other anti-freeze solutions

It quickly finds and permanently stops leaks anywhere in your car's cooling system. It saves the cost of new radiators and the expense of having radiators removed for repairs. It also prevents other leaks from developing. But you cannot get the complete and permanent results it gives from any substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. We will mail it prepaid.

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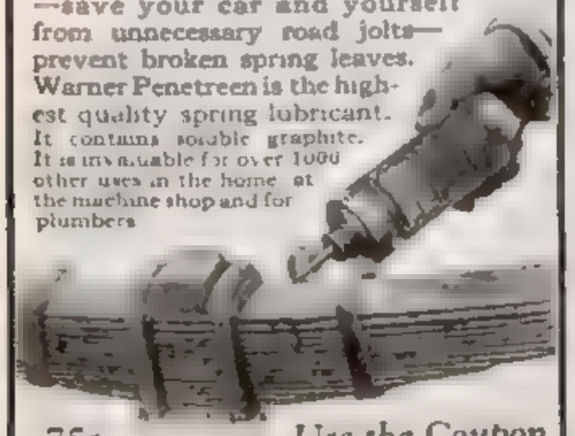

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STAR OF DESTINY

Continued from Page 9

"Yes, but I am. I'm afraid of speaking to anyone I don't know and to most of the people I do know"

"Overcome it. You know it is a weakness in an honest man. Have you ever thought of politics?"

"No," said Oscar

"I wish you would," said Mr. Plum "What we need so much, here in the Midwest, everywhere in the country, is the honest man in politics. Everywhere I see the need of courage, honesty and intelligence. I ask myself if the people are to fail because they cannot get or will not encourage these qualities. I love my country, Oscar. I love it. I believe in it. I think it is solemn and majestic. I want everything good for it. I want it to be great, generous, brave and pure. I want it well served that it may serve well. That's why I urge honest young men to go into politics. Think it over."

"I will, Mr. Plum," said Oscar.

He did. In the half-mile walk to the German Lutheran Church and parsonage, where he would sit by Mrs. Hockdœffer's red geraniums and eat gaffelbitar and apple cake, he composed a new career.

"Our distinguished fellow citizen, United States Senator Oscar Storm, and Mrs. Storm, who was Miss Sally Hughes, daughter of P. P. Hughes, president of the Central City Bank, spoke last night at the Grand Opera House. The city had been in gala attire all day for the senator's visit to his home town. Flags were everywhere.

"In the opera house, after prayer by the Reverend Mr. Plum of the First M. E. Church, Senator Storm was introduced by Mayor Stirling. Senator Storm is every inch a senator. He has the presence of a great statesman, suggesting Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and George Washington. His inspired eloquence swept the great audience off its feet. When he said that the United States would hold the beacon light of freedom up to the anguished eyes of humanity suffering under tyranny, the great audience arose and cheered wildly for five minutes."

Oscar came to the German Lutheran Parsonage and it was pleasant to sit at a table with a red cloth, take notes of the meeting of the kaffeeklatsch and eat gaffelbitar and apple cake.

Oscar earned eight dollars a week. Mabel Thomas was a little girl in the office of the Republic-Times who ran about doing useless little things at four dollars a week. There was a professional gulf; but once in a while he was struck by a glint of violet about Mabel's eyes, a flash of crimson in her fresh young cheeks or the full color in her lips. Mostly she was just a little female devil, getting society notes, doing stenographic work and making wholly unnecessary comments.

Mr. Edwards, the boss of the staff, had just found a personal in Oscar's synthetic column which attracted him. He came out of his little coop, wherein he wrote editorials, to inquire about it.

"I see, Oscar," he said, "that we mention that Jason Marbury, of Columbus, was seen on our streets yesterday."

"Yes, sir," said Oscar.

"Considering that he was the guest of the Commercial Club and that we carry three columns of his speech, I think maybe your observation was credible."

"It didn't occur to me that he was Jason Marbury," said Oscar.

"Sometimes I doubt that you have found the beginning of a career," said Mr. Edwards, who was an amiable and understanding man.

"Oh, look!" said Mabel, who had been going over the paper. "There's nothing about Sally Hughes. Oh, Oscar, we have gone to press without a word of Miss Sally Hughes!"

Oscar looked severely at Mabel.

"If you read the paper more carefully you wouldn't make such remarks," he said.

He was right. On the front page was a paragraph. It related the devotion of Miss Sally Hughes to horseback riding. Oscar had seen her, rosy-cheeked, vibrant young femininity, and he not only had mentally noted a paragraph but he had mentally written an episode:

GALLANT RESCUE

MISS SALLY HUGHES SAVED BY AN UNKNOWN YOUNG MAN!

The spirited black steed on which Miss Sally Hughes, daughter of P. P. Hughes, president of the Central City Bank, was taking her morning ride bolted while she was riding on East Main Street. Miss Hughes, although an accomplished horsewoman, was in danger, when a young man, at great risk to his life and limb, ran into the roadway and, grasping the spirited horse by the bridle, brought it to a standstill after being dragged forty or fifty yards. He limped away without allowing his name to be ascertained. It was a brave act applauded by all who saw it. Mr. P. P. Hughes, president of the Central City Bank, is very anxious to learn the name of the young man who rescued his daughter.

The paragraph in the paper was a simple tribute of devotion:

Miss Sally Hughes, daughter of P. P. Hughes, president of the Central City Bank, was seen horseback riding yesterday. Miss Hughes is an accomplished and daring equestrienne and at all times had her spirited steed under perfect control.

Mabel was an aggravating as well as useless youngster to intimate that Miss Hughes got into the paper too much. She should roll her hoop and not bother people. She put Sally Hughes in the paper often enough. How could it be helped? Sally was society. If she gave a party it was worth a column with a full list of guests. If she went to one it was worth half a column.

The Hughes residence had a distinction as the Hughes residence. It was a civic monument. People drove around on Sunday afternoon after a chicken dinner to look at it, just as they drove out to Greenleaf Cemetery. They spoke of it just as they spoke of the city hall. The grounds occupied a block. There were iron deer on the lawn.

Sally was a love of a girl, a generous-minded, dark-haired beauty with frank eyes and a ready smile, the darling of the redoubtable P. P. Hughes of the Central City Bank, who made strong men tremble and weak ones melt.

Sally had spoken once to Oscar. Several years before the period of this writing, when Oscar was in high school, her pug dog had come running out of the shrubbery. Oscar was passing. He heard Sally calling the pug and he caught the dog. Sally came out and Oscar turned the fugitive over.

"Oh, thank you, young man," said Sally.

Oscar thought she was divine. He always had thought so. All the intimations of romance flowed from her. She was a princess.

Oscar's mother had endeavored at times to sound his ideas of girls, but the boy's awkward reticences were too resistive. He seemed to have no thought of girls in his head; but his fate, his fortune, was clear to him. He would marry Sally Hughes.

It did not at all disturb him that he was a diffident youngster and outside the normal young social life. That would all come out in the wash. When he was famous he would have to be a social lion whether he wanted to be or not. It was part of the encumbrance of greatness, and one could not arrive at greatness picking a mandolin even on Sally Hughes' porch. One arrived at greatness by thinking a great deal under the winter stars or of a June evening of lilac perfumes or in the fall when brown leaves rustled underfoot.

Oscar was happy in the inevitability of his star. Although it was a misty star in what it asked of him, it was bright in what it promised him. It also was certain. It couldn't fail him.

He did not know by what door he would enter upon greatness. There would be one open. His path lay ahead. All he need do was to follow it confidently.

"I think you ought to be considering a real business, Oscar," his mother said. "Mr. Nichols used to be editor of the Republic-Times and I've talked to him. He doesn't think there's much of a field in being an editor."

"I'm going to write some plays pretty soon," said Oscar.

"I don't believe you have very sensible ideas," said his mother. "Mr. Nichols said one could do very well in the insurance business. I know Carl Howells did."

Oscar gave his mother an indulgent look. She did not understand. Women didn't. She did not know the great ideas which were in his head. How could she know how he saw things when he was alone?

Sometimes when the church bells rang of a winter night, and there was snow with clear stars, he saw ever so many things—thatched cottages, cobblestone streets, fowls roasting on spits, a solitary horseman, heaths, gorse, bracken, a messenger riding in haste, small boats driving through the surf to a shingle beach, lights on the hilltops, a lame man with a black patch over his eye, Sally Hughes as a milkmaid by a stile in a lane.

There might be, of a September evening, a great roll of clouds on the horizon, and Oscar saw terraces and castles, pikemen, archers and mailed knights, rushes on the banquet-hall floor, smoky rafters, great steaming caldrons of boiled meats, hares and pullets, a haunch of venison, a rare quarter of beef and a boar's head, a solitary horseman in armor crying to the warder to lower the drawbridge, and Sally Hughes, a princess in ermine, in the banquet hall, disdainful of a coarse but noble suitor.

Oscar was indulgent with his mother. Women didn't know, mothers least of all. He was not envious of the young male youth swarming about Sally Hughes. It was her due to have this testimonial. They were ephemeræ, creatures of the sunlight. They had one age—youth, and no other. Oscar could see the future. His age was maturity:

"Oscar Storm, who has completely captured New York with his play, The Apex, has returned to his native city and was the guest last night of P. P. Hughes, president of the Central City Bank, and of his daughter, Miss Sally Hughes. A small company of our best people was invited to meet Mr. Storm, and after dinner he gave selected readings from the manuscript of a new play."

The future was just beyond the horizon. Oscar thought that in spite of the advice of the Reverend Mr. Plum he would decline a United States senatorship, even the Presidency, in favor of the dramatic art. Mr. Plum was persuasive, but the dramatic art was gorgeous.

In the line of his duty Oscar never quite abandoned his search for the twenty-fifth variation of recording that J. C. Pierce, of Plainsville, was in our city yesterday. He had Mr. Pierce observing the sights of the city, admiring Fountain Square, seen at the Soldier Monument, observed in our busy marts, impressed by our city's activities, arriving at the Fountain, New Palace, Scioto or other hotel, registering with Mine Host Flackman of the Commercial, in the city on business, combining business and pleasure, being here yesterday, meeting friends and business acquaintances, enjoying a trip to our city, mingling in our city life, observed by the Republic-Times reporter, and so on.

He could run up to twenty-four and there the ingenuity, constructiveness and imagination of America's great future playwright stopped cold.

In this case, as in everything which seemed for the present a little beyond the reach, it would come. He turned to other notes to write that Harry Cowper, the popular member of Hook and Ladder Company Number 2, was nursing a black eye from running into a door at the engine house in the dark. Oscar knew that the popular Harry got his black eye at a chicken fight at which the birds of Hook and Ladder Company Number 2 were pitted against the birds of Engine Company Number 1. There had been an altercation outside the pit. He didn't write that, because it would have scandalized the community to know that the town firemen had chicken fights just as it would have scandalized it to read that it had gambling dens and prize fights. Moreover, the firemen would not have liked it and Oscar would not have been given the details of the next conflagration in a woodshed, a barn, a factory or a residence. Moreover, he felt, as a good even if young citizen of a fair city, that a certain marginalia of things which would not be liked by the Reverend Mr. Plum, or even Doctor Jerome, or even still the Reverend Doctor Hockdœffer had better be kept out of the public cognizance.

Life was life and part of it was pretending that it was what it wasn't and another part was pretending that it wasn't what it was.

"Oh, Oscar," said Mabel, coming up the steps and into the office on the run, "what do you think? Met Sally Hughes again today."

Oscar treated her with the indifference she deserved.

(Continued on Page 44)

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Chevrolet now leads all high-grade cars in number sold.

Our new low prices have been made possible through doubling our productive capacity.

We are now operating twelve mammoth manufacturing and assembly plants throughout the United States in which thousands of skilled workmen are turning out 2500 Chevrolets per day.

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Today Chevrolet stands beyond comparison as the best dollar value of any car sold at any price due to its low average operating and maintenance cost.

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SUPERIOR Roadster . . .	$490
SUPERIOR Touring . . .	495
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Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

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Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Paint your car
with Murphy Da-cote
~but don't stop there

DA-COTE will put a beautiful, lustrous finish on all sorts of worn wood and metal surfaces around your house—a finish that resists weather and temperature. You'll be so pleased with the glossy "showroom" finish Da-cote flows on your roadster or sedan that you'll want to try it on some of the following objects—all of them susceptible to the loving caress of a fine motor-car enamel like Da-cote:

Garden tools	Kitchen chairs
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There is a new Murphy booklet telling of the many uses to which you can put Da-cote Enamel. Chock full of helpful information. Send for free copy of this handsomely illustrated "hint" booklet.

Save the surface and you save all—Murphy Varnish

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NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal
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(Continued from Page 42)

"She looked lovely. She's helping fix up booths for the bazaar at St. James. She's awful nice. I'm getting to be real well acquainted with her. Betcha, Oscar, I could give you a knock-down to her."

This could not be ignored.

"I'll know you're beginning to grow up when you quit using such expressions," he said. "I want you to quit using them about Miss Hughes and to me. Haven't you any dignity?"

"Oh, all right, Mister Nicey. Introduction then. Betcha Sally calls it a knock-down."

"She never does!" Oscar exclaimed. "She never could!"

"Oh, couldn't she? A lot you know! You never spoke to her. You don't know anything about any girls."

"Oh, roll your hoop! I know all about girls."

As a playwright, Oscar had to know women.

"You'd be scared to death to talk to one."

"You're making me talk to you, and being scared ain't one of the things I am."

"Well, do you want an introduction?"

"No."

"I can fix it up easy. All you've got to do is come along with me this afternoon to the church, and Sally will be there working. You ought to see her in an apron with her sleeves rolled up! I'll say, 'Miss Hughes, this is Mr. Storm.' Just like that. Then you'll be acquainted and you can hold the paper of tacks while she tacks up bunting. Don't you want to?"

"No."

"You know you're soft on her, Oscar. You can't fool me."

"I am not!" he said indignantly. "You just said I'd never talked to her. That looks like I was soft on her, doesn't it?"

"You can't fool me, just the same. I've been soft on a lot of boys I never talked to. You know Walter Locke that played fullback? I was crazy about him. I was crazy about Chauncey Olcott. That's the way people are."

"Oh, of course, a silly girl," said Oscar, turning back to his paragraphs.

"Or a silly Oscar," said Mabel. "Once in a while I get a little bit crazy about you, but if you change your mind I'll introduce you to Sally."

While talking with Mabel, Oscar was busy trying to write that O. L. Card of South Hampton was seen on our streets yesterday. His face felt flushed. He was sure he was blushing and was afraid Mabel would see it.

"Oh, go roll your hoop!" he said.

He knew it was traditional in American society for a young man to meet a young lady before they were married. His star indicated the inevitability of this marriage, and custom would decree the meeting. Likewise he knew that before he was a famous playwright he would have to write a famous play.

All that was in the future, which would take care of itself. He had merely to roll his own hoop.

On another day Mabel was writing at her desk. Oscar came in whistling. She said hullo and looked at him as if she were turning something over in her mind and were in doubt.

"Oscar ——" she said finally, and then hesitated.

"What do you want, sis? If it's how to spell a word, you know where the dictionary is."

Her expression, as she hesitated, was wistful and almost compassionate.

"No," she said; "it's something I think I ought to tell you before someone else does, or before you read it in the paper, and I don't like to tell it."

"Don't you overburden that mind of yours a minute longer, Mabel. You just speak right out what you've got to say and we'll all try to stand the consequences."

"Well, I've got an announcement here, Oscar, of the engagement of Sally Hughes."

She turned to her desk in a pretense of looking at her notes. She did not want to watch his face.

There was a little pause.

"Well," said Oscar evenly, "it's not unusual for girls to get engaged, is it?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then, why make a point of this one?"

"I thought it would be nicer for me to tell you."

"You make me tired, sis. Play with your hoop."

To his amazement the little girl turned on him vehemently.

"Oscar Storm," she said, "I've been giving you credit for being in love with Sally Hughes. If you're not, I'm sorry for you. If I were a boy I'd be in love with her. I am anyway. It's a credit to love her, even if you never did speak to her. It would do anybody good. I never did think you'd marry her. You'll marry somebody like me. I wanted to be nice to you and you're just nasty. If you never did love Sally Hughes, I don't think you're as nice as I did."

"Mabel," said Oscar, "girls get engaged, don't they? You hear of them engaged and then you hear the engagement is broken. I'm not taking this seriously."

"Well, it's Charlie Calkins, of Philadelphia, and you'd better take it seriously. He's that boy who was out here last summer and every girl in town was crazy about him."

"Nothing will come of it," said Oscar.

How, indeed, could anything come of it? Sally was Mrs. Oscar Storm, wife of Oscar Storm, the great American playwright whose play, The Base of the Pyramid, that great interpretation of the soul which makes democracy, had already been translated into Swedish, Russian, Persian and Chinese. Mr. Storm would speak at the opera house next week. It was a rare privilege which the city had been accorded out of Mr. Storm's great affection for the scene of his youth. Mr. Storm's mother also was accorded an ovation, and the pleasure this aged, worthy woman took in her son's triumph was appealing.

"I Have a Story for You, Oscar; One You Will Like, If You Like a Pleasing Romance"

The social aberrations of Sally's star before it found its true conjunction with his did not disturb Oscar. Fate was fate and not dew on the poppy petals or white frost on the gossamer webs in the spruce. If he doubted that, he would have doubted himself. He accepted Sally's engagement as one of the preliminary permutations not at all significant of the truth of the future.

A few days later Oscar was in the office at his desk and was seriously trying to give O. T. Trout, of Brookfield, the twenty-fifth variation when three citizens whose importance in the community was conspicuous came up the wooden stairs and went into Mr. Edwards' office.

They were Mr. Sterling, of the Scioto State Bank, Mr. Frawling, of the Corn Exchange National, and Mr. Stevens, president of the Commercial Association and Stevens Brothers, Dry Goods.

They were solemn, and Mr. Edwards, also solemn, was at his door to meet them. Oscar did not get his twenty-fifth variation. He reverted to giving Mr. O. T. Trout, of Brookfield, a record as having registered as the guest of Mine Host Strebling of the Fountain House.

After a long while the three conspicuous citizens emerged and descended the stairs. They were more solemn than ever. Mr. Edwards seemed to be more than solemn, if that were consistent with great activity of writing, rushing to the composing room, reading and correcting a proof and standing over the make-up. When the paper came off the press Oscar saw a triple-leaded announcement with an unusual head on the first page.

It stated with a solemnity which evoked all the fears its careful wording intended to avoid that owing to ill health Mr. P. P. Hughes had resigned as president of the Central City Bank and had become chairman of the board. Further it was stated that rumors regarding the solvency of the bank were scandalous. Mr. Hughes and his family would spend the winter at Palm Beach to rebuild his health, and it was hoped and expected in the spring would return to his usual helpful activities in the community.

Oscar felt a sinking of the heart. Sally Hughes was to be away for the winter. All he asked for the present was life in the same town with her, and it seemed unbearable that she should be thus separated from him.

In the morning he heard terrible news. P. P. Hughes had been found dead in his bathroom with a bullet through his head. The rotten structure of the Central City Bank fell down. The millionaires of the city were paupers and the rich widows were scrubwomen. The little aristocracy of the town was beggared.

It was a time of cries of pain, outcries of rage, mute anguish and consternation. It was not only a financial and social structure in ruin, but it was a blasting of faith. P. P. Hughes had been a symbol. He stood for rectitude and what well-meaning people liked to think accompanied it and intelligent work—success, affluence, honest power, a reverenced position, a great personal dignity, and happiness in the enjoyment of all this.

In such cause and consequence was the structure of an ordered world, and down came the structure. People who were not injured or ruined were aghast. Malicious people who had envied success and reputation smirkingly exulted. Even the pulpits were staggered by the reluctantly unfolded

(Continued on Page 46)

IN ALL THE WORLD NO CAR LIKE THIS

"Don't worry, Daddy. I can get the Jewett in here nicely"

WOMEN, and men too, like the convenient size of the New Jewett Six. Jewett tucks itself into handy places that larger cars pass up—converts parking problems into parking opportunities. Its wheel turns easily, thanks to ball-bearing steering spindles.

The New Jewett's all around ease of handling has won friends everywhere. It crawls at 2 miles an hour in high gear—picks up 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high—goes as fast as you dare—takes most any hill on high—for it's a SIX! You rarely have to shift gears—and then it is done easily, due to the smooth Paige-type clutch and transmission—even drop from high to second at 30 miles per hour.

Men who know cars willingly entrust their wives and daughters to Jewett. They have confidence in its sturdy construction and dependability. Its 6-inch-deep, 184-lb. frame, Paige-Timken axles, and its big 50 horsepower motor—high-pressure oiled—are like Paige and other finest quality cars.

The New Jewett is unique. In all the world no car like this! That's true—as 65,000 Jewett owners know. Jewett combines qualities and advantages that no other car possesses—approached only by cars costing from $700 to thousands more—and then at the sacrifice of convenience and economy—for Jewett, remember, sells for only $1065.

Drive a Jewett before you buy *any* car. Let your wife drive it. There's a Jewett dealer near-by, at your service.

AS ROOMY INSIDE AS THE LARGEST

Although Jewett is of convenient size, it is as roomy inside as bulkier cars. Rear seat 46½ inches wide, ample for 3. Lots of leg room for the tallest. Seats tilted just right for relaxation. Comfortable riding—springs are exceptionally long 80% of wheelbase absorbing road shocks gradually

Touring $1065
Brougham $1325
Sedan $1495
De Luxe Roadster $1105
De Luxe Touring $1220
De Luxe Sedan $1605
Prices at Detroit. Tax Extra.

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

LINO

TRADEMARK REG.

GUNN LINO

Kitchen Tables

With Inlaid Lino Tops

PATENTED AND GUARANTEED

Washable — Quiet — Sanitary

Don't Break Dishes

GUNN LINO FOOD

A preservative dressing for Linoleum. Resists wear. Prolongs life. Gives a restful, pleasing lustre without slip or shine. Will not spot or stain. Easy to apply. Lino Food cleans without soap or water. Two coats will waterproof any linoleum.

GUNN LINO FABRIC

For Floor Covering

Specially prepared, scientifically treated. Wears like iron. Impervious to stains and easily cleaned. Lino Fabric and Lino Food for years successfully used on Gunn Lino Desks and Tables.

We are sole manufacturers of Gunn Lino Desks, Lino Cafeteria Tables, Teachers' Desks, Counter Tops and Lino Tops for Desks and Tables in use. We also supply Lino Fabric in rolls or by the yard.

Catalog and sample of Top mailed on request.

"IT ISN'T A LINO UNLESS IT'S A GUNN"

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY

General Offices and Factory:
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Branch Offices and Salesrooms:
Los Angeles, New York

(Continued from Page 44

evidence of betrayal of trust, involvement of trust funds, agonized speculation, the tragedy of loss and the accumulation of ultimately futile deceit.

Oscar was in a whirlwind of emotions. His proper place was by Sally's side and he could not be there. All he could do was to remind himself in firm resolve that her life with him should be a compensation to her for this blow at her youth. His sympathy for her was a great emotion when the pathetic, ignored funeral of P. P. Hughes was held.

"Oh, it's a shame!" cried Mabel in one of her generous outbursts. "All their friends have quit them. Hardly one left. They've got to move out of the big house. Sally's going to try to find work. She is just as brave! I've talked to her.

"People don't know whom they're punishing. Sally didn't do it, and her mother didn't do it, and I don't believe Mr. Hughes meant to do it. I don't believe it. I believe it was something that got away from him and that he suffered and suffered and suffered. And, Oscar, if you love Sally Hughes you'll find a way to meet her and be a comfort to her."

"Mabel," said Oscar, without any pretense this time of evading the charge that he loved Sally, "you know that couldn't be done."

"Why not?" the girl demanded. "You're honest and sincere and she needs someone who is."

"She's engaged, isn't she?"

"Oh, I suppose he'll quit too."

"Don't suppose anything. There's time enough for everything."

In spite of his sympathy for Sally, Oscar saw in the disaster the working of his star. If it had to be by ruin it would be by ruin. He hoped it would not always have to be. But it was inevitable.

Of his friends among the ministers the Rev. Dr. John Jerome was the only one who seemed spiritually undismayed.

"Oscar," said this aristocrat of the church, "learn to find your happiness inside your own mind. Never mind your externals."

The Hughes tragedy was in December. In subsequent months Oscar saw Sally Hughes and her mother several times, passed them on the street. The mother was broken.

She was heavy in black. Sally was white-faced, but very beautiful. Mabel told him that Sally was preparing herself for stenography and that both she and her mother kept quite aloof, in a small cottage, from all their former friends.

Spring came. In Oscar's future the distinguished Oscar Storm and Mrs. Storm, who was Miss Sally Hughes, daughter of the late P. P. Hughes, had returned many times to their native city. Mr. and Mrs. Storm had been fêted at the country club. Mrs. Storm had given dramatic readings from her husband's works. His latest work, Children of the Herd, was regarded as even greater than The Base of the Pyramid, if that were possible. Mr. Storm laughingly avoided stating his preference. He said he had found his mental equipoise best preserved by agreeing with all criticism, friendly or unfriendly.

Mrs. Storm tells many anecdotes of her great husband, of his delight in children, of his kindness, his works of charity. Frequently he answered as many as two hundred requests a day for his autograph. Mrs. Storm smilingly denied that she was his inspiration, but it is known that his recognition came after his marriage. Mr. Storm says that the implication is precise.

The old mansion of P. P. Hughes purchased by Mr. Storm. Mrs. Hughes happily installed in her old home, now serene after so much tragedy. Ultimately to be deeded to the city as quarters for an art institute.

The lilacs were in bloom. The firs and pines of the rectory grounds were bright with new green growth. Indigo buntings, Blackburnian warblers and scarlet tanagers were in the evergreens and shrubbery. It was late afternoon. The Reverend Doctor Jerome, pacing his flagged walks by the tulips and irises, saw Oscar passing by and hailed him, beckoning to him to come in.

"I have a story for you, Oscar; one you will like, if you like a pleasing romance which turns out just right. You may print it, but you must be very restrained. Just the facts, Oscar, without any comment. Your readers must write their own story. This morning, in the chapel, Sally Hughes and Charles Calkins, of Philadelphia, were married. There were just her mother and the sexton as witnesses. He returned East immediately. Mrs. Calkins and her mother will go in a few days. The boy insisted that he should be recognized and established as the support of the family and that the situation would not permit any further waiting. He swept aside their opposition and I aided him.

"Now write it with restraint. You mustn't say anything about a loyal knight. Write it so it could not give them the slightest offense."

Oscar's knees were trembling. He turned away.

"What's the matter, Oscar?" asked Doctor Jerome.

He stumbled towards the gateway. Doctor Jerome watched him, vaguely anxious. At the gateway he turned.

"Excuse me, Doctor Jerome," he said; "I don't feel well. Thank you for the item."

"Come in and sit down a minute then," the clergyman urged.

Oscar shook his head. The lump in his throat would not allow him to speak. Black specks danced before his eyes. He walked to the office without knowing by what streets. His head was numbed as if he had been struck with a club.

There was no one in the office. He sat down and wrote:

"Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Sally Hughes to Mr. Charles Calkins, of Philadelphia, at St. James' Chapel yesterday morning. The service was read by the Rev. Dr. John Jerome. The only witnesses were Mrs. P. P. Hughes, mother of the bride, and Mr. Henry Bowton, the sexton of the church."

He spiked the sheet of paper on Mabel's copy hook and went out. He walked out to Greenleaf Cemetery in a pain which was a mental daze and dull physical ache. He walked the paths of the burying ground and on the grave markers read the names of people he envied.

At dusk he went home composed, but with a face so white and strained that his mother cried out at the sight of him and would have put him to bed and called the doctor, but he resisted with so much repressed violence that she merely worried as he took two bites of supper. He said he would go for a short walk.

It was dark. He went down the street under the maples. Lilacs perfumed all the air. The street was quiet. He sat down on the iron rail of a little fence around a grass plot.

Across the street someone began to play a piano. A girl sang—In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling. He trembled. The lump in his throat was strangling him and bringing tears to his eyes. A meteor flashed across the sky and died.

His star.

Someone was coming along the sidewalk. He sat quietly and closed his eyes. The footsteps approached—light footsteps. The person stopped. Oscar kept his eyes tightly closed.

"Oscar," the person said. "Oh, Oscar, I've been hunting for you everywhere."

Mabel sat down on the rail beside him. She did not say anything more, but she put a cool hand on the fevered one of his nearest her on the rail. The girl across the street finished In the Gloaming and then sang After the Ball.

"Mabel," said Oscar, as if his soul were taking flight, "I'm never going to be Oscar Storm."

Oscar had not seen his home town for twenty years. His seeing it again was an incident of travel. He had to make a train connection there and wait six hours. He registered at the Fountain Hotel in the forenoon and then walked about the business streets.

Everywhere were strange faces and new buildings.

After lunch he walked out Bellefontaine Avenue, finding many old residences he remembered, but also many new ones and no familiar faces.

He came to St. James'. It was unchanged, even to the rector, the Rev. Dr. John Jerome, who was out on the grounds, walking the flagstones. Evergreens and flowers and mullioned windows, all the same, serene with age.

Oscar went inside.

"Doctor Jerome," he said.

"Yes," said the old aristocrat of the church pleasantly.

"You don't remember me?"

"My eyes are so dim. I barely see. You must forgive me."

"I am Oscar Storm, if you remember him."

"Indeed I do," said Doctor Jerome, offering his hand. "You have been long away. Come sit down on the garden seat and tell me about yourself."

"I have only a minute. I must take a train at four o'clock."

"Where are you living, Oscar?"

"In Cleveland."

"Married, of course."

"Yes, I married Mabel Thomas, who used to work on the newspaper with me."

"I think I remember. Children?"

"The finest boy and the finest girl in the world. The boy's a genius. He writes all the class plays. I think he's got a great future."

"And you're happy and prosperous, I hope."

"I haven't done much, but it's enough and we're happy. You told me once not to seek for happiness in externals. I've come to think you meant to decorate whatever externals you had to make them serene."

"Probably so," said Doctor Jerome. "We find we mean different things at different ages. The most I ask now is a day free from sciatica."

"I'm editing a jewelry-trade paper," said Oscar. "We have a comfortable home. I consider it a success—with the children and Mabel."

He arose.

"You're the only person I've seen to speak to, Doctor Jerome," he said. "I think you are the one I would most want to see. It's been a pleasure."

"It has, indeed, Oscar. I wish it could have been longer. Good luck continue with you."

As Oscar was about to board his train he bought a copy of the evening paper, the Republic-Times. In glancing over it he came to the column of personal intelligence.

The first paragraph was:

"Oscar Storm of Cleveland businessed in our city today."

Star of destiny! He was the twenty-fifth variation!

Old Ships

FAST the tide is running in;
And the wintry mists come down
Like a curtain sheer and thin,
Blowing 'twixt the sea and town.
Every boat is at the quay,
But across the bar I see,
Through the fog and churning foam,
All the old ships sailing home.

Ragged sails and blackened spars,
Mast-high spray that falls in frost;
Faint light as of lonely stars
Through the rigging's lattice crossed.
Soundless though the winds are high
Underneath the darkening sky,
From the outer waters come
All the old ships sailing home.

Heaving hulk and cleaving prow
From Sumatra's torrid straits,
Where with changeless lips and brow
Many a placid Buddha waits;
Bags of copra, bales of silk,
Pearls opaque as twice-skimmed milk;
Golden vials that inclose
Souls of many a Persian rose.

Prisoned in each phantom hold
Are youth's old dreams of the sea;
Arctic waters blue and cold,
And the Orient's mystery;
All the hubbub of bazaars
With their camels, and white stars
Shining down on India's land,
Ceylon, Java, Samarkand.

Though they've strewn the ocean floor
With their sunken timbers, or
Rotted on some tropic shore,
Deck and hold and broken spar,
Still for us, when full the tide
Fills the estuary wide,
Through the mist we see them come,
All the old ships sailing home.

Childhood's dreams can never die;
Souls of old ships cruise the seas —
Stormy petrels when the sky,
Brooding, harbors nights like these;
Then they gather. No alarm
Can affright them now, nor storm.
Scudding ghosts as wan as foam,
Come the old ships sailing home.

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-B SEDAN

To the admirable sturdiness and all-year protection of this Sedan, Dodge Brothers have added refinements which further enhance its value and desirability.

The car is long and low, with deep seats and abundant leg room. New springs—underslung in the rear—add immeasurably to the comfort of riding.

With its semi-drum type head lamps, tasteful hardware and flowing body lines, the Type-B Sedan will distinctly appeal to those who demand beauty as well as utility in the car they drive.

The price is $1250 f. o. b. Detroit

© D. B.

Note the DIFFERENCE with "Ride Rites"

Compare the two lines above. They were made by a special instrument which tests the riding qualities of springs. Would you rather be bumped up and down along the upper line or be floated over the bumps along the lower line? The many thin leaves of Harvey "Ride-Rites" absorb the jars — that's the reason they show little vibration. That means more than perfect riding comfort, for it saves your car, saves your tires, saves gasoline.

Correct spring design—shock absorbing qualities built in—attains its highest development in Harvey Ride Rite Springs.

Harvey RACINE
Ride Rite (PATENTED) Shock Absorbing Springs

At the HARVEY Sign of Service.

Send for "Springs And Their Care"

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.
Dept. C, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH OUR NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 25)

controversies can be referred before they can develop into major disputes.

It means, briefly, a tribunal of inquiry which has no power to arbitrate or decide anything but merely to state the case accurately and make recommendations. It looks so obvious that one might well ask why anyone should object to such an innocuous proposal. Nations, however, will not even talk to one another about certain questions they call domestic. And when they will not confer there can be no agreement on the facts. Public opinion will settle a controversy if it can get at the truth, but nations have not always in the past permitted the facts to see the light of day.

To explain concretely, there can be no better illustration than the dispute which has been going on ever since 1917 about the oil rights in Mexico of various American companies and corporations.

Opponents of the Washington Government's policy of withholding recognition of the Mexican Government have been pointing a finger of scorn at an Administration that presumably allowed the oil barons to influence its course of action toward a weak nation next door. But anyone who takes the trouble to apply a judicial mind to the volumes of documents which are embraced in the oil controversy can't help coming to the conclusion that every syllable written by the United States Government in its notes and communications to Mexico under the Wilson, Harding and Coolidge administrations would have been written just the same if the commodity were bottled water from artesian wells.

Common-Sense Diplomacy

It was the principle of the thing rather than the materialistic aspect which kept the United States from extending recognition to the Mexican Government; and, be it said on Mexico's side of the case, theirs was a principle which to the Mexican people seemed equally plausible, equally sound.

Turn back to the situation that existed in Mexico before Madero overthrew Diaz in the revolution which began in 1910. Surrounded by a group of scientific manipulators of the national wealth of Mexico, the aged Diaz permitted the resources of Mexico to be gobbled up in large part by hungry foreigners. Large landed estates were held by a few families. The revolution turned everything upside down and developed the slogan, Mexico for Mexicans. Oil was a source of much wealth. Why, asked the Mexicans, should the foreigner be making money out of our soil? Mexico's orators declaimed about it and won passionate applause. Nothing could be more popular politically inside Mexico. And didn't the soil of Mexico belong to Mexico?

The United States Government never quarreled with the principle of sovereign possession, but only with the extremes of its application. Ever since 1910 Mexico has been upset. One administration has succeeded another in bloody sequence, but basically the principles of the 1910 revolution have been maintained throughout Cynics may charge inconsistency here and there; they may even contrast the condition of the submerged 85 per cent in Mexico today with the condition of the same number under Diaz; but the evolution of Mexico nevertheless has been apparent. A new day has dawned; democracy may have its defects, yet he would be a prejudiced critic who denied that Mexico has democratized her institutions to an extent never before known across the Rio Grande.

Troublesome, perplexing, irritating to the point of combat have been the relations between the United States and Mexico ever since 1910, when the various revolts began to jeopardize the lives and property of American citizens.

Impulsive people might have thrown patience to the winds and taken advantage of the opportunity to acquire by conquest the rich resources of a neighboring country. Provocation existed for hostilities. Yet the United States gave an example of self-restraint to which few nations can point a parallel. This attitude for a time was mistaken for timidity by a few persons in Mexico who didn't know the United States. America, to be sure, was too proud to fight a small nation; but not long afterwards 2,000,000 men voyaged 3000 miles and answered the timidity theory on the Western Front.

Conscious of the rightness of her case, the United States chose with Mexico a course of simple conversation unmarred by threats and looking only to a settlement that some day would leave the two peoples without rancor in their hearts. Lawyers have written briefs galore, the records at Mexico City and Washington are filled with pages of contention—for it is a legal question—but when all is said and done, the diplomacy that achieved the result ranks as one of the finest pieces of common sense in the history of the American continent.

Let us admit at the start that if the Mexican people through their government wanted to reserve for themselves in the future the lands bearing oil, gold, iron, silver or anything else valuable, the Mexicans had a right to do so. Until May 1, 1917, when the new constitution of Mexico went into effect, Mexico had not reserved the subsoil, but had done everything to encourage foreigners to spend their capital in developing resources which when taxed gave the Mexican Government a good deal of revenue. Was it right for Mexico, after a policy of encouragement which began with the old constitution of 1857 and was followed by permissive laws of 1884, 1894 and 1909, suddenly to throw aside all vested rights and start a new deal? The United States contended that, of course, Mexico could really take anything she pleased if she paid the previous owners. But to buy the oil wells and mines would have required more cash than Mexico had, and besides, the Mexicans really didn't want to confiscate the wells or the mines for any development or exploitation by their government, but merely wanted control of them for purposes of sale to new owners.

Real Reconstruction

So it wasn't a question of paying for lands confiscated. It was a question of whether a new constitution destroyed rights acquired under a preceding constitution. For a long time the Mexicans maintained that they had a sovereign right to make any kind of constitution they wanted and that no foreign nation could possibly object, as it was a domestic matter. Had Mexico been 3000 miles away on another continent, and with no particular reason to be friendly to the United States, the discussion might still be going on with no prospect of a settlement. Nations have shown themselves capable of arguing about sovereign rights for decades at a time.

But Mexico has been slowly but surely accomplishing a real reconstruction after nearly thirteen years of civil war. To bring domestic peace and exterminate banditry requires tact and administrative ability. To give employment to the thousands of former soldiers it is necessary to rehabilitate industry and to get the nation's financial affairs in such shape that credit can

(Continued on Page 50)

The Mexican-American Commissioners, Left to Right Seated—Ramon Ross, Charles B. Warren, President Obregón, Judge John Barton Payne and Fernando Gonzales Roa. The Men Standing are Secretaries

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubbers*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in more than 1700 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many of them install them as well.

Dominating The Field Because of Better Service and Economy

Here is a product—functioning silently and unseen—which nevertheless has, by sheer virtue of practical service and economy impressed itself unmistakably upon the minds of car owners—manufacturers and dealers.

Here are figures, which describe, in terms of statistics, a degree of market dominance which is little short of astounding.

2,000,000 owners drive cars which are Gabriel equipped.

30 leading manufacturers standard equip one or more of their models with Gabriel Snubbers.

31 more manufacturers build their cars with holes drilled in the frames, to provide for the installation of Gabriel Snubbers, without the necessity of laying up the car for a period.

These figures emphasize in definite terms your own conviction that Gabriel Snubbers are a decidedly worth while addition to any car.

They are conclusive proof that Gabriel Snubbers do make motoring more comfortable and much more economical.

More comfortable by shielding occupants from the jars and jolts of even the roughest roads.

More economical by protecting the car against the wear and tear of road shocks.

In 1700 cities are Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations—where Gabriel Snubbers can be installed efficiently and without long delay on any size car.

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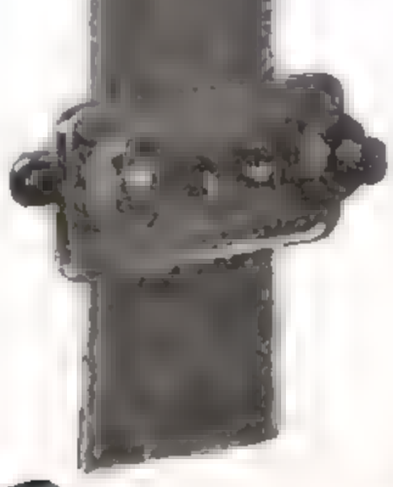
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ont.
Sales & Service Everywhere



Gabriel Snubbers

Greater Riding Comfort

Stop Wasting Tea use TAO TEA BALLS

What a Tao Tea Ball is

Tiny bud leaves from the tips of the tea plants of the finest gardens in Ceylon, India, and Java, accurately measured and packed by special machines in handy gauze balls

10-BALL TIN

Quality of Tao Tea

Three generations of tea experts have labored to produce Tao, the *supreme* tea—the finest tea you have ever tasted. Flowery Orange Pekoe Blend The Tao Tag on every Tao Tea Ball is our trade-mark and your guarantee of *supreme* quality. Indorsed by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation & Health, serial No. 3070

TIN

Economy of Tao Tea Balls

Tao Tea Balls take all the guess and waste out of tea making. Tao Tea Balls are *pot* size. Each ball makes 4 to 5 cups, according to strength desired, of delicious tea. A half of a cent a cup—less in the big fifty-ball Caddy.

10-BALL CADDY

Convenience of Tao Tea Balls

This modern and economical way of packing eliminates all guess-work and waste from tea-making. No messy tea leaves to clean up—so convenient, so economical, so good

Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

TAO TEA CO., Inc.
103 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

40 FREE TRIAL OFFER

Name

Address
Please print your name plainly

Here's a 2-cent stamp to cover mailing. Send me two Tao Tea Balls—delicious flowery orange pekoe blend—in the modern economical Tao Tea Ball packing. My grocer is

Name

Address

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be obtained in the loan markets of the world.

The United States Government's moral support has always been of incalculable value to other governments of this hemisphere in financial matters. The mere act of recognition by the United States means recognition by the principal governments of the world, all of which usually defer to the Washington Administration as a matter of custom and precedent just as the United States waits for the leadership of some European power if a new government is to be recognized in the Eastern Hemisphere.

The determination, on the other hand, of whether a government should or should not be recognized is a sovereign right. The United States is not compelled to recognize a government with which it believes it cannot deal satisfactorily on vital matters. Mexico might claim it had satisfied all the requirements that usually earn recognition, but even then it is within the right of the United States to postpone action until a conclusion of its own can be reached by the Washington Government.

Narrowing Down the Issues

So the situation resolved itself into one in which, if Mexico stood by her sovereign rights in changing her constitution, and destroying legally acquired rights without compensation, and if the United States stood on her rights and withheld recognition, the ancient obstacle of sovereignty would perpetuate a deadlock, injuring Mexico's opportunities for reconstruction and depriving the citizens of many countries of their property without compensation.

The inference that might be drawn is that the settlement ultimately made was a simple bargain in which each side conceded something to the other. It was nothing of the sort. President Obregón was right when in his comment on the result of the Mexican-American conference he said nothing had been done which involved in the slightest a deviation from the position Mexico had taken theretofore in the oil dispute. How then was it settled? By the following formula:

President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes had tried in vain to reach an understanding by diplomatic notes and letters. Finally a commission consisting of two Americans and two Mexicans was appointed to seek a method of settlement. Charles Beecher Warren, until recently the American ambassador to Japan, and a former Republican national committeeman from Michigan, went to Mexico City with John Barton Payne, Democrat, Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's cabinet, and now chairman of the American Red Cross. They met with Fernando Gonzalez Roa and Ramon Ross, eminent Mexicans. For days each side presented their arguments. Little by little the area of debate was narrowed. Each side refuted the other's contentions. Each day a record was kept—not a stenographic record, by the way, but minutes which were submitted for approval after each session, so that there always was an agreement on what was being said to each other. The proceedings were duly signed on every occasion.

The Mexicans pointed out, for instance, that the constitution of 1857 did grant certain rights and the subsequent laws specifically permitted foreigners to own and develop the subsoil, and that there was no dispute about the rights of Americans who had actually taken some step toward the development of their lands. The principle that neither the constitution nor the laws of Mexico were intended to be retroactive was put forth by the Mexican commissioners as applying to lands legally possessed. But, asked the Mexicans, could it be argued that a man who bought a tract of land and did nothing to develop the subsoil had given evidence of his possession? Wasn't the subsoil a separate and distinct thing, reverting to the Mexican Government because it never had been developed or any contracts made for its development?

This raised a fine point. The Mexicans said it should be proved that the American owners had performed positive acts indicating an intention to possess the subsoil. The American commissioners said that the mere purchase price was proof of intent, for nobody would spend certain sums for oil-bearing lands simply to grow corn on them when agricultural land areas were obtainable at much lower prices.

The Mexicans did not finally admit this argument. They maintained that the supreme court decisions had fully established the principle that the constitution wasn't to be applied retroactively to lands on which there had been positive acts or proofs of intention to develop mineral-bearing lands. They rested on that proposition.

But the capacity of a government to discharge international obligations depends not on its arbitrary interpretation of disputed rights, but upon its willingness to submit to impartial and disinterested tribunals the decision of moot points. It's the civilized way of settling controversies. When an impasse is reached some machinery must be devised to determine who is right.

The United States did not insist that Mexico must concede the American viewpoint before recognition would be extended. To have done so would have been to wound the dignity of the Mexican people. It would have meant that the United States exacted a concession or condition before according recognition. Such a step would not have left a good taste in Mexico. It would have been a hard-driven bargain. Fortunately the United States did not do that, but simply asked Mexico if she would submit international disputes and claims to arbitration. Mexico has gone on record before in her history as favoring arbitration. She has been one of the leaders in that school of international thought in this hemisphere. The Obregón administration answered yes. It was evidence that there had arisen in Mexico a government capable of understanding and discharging international obligations.

Mexico's own constitution of 1917 had said in specific terms that no private property should be taken without giving the owner compensation. The question then became one of deciding whether compensation was due the owners of lands who had not performed what the Mexicans referred to as positive acts with respect to the subsoil. This is a question of fact and of judicial inquiry and finally equity.

Claims nowadays are handled by international commissions. The Mexican-American commissioners drafted two claims conventions. One provides for a joint commission to settle special claims growing out of the revolutionary disturbances since 1910. The other is a general-claims convention providing for a joint commission to adjudicate all claims of whatever nature which may be filed by Mexicans against the American Government or by Americans against the Mexican Government. Both conventions require ratification by the Mexican Senate and the United States Senate.

The General Claims Commission

Any American who feels that he has been deprived of subsoil rights for which he can prove he paid something has a claim against the Mexican Government which the joint commission has full authority to settle. The commission is to consist of one American, appointed by the President of the United States, and one Mexican, appointed by the President of Mexico, and a third person by mutual agreement of the two governments; or in case of disagreement, to be selected by the President of the Permanent Administrative Council of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

The decision of the majority of the members of the commission is to be final. All claims are to be decided within three years after the commission meets, which is fixed at six months after the conventions are ratified. It is worth while pointing to the all-embracing nature of the General Claims Commission, as for example:

"The General Claims Commission has jurisdiction over all claims of the citizens of either country against the other for losses or damages suffered by persons or by their properties, whether such citizens are corporations, companies, associations, partnerships or individuals, as well as over claims by citizens of either country growing out of losses or damages suffered by any corporation, company, association or partnership in which such citizens have or have had an interest, provided an adjustment to the claimant of his proportion of the loss or damage is presented to the commission and all claims for losses or damages originating from acts of officials or others acting for either government and resulting in injustice. . . .

"It is provided that the General Claims Commission may decide that international law, justice and equity require that a property or right be restored to the claimant in addition to the amount awarded in any such case for all loss or damage sustained prior to the restitution. However, the government affected by such decision may elect to pay the value of the property or right as determined by the commission rather than to restore the property or right to the claimant, and if so it shall file notice thereof with the commission within thirty days after the decision and shall immediately pay the amount fixed as the value of the property or right. If it fails so to pay this amount the property or right is to be restored immediately."

The purpose of this last clause was to afford the Mexican Government flexibility in handling lands that had already been disposed of and which it would only mean internal dissension to restore. For these the Mexican Government would prefer to pay the present market value. This refers largely to areas of land already divided up among the Mexicans, mostly agricultural land, but which were really confiscated without due process and without conformity even to certain provisions of the Mexican law. Every revolution has meant added tangles and the American commissioners were disposed to leave such claims to be settled either by a restoration of the right or the property or compensation. Relatively speaking, these land cases are not likely to cause difficulty, as the principles involved are thoroughly understood by both countries.

Mr. Warren's Negotiations

As for mineral-bearing lands, every claim will have to be submitted to the commission with the proof of what has been done to acquire legal title. The commission will be guided no doubt by precedents in international law and equity in deciding what are legally acquired titles. The Mexicans will furnish their proofs. If the American claimants have a good case with respect to their titles—and most all of them insist their titles are beyond question—the claims commission of arbitration will make individual awards. No doubt a few cases at the outset will take a little time to adjudicate, and then the precedent will be established for similar claims and the whole question adjusted on an equitable basis.

In a nutshell, it means creating an international court to which claimants can appeal for final decision. Incidentally, the United States will find counter claims made for the losses sustained by Mexicans on American territory, particularly murders that have occurred in the border states from time to time. Indeed, many Americans have thought only of the claims that will be made for the loss of lives and property of citizens of the United States residing in Mexico; but official statistics show there have been in recent years many Mexicans killed in various states on this side of the international line. The General Claims Commission, in other words, is reciprocal—it deals with claims on both sides of the boundary. It is international, not domestic, and its powers and jurisdiction are obtained from the sovereign authority which makes the supreme law of each land.

To the tact of Charles B. Warren much of the success of the negotiations was due. He proved himself a resourceful diplomat in Mexico just as he was in Japan. He won the confidence of the Mexican authorities by his frank exposition of the American viewpoint and his readiness to devise a formula that would not subject Mexico to criticism from within her own borders. And as persuasively as he had dealt with the Mexican authorities, he was able to convince the people in Washington that the arrangement suggested was for the best interests of the United States. President Coolidge relied upon the judgment of Secretary Hughes, who advised acceptance, reiterating that from the outset he had not been so much interested in the form of the settlement proposed as its substance.

Better, however, than the concrete solution of a long-drawn-out controversy was the atmosphere in which it was made. The American commissioners left Mexico City with the congratulations of the highest Mexican officials. At last the representatives of the United States Government had come to Mexico on terms of equality and had departed with both sides in a happy frame of mind.

Internal troubles are, of course, by no means at an end in Mexico. The writer

(*Continued on Page 52*)

The New Essex Coach $975

Touring Car $850

Freight from Detroit and Tax Extra

You will like the new Essex in the nimble ease of its operation. Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated. That, for the most part, is done with an oil can.

The chassis design lowers the center of gravity, giving greater comfort and safety, at all speeds, on all roads. You will be interested in seeing how this is accomplished.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation.

Essex Closed Car Comforts Now Cost $170 Less than Ever Before

And with this lower price you get an even more attractive Coach body and a six cylinder motor built on the principle of the famous Hudson Super-Six.

It continues Essex qualities of economy and reliability, known to 135,000 owners. It adds a smoothness of performance which heretofore was exclusively Hudson's. Both cars are alike in all details that count for a long satisfactory service at small operating cost.

A 30 Minute Ride Will Win You

ESSEX MOTORS—DETROIT, MICH.

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A SIX
Built by HUDSON under HUDSON Patents

Ready folded for use

The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

ScotTissue Towels

—have changed the towel habits of the nation.

—have made it easy to have clean hands.

—have made it possible for everybody to afford a fresh, clean, individual towel every time.

—are the only towels that contain these marvelously soft Thirsty Fibres.

—are daily being used in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

150 towels in a dust-proof carton 40c in Canada and Rocky Mountain Zone 50c
Price per case of 3750 towels (25 cartons) is $8.15 F. O. B. Factory Chester, Pa. Weight 60 lbs. per case. Even lower prices in 5, 10 and 25 case orders.
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order.
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.

Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c

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For
Kitchen Bathroom
Automobile
Office Factory

Continued from Page 50

has been watching the Mexican situation for thirteen years, observing at first hand in the Madero revolution and subsequently in the Carranza revolution against Huerta the struggle of a people to find themselves. Critics have called the revolution in Mexico a Bolshevik uprising and have not hesitated to put Russia and Mexico on the same footing. This is a misuse of the word "Bolshevik." There has not been and probably never will be a soviet system in Mexico. Tendencies toward socialism have shown themselves, to be sure, but the danger signals are recognized by the leading Mexicans. There is in Mexico at the moment about as much striving for the impracticable in government as might be expected in a state of reconstruction following an upheaval which was not only political but social and industrial.

Mexican Monetary Problems

But basically Mexico is politically better organized today than it has been since 1910. The revolution tore up the state and municipal governments as it did the structure of the federal government. Slowly these administrative units in the body politic have come back. Revolutionary outbreaks may delay the process somewhat, but will not permanently impair it. In some respects there has been a noticeable improvement over the governmental administration of the Diaz days. The only disappointing comment encountered is that educational plans are not progressing so well in actual practice as some of the Mexican spokesmen say they are

Fiscal conditions are improving. The adjustment of relations between the governments of the United States and Mexico is a natural forerunner to a loan which will help consolidate internal factors and add the necessary confidence and stability to the whole situation from both within and without the country. Gold and silver coins still constitute the principal medium of exchange, Mexican paper money having in recent years gone the route of the Russian ruble and the German mark.

The Mexicans, by the way, handled their money problem about as cleverly as any nation with a depreciated currency ever did. The printing presses were worked overtime by the various revolutionary governments until you couldn't get an American dollar for a barrelful of "infalsificables," as the Mexican greenbacks were called. American dollars—coin and silver certificates—came into Mexico for general use. Finally the Mexican Secretary of the Treasury, Luis Cabrera, hit upon the idea of getting gold coin into circulation. He approached some of the big mining companies and asked them if instead of paying their employes in paper money they would just as soon send some gold or silver bullion to the mint and the Mexican Government would convert the same into the regular gold and silver currency. The weekly pay rolls of these various companies were big enough to put into circulation millions of dollars of coin. The mint worked night and day. Finally all Mexico's business was on a gold and silver basis.

But this didn't end the dilemma. How was the Mexican Government to force the retirement of all the outstanding paper money? The Treasury Department in Mexico City announced one day that in paying taxes on mines, oil development and general industrial activity, every peso of coin was to be accompanied by a peso of paper money. The mining companies cooperated with the government. They bought thousands of the paper certificates, offering a nominal sum for them. Gradually they came back to the government until nearly all of the 500,000,000 of them had been turned back into the treasury and burned up. Then the foreign companies began to protest because paper bills, previously worthless, rose suddenly to seven and eight cents apiece, until it looked as if, on account of scarcity, the paper money might attain absurd heights in value. Then Rafael Nieto, who succeeded Cabrera as Secretary of the Treasury, permitted the companies to pay the tax in ten cents of coin or paper money. This checked the use of the latter at the ten-cent value and Mexico today is rid of her paper-money problem. The next step on the fiscal program is the formation of a central bank of issue, which, however, is still under discussion in Mexico City.

It's a day's flight by airplane from the Rio Grande to the Canadian boundary, but the contrast is as complete as if the flight were in centuries of time.

Canada has developed as a next-door neighbor more like the United States itself than has Mexico. The culture of Mexico is predominantly European—a mixture of the American Aztec with the Spanish and French. The culture of Canada is Americanized British. Time was when people on this side of the boundary talked of annexation; but that thought is rarely if ever suggested nowadays, for Canada and the United States have settled down to a relationship which is unparalleled anywhere.

There's an unwritten understanding between the two countries which makes their cooperation on border problems spontaneous and effective. Our northern boundary is a long line, unmarked in many places, unpopulated and deserted. Airplanes can fly back and forth easily and carry on a smuggling traffic in liquor or merchandise of value. Motorboats can cross the Niagara River or the Detroit River from one side to the other at night without detection. Indeed, the Washington authorities have heard rumors of a regular supply system by motorboat from a brewery on the Canadian side, a system in which the motorboats line up like so many delivery wagons, take their cargoes and make a dash for the American side while the police boats are diverted by stratagem to other latitudes.

The adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead Act have made the subject of relations with Canada more important than they have been for some time. The Canadian authorities are anxious to cooperate. Conferences between officials of the two governments are constantly in progress to prevent smuggling, not only of liquor and narcotics but contraband individuals, such as Chinese and immigrants who haven't lived in Canada two years.

Dealing With Canada Direct

Just at the moment Secretary Hughes is negotiating a new treaty with the Dominion of Canada relative to the naval armament on the Great Lakes. The present treaty is out of date. It prohibits all but one or two war vessels on the Great Lakes. Some people on the American side of the Great Lakes think that a shipbuilding industry might have been developed but for those restrictions, and the United States Navy wants a good-size warship for training purposes so as to bring the Navy closer to the heart of America—the Middle West and West.

There will be no difficulty about making a treaty satisfactory to both sides. The most interesting thing about it is that Canada and the United States are dealing directly. Usually all treaties have been negotiated between the Department of State in Washington and the British Foreign Office. Ottawa could not make a move without the approval of London. When the Canadian Minister of Fisheries did come to Washington a year ago and sign a fisheries treaty relating to joint rights of the United States and Canada in Pacific waters, there was an arching of eyebrows in London. And the effect of it was that although the Canadian minister was an official envoy of the Crown and authorized by the King to sign the treaty, the United States Senate tacked on a reservation to the effect that the pact would be considered ratified when it had been approved by the British Empire. That was one of the principal reasons for the discussion of the subject of treaty making at the recent Imperial Conference of the British dominions held at London. The British Government agreed that hereafter each dominion could negotiate, sign and ratify treaties with other sovereign states, and they would be binding upon each dominion signing them without the necessity of having them submitted for approval to the other parts of the British Empire. The only exception made was in the case of treaties which involved the external relations of the entire British Empire, in which case the government at London will have to approve or authorize the signing of the treaties in question.

So, as a consequence of America's intimacy with Canada and the willingness of the United States to treat Canada as a sovereign nation, the procedure has been changed. The British Embassy, however, still must be addressed for most communications, though nowadays they are forwarded direct to Ottawa instead of to London and then back across the Atlantic.

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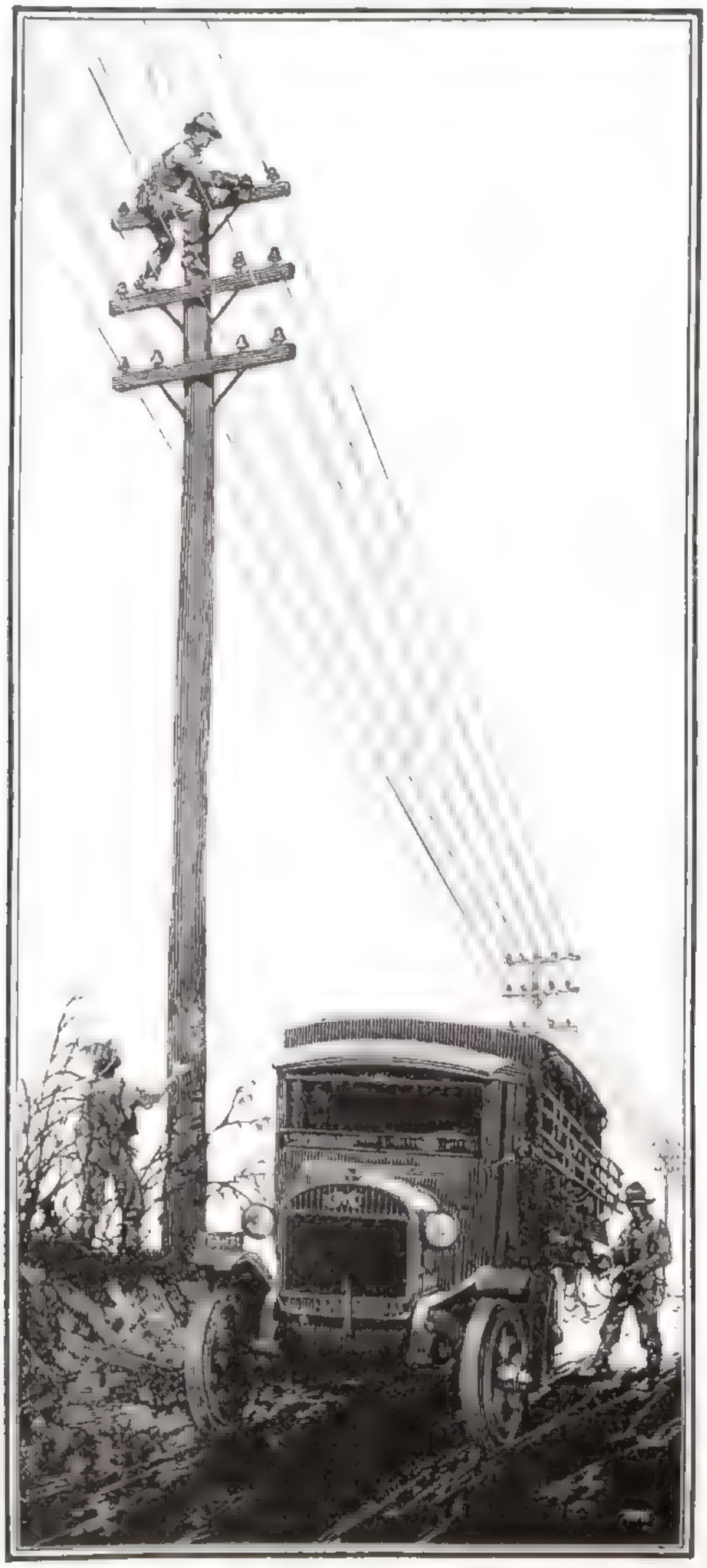
GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD



GMC Spans the Continent

GMC distribution and maintenance spans a continent as a guarantee of continued GMC performance to the thousands of users in all parts of North America.

***Forty-six distribution centers provide base stations from which the supervision and care of GMC trucks are directed.**

Linked to these are dealerships—with full maintenance facilities which bring the manufacturer's guardianship to practically every individual locality.

There is no section of the land where GMC trucks operate untended, nor is there any point inaccessible to factory supervision.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
Division of General Motors Corporation
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

**Distribution Centers at*

Akron	Dayton	*Oakland
*Atlanta	El Paso	*Philadelphia
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Buffalo	Kansas City	*Pontiac
Beaumont, Texas	*Los Angeles	Rochester, N. Y.
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*Charlotte, N. C.	Lincoln	*San Francisco
Cleveland	*Memphis	*Seattle
Cincinnati	*Minneapolis	*Spokane
Clarksburg	*Milwaukee	Salt Lake City
Dallas	Montreal, Quebec	Saginaw
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General Motors Trucks

GMC

"She rides like a parlor car!"

There's a *reason* for it

This motorist knows that properly inflated tires make his car "ride like a parlor car" because they lay a track as they roll along —a track of springy, resilient air that absorbs the irregularities of the road.

He has learned that too much air makes his tires as hard and lifeless as solid rubber —that *too little* air causes tubes and shoes to wear out long before their time.

These things mean discomfort, rattles and squeaks—and far less mileage.

How to get the utmost in comfort and mileage

There is a correct pressure for *your* tires. Send for our free book, "Air—the most elusive prisoner," which tells you how to care for your inflation so as to maintain the proper pressure and get 100% in comfort and service.

The Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge records your air pressure accurately. There are three types: the low pressure angle-foot gauge made especially for "balloon" tires; the straight gauge for standard passenger car tires; and the angle-foot for use with trucks, wire or disc wheels, and wheels with large spokes or thick brake drums.

See the Schrader Exhibit at the Chicago Auto Show, Jan. 26-Feb. 2.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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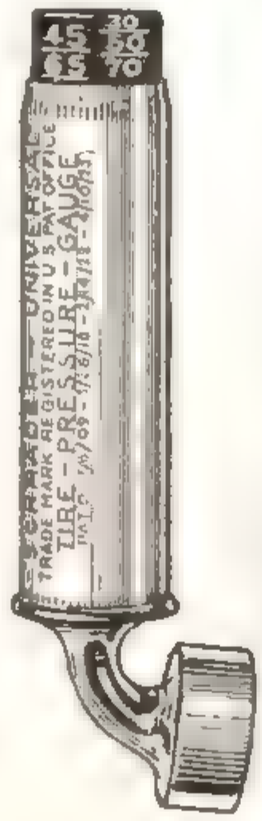


You can get this Schrader Angle Foot Tire Gauge or the other two types of Schrader Gauges at any motor accessory shop, garage or hardware store

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

(Continued from Page 52)

This method of dealing has not been satisfactory. When the United States wants to talk to Canada it must converse with the British ambassador unless the Canadians send special envoys to Washington, as they occasionally do. There have been proposals in the last few years that the Canadian Government establish a legation at Washington and that the United States create a legation at Ottawa. The British ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes, who spent many years of his life in Canada, told the writer once that the British Government does not object to such an arrangement. Whether it ever will be put into effect, however, depends on the initiative of the Canadian Government, for the United States cannot press for such a solution of the communication problem with its next-door neighbor, however strongly the interchange of ministers might be desired. The United States doesn't want to do anything which might be misconstrued by the British Government.

One of the objections raised from the Canadian viewpoint to the legation idea is the expense involved, for the question of diplomatic representation at other capitals of the world might develop useless expenditure largely to conform to diplomatic custom. And besides, it costs Canada nothing to have her business transacted through the British Embassy at Washington.

Secretary Hughes has just made a suggestion which he hopes will place the relations of Canada and the United States on a basis of reciprocal treatment of all questions that arise between the two countries. He would have a permanent commission appointed with power to discuss all matters whether they relate to sovereignty or anything else, whether they are domestic in character and have an external effect, or whether they are of the type that the ordinary machinery of diplomacy should and could adjust, but not so speedily as a commission for the investigation of specific questions. To quote Mr. Hughes' own words:

"Perhaps the most troublesome sources of irritation are to be found in the subjects which states properly decline to regard as international in the legal sense. Every state, jealous of its sovereign rights, refuses to permit the intrusion of other nations into its domestic concerns. In every plan for the arbitration of international controversies, domestic questions are perforce excluded. But in these days of intimate relations, of economic stress and of intense desire to protect national interests and advance national opportunity, the treatment of questions which from a legal standpoint are domestic often seriously affects international relations. The principle, each nation for itself to the full extent of its power, is the principle of war, not of peace. Let it be recognized that force is the inevitable resort of unrestrained selfishness; that peace is to be reconciled with national aims only as an enlightened self-interest permits the reasonable restraint that is consistent with the fair opportunity of others—in a world where we must either fight or live and let live in a decent regard for the welfare of others as well as our own."

Good Will Toward Canada

"But how are we to take proper cognizance of the just interests of other states in the turmoil of politics and amid the contests of local ambitions appealing exclusively to some supposed immediate national interest? No state could be asked, or for a moment would consider, submitting its treatment of domestic interests to any sort of international arbitrament. It will decide for itself the questions within its own jurisdiction; that is the essence of sovereignty. But the case is not hopeless. What could be regarded as more essentially a matter of its own concern than the provision a state should make for its own defense, the arms it should provide, the number and armament of its battleships? Yet we have recently seen the great naval powers, obedient at last to the desire to end a ruinous competitive struggle in arms, voluntarily agree to reduce their fighting ships to agreed proportions. I believe that we shall be able at no distant day to keep within reasonable limits some of our pressing economic rivalries by fair international agreements in which the self-interest of rivals will submit to mutual restrictions in the furtherance of friendly accord. . . .

"While I do not undertake to speak officially upon this subject, I may take the liberty of stating as my personal view that we should do much to foster our friendly relations, and to remove sources of misunderstanding and possible irritation, if we were to have a permanent body of our most distinguished citizens, acting as a commission, with equal representation of both the United States and Canada, to which automatically there would be referred, for examination and report as to the facts, questions arising as to the bearing of action by either government upon the interests of the other, to the end that each reasonably protecting its own interests would be so advised that it would avoid action inflicting unnecessary injury upon its neighbor.

"We rejoice in our long friendship, and in permanent peace, and it would be a shortsighted view that either of us has any real interest which is to be promoted without regard to the well-being of the other and the considerate treatment which conditions good will. I am saying this personal word as much to the people of the United States as to the people of Canada; it breathes neither complaint nor criticism, but a keen desire for the cooperation of the closest friends, each secure in independence and in the assurance of amity."

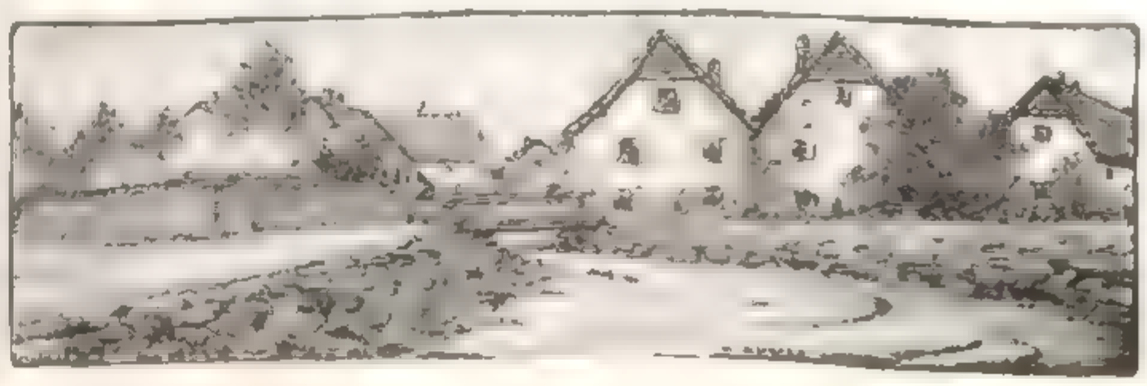
The American Way

Mr. Hughes couldn't speak officially because he was a guest in a neighboring country and not on an official mission, but he selected his words with predetermined purpose. He delivered this significant speech before the Canadian Bar Association at Montreal. Mr. Hughes doesn't make many speeches. He made one at New Haven which became the basis of a reparation discussion between France, Great Britain and the United States nearly a year after it was delivered. He made another at Minneapolis about the Monroe Doctrine which will be the basis of Latin-American discussion for generations to come. His proposal finally at Montreal is no less significant than the preceding utterances. Not many weeks before, President Harding himself had purposely stopped at Vancouver to express the friendly feeling of the people of the United States for their Canadian neighbors.

The joint-commission idea helped solve the troubles of Mexico and the United States. Now it is proposed as a special link between Canada and the United States. What happens to the proposal depends now on the initiative of the Dominion Government. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, has spent many years in the United States and has paid Washington a visit since he came into power at Ottawa. There never was a more auspicious moment for the development of an entente between Canada and the United States.

Peace in the Western Hemisphere was the late President Harding's greatest objective. He died before the Mexican settlement was made, but he, with Secretary of State Hughes, will have the credit in history for the establishment on the North and South American continents of an era of good feeling which in contrast to the turmoil of the other half of the world proves that there is an American way to do things, a western world in which is written the golden rule of diplomacy—live and let live.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Lawrence dealing with our relations with nations in the Western Hemisphere.



Two Men Buy the Same Make of Car

One Gets Perfect Satisfaction, the Other Continual Trouble

—there's a reason and it isn't the Car!

JIM Smith and Bill Jones each buy the same make and model of a popular car. It's a good car or it wouldn't be popular. Both are average drivers and use their cars about the same. But while Smith has perfect satisfaction with his car, Jones has nothing but trouble.

First it's one thing, then another, but always something going wrong and needing repairs.

Ask Jones the cause and he'll tell you it's the car's fault—that the particular car he got happened to be a poor "job" and not up to the regular factory standards, as Smith's car was.

It's a delusion to think that there is any marked difference in two cars of the same model from the same factory. A manufacturer uses identically the same materials and the same methods in the making of all his cars of a model.

Not in the Car, but in the *Care* of the Car

No, it isn't Jones' car that's at fault, but Jones' care of the car.

Jones takes good care of the engine all right—keeps the radiator filled with water, the oil changed regularly. He takes good care of the tires and the body, too.

But—and here's the great oversight—he seems to forget the fact that on the chassis of his car are twenty or more vital bearings, each subject to great wear and requiring lubrication as regularly as does the motor.

He drives on and on, the bearings getting dry and dirt-worn. The car begins to run "hard." Mysterious squeaks and rattles develop. Trouble occurs, here and there; first, probably with universal or clutch bearings, then with spring shackles, water pump or steering connections. Anyway it's a constant round of grief, with repair bills that run up into heavy totals.

Smith's "Luck"

Smith, on the other hand, with identically the same make and model of car goes blithely on, his car always on the job, giving perfect satisfaction disdainful of the repair shop.

What's the answer? Simply that Smith gives his car common-sense care. He doesn't pamper it, doesn't spend an extra nickel on it, but just remembers that in addition to the motor in his car, there are moving parts on the chassis requiring lubrication no less than the moving parts of the engine.

Every 500 miles Smith either drives to an Alemite Lubricating Station, or gets out his Alemite Compressor and goes over the chassis bearings, giving them the right kind of lubrication.

The result is there is no appreciable wear on the bearings. The car rides smoothly, silently. All parts continue to function just as they did when the car was new.

When Jones, finally disgusted, turns in his car Smith will be still driving his with full satisfaction. And when Smith eventually does turn in his car for a new one, he'll find the re-sale value to be considerably higher than that allowed Jones.

No Reason for the Neglect

Repair men tell us that 80% of the repairs on the moving parts of a motor car are due either to lack of lubrication or poor lubrication.

But with the Alemite High Pressure System there is no excuse for any lapse in the matter of lubrication. Alemite makes chassis lubrication as simple almost as motor lubrication. With Alemite it is easy to reach the out-of-the-way places, easy to pack any bearing—and pack it *right*—with fresh lubricant.

Today, more than 4,000,000 motor cars are equipped with Alemite as standard equipment—for a reason! If Alemite is on your car, use it faithfully every 500 miles, and you'll get the service out of your car the manufacturer built into it. If Alemite is not on your car, you owe it to your car and your pocketbook to have it installed. We will tell you where to have it done complete—$5 to $20 according to make and model of car (Ford and Chevrolet, $3.99, Overland, $5.67).

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High pressure lubricating system

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"Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch" —a Free Booklet

Motorists who would know the full importance of lubrication are invited to write for our free book, "Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch."

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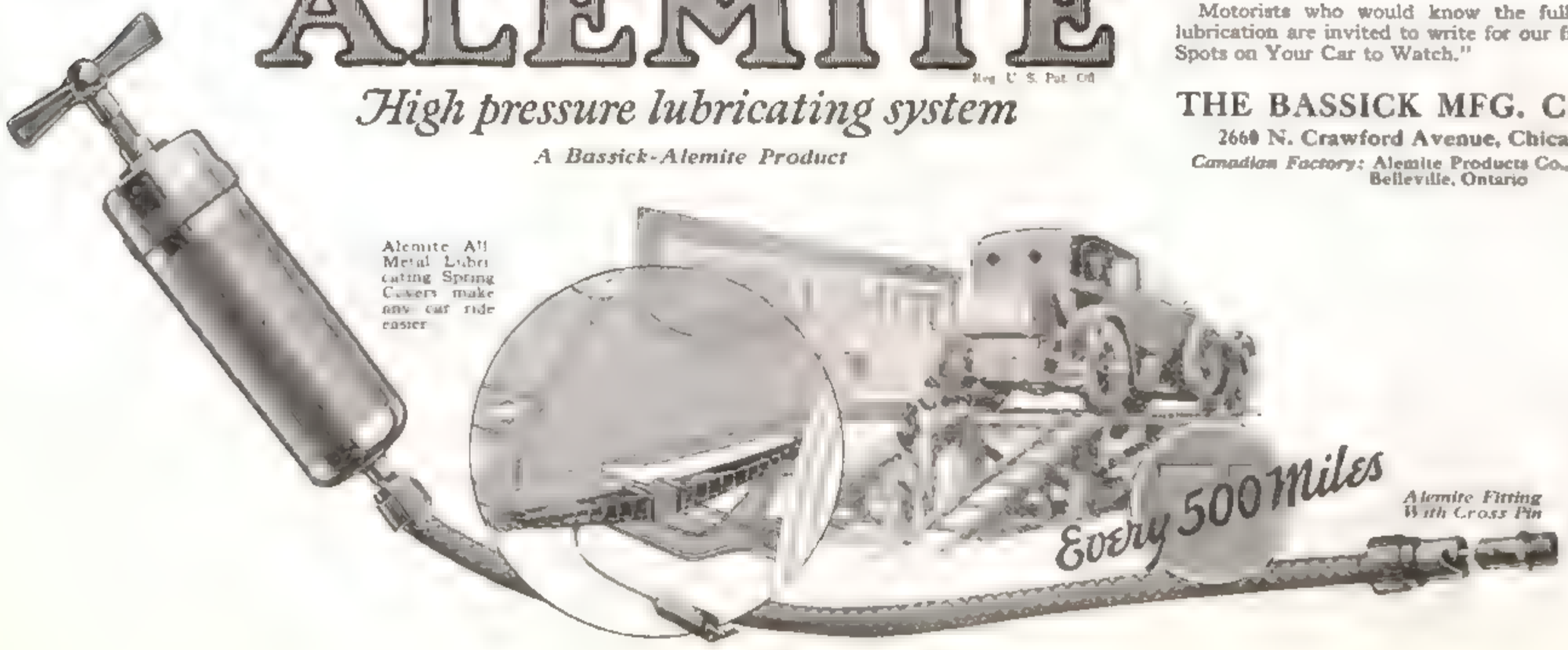

Oven baked
Ready to serve

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS

When you order a can of beans you naturally suppose that you are getting *baked* beans. You know that beans to be at their best must be baked in the old fashioned way with dry heat.

When you specify "Heinz Beans" you are *sure* to get Baked Beans. It says "baked" on the label.

Cooking beans by some other process might be a cheaper and less painstaking way—but slow baking is the Heinz way. It is the baking combined with Heinz Tomato Sauce that makes them so delicious and nourishing.

57

THE VAN DUERSEN HAZE

Continued from Page 23

little group that had gathered there turned their attention to that corner.

"Let us go inside and talk," begged Peppi

"No," said the big Del Sol, settling his tie. "Out here. It is good training—to talk about things in front of their faces You know where these eighteen are?"

Peppi gulped and nodded.

"Kill him! Kill him!" muttered the red-eyed assassin

Peppi trembled

"Let me tell you something that you do not know," Angier said. "That man can never be copied. There is something unearthly about the stroke"

"The Van Duersen haze!" murmured Peppi, nodding.

"What! A perfect line! A psychic epigram! The Van Duersen haze!" Although his artistic sensibilities were deeply moved, to the outward eye Angier might have been condemning the flavor of his cigarette which he flecked on the velvet rug. "The Van Duersen haze!" repeated the critic. "Do the other eighteen have it? What? We will make our fortune in one stroke! With no more to come, the price is anything anything."

"But he is unknown—undiscovered."

"Leave it to me!" retorted Angier complacently. "He will be discovered, I warrant you. As soon as you can conveniently arrange for his demise. Sainted Mother!" Here the overwrought critic seemed to lose control of himself. He sprang up and stood before the picture. "It is epochal! It is the atmospheric ecstasy of the century! Pardon me, my friends," he said, as if taken aback by the interested group who gathered about him, open-mouthed. "It is not often my enthusiasm runs away with me." He returned to his seat, mopping his brow. "See," he muttered to Peppi behind the barrier of his handkerchief, "they buzz like flies about a dead fish. I can do more with a word than another man can do with a club."

"It will take money," said Peppi. "A fellow like that doesn't stop painting for the asking"

"You have it—the money," said Angier; adding, "He is a full partner with us."

"Us?"

Del Sol turned with his magnificent air

"It could not be done without me!" he said. "Go to him! Go at once! He may be desperate—and dash off another!" But when Peppi begged him to accompany him he put aside the suggestion with a grand manner. "No," he said, "I would frighten him. He will be soothed by your youth and inexperience. Go now!" And without another word Angier tucked his stick under his arm, his hat on his head at the supernal angle, and strode off, Lord Dawlish to the last button. At the door he turned back and stood again smiling down on Peppi.

"Who offered you the forty thousand?" he asked

"I do not know. A woman."

"And you let her slip through your fingers! Good God, what a child! Go! Go! Go!" And Angier took his final exit.

An instant later Peppi was giving his orders to the bookkeeper, Aylmer Moelyns.

"Fetch this fellow to me," he said. He handed him a memorandum. "And don't try any of your airs on him," warned the young intendant, for Aylmer, though elderly, was given to high-flown manners when using the gallery landaulet

Mr. Moelyns replied with a significant look. He departed. Twenty minutes later he came back alone. There was some error, he said.

"Error? Impossible. He wrote the address himself."

"You will pardon me, young sir," said the bookkeeper loftily. "It was a low place, forbidding of exterior."

"But he lives there nevertheless."

"I did not think your father would wish me to inquire." Aylmer shuddered at the thought of a retainer of the house of Centimeri sinking so low.

"Humph!" snorted Peppi.

He would go himself. But he had some qualms as he arranged himself in the mirror, for he had the eye of the mythological Narcissus and dearly loved his own image. He was too elegant. The chauffeur's overcoat would disguise his quality. It developed from the chauffeur's conversation that Aylmer had become involved in an argument with an old lady sorting rags on a fire-escape landing at the entrance to the alley, as the chauffeur described it, and some of the soiled rags had fallen on his head, knocking his hat off.

At Second Avenue, Henri pulled up to the curb, saying, with a wise eye, "I will wait for you here."

The alley was not so bad. It was an accidental collection of back yards, on which greedy landlords had superimposed front doors. There were signs of better times indeed. One façade was painted a robin's-egg blue with orange stripings and displayed a sign, "*Atelier à louer*," after the fashion of Greenwich Village. Thither Peppi as by instinct directed his steps. The crone on the balcony still huddling her rags hardly gave him a look. But inside on the stairs he found the way completely blocked by a large scrubwoman crawfishing down step by step as she lifted, with a dusty brush, broad footprints of plaster, suggesting that some slovenly sculptor came this way often without wiping his feet.

"Is there a limekiln on the top floor?" asked Peppi jovially, for the ominous expedition had begun to take on the aspects of an adventure.

"If he was a limekiln he would at least pay his rint, bad cess to him!" said the industrious woman

"The Dutchman?"

"The same," said she, twisting her brush on a spindle

Peppi looked around mysteriously

"Doesn't he pay his rent, then, mother?" he asked.

"Divil a cent in two months. Out he goes tomorrow, with a saucer to collect pinnies on the sidewalk"

"I've come to turn off his gas," said Peppi, thus establishing the most cordial of relations and winning a path to get by and up

Peppi followed the tracks of the modeling clay on and up till they brought him to a door on which was tacked what he perceived by the light of the trap window to be a dispossess summons, calling in the name of the law on one Yosef Van Duersen to appear and show cause why not. The door was warped and gave a view of the interior. On an untidy table lay a collar and tie and a heap of cigarette butts. There was a shrouded effigy on a pedestal under the light, evidently still wet, from the rancid odor of modeling clay that filled the air. He modeled, too, eh? Good. A man in velveteens sat facing a little fire on the other side of the room, a smoky fire that had been writing its name on these walls for uncounted years. He was paring a lump of cheese and some Italian bread with a jackknife. Peppi pushed open the door softly and entered.

"Well, what luck?" asked the feaster through a mouthful.

When Peppi did not answer Meinherr Van Duersen turned in his chair to inspect his guest. The face fell, aghast. Peppi had seen many a face like that in the dark of a cinema auditorium, staring, intent, about to laugh. This one, through a great beard, burst into a roar. He struggled to his feet, stumbling towards Peppi, clawing at him, and finally fell on his shoulder, overcome

The spasm passed. The artist backed off, swaying slightly and blinking in an effort at recollection.

Then with a Jovian nod he said, "You're all right. You're sly! I didn't know you."

Quite sure that his mind was still a blank in his direction, Peppi eased him into the chair he had quitted.

"What is this I hear about your putting out a saucer on the sidewalk tomorrow?" asked the young man, to gain time.

"It is a custom in this neighborhood," said Van Duersen, with a wide gesture, "when one is distrained for rent, to expose a saucer on his chattels on the sidewalk, into which kind passers-by will drop coins."

"I will pay your rent," said Peppi soothingly.

"No," said Van Duersen, rising and stumbling to the door and tearing off the legal notice. "These little love lyrics mean nothing, my friend. You must not let them stampede you into a liberality you may regret."

"Let us get down to business at once," said Peppi with an uneasy feeling that he

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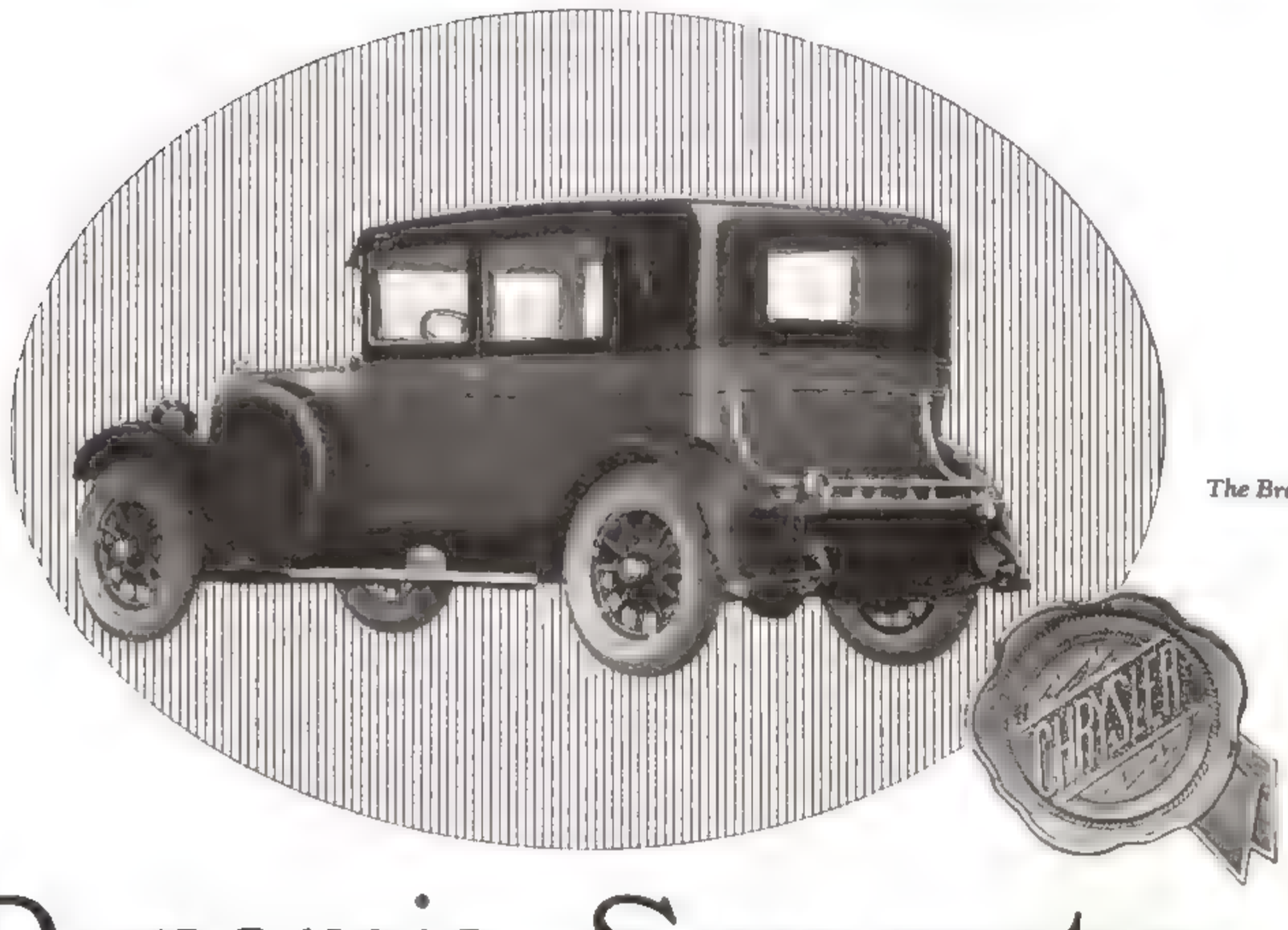

The Brougham

Dynamic Symmetry the Basis Of Beauty in The Chrysler Six

The dictionary of synonyms has been worn dog-eared in the hunt for adjectives to describe motor car beauty.

There isn't a superlative left to use.

As a matter of fact, they've all been used so many times that they no longer carry conviction.

But just as surely as you know a beautiful car when you see it, you'll be entranced by the Chrysler Six.

In any one of the six models, you sense at once the beauty, the good taste, the smartness which we in America have been in the habit of describing as "French," or "foreign," or "continental," or "European."

The good looks of motor cars is usually more or less of an accident.

When a new beauty is to be brought out, the designers get together all of the features of existing cars that are known to please the public. Then, as nearly as possible, they are combined in a "new" design.

Sometimes it really is good looking.

Chrysler beauty is of an entirely different character.

Here is a car scientifically engineered to be beautiful.

Three years were devoted to the study of dynamic symmetry—the science of proportion and balance.

The height of side body panels, for instance, was a matter of determining the exact relation between the requirements of human comfort *in* the car, and the most pleasing proportion from *outside* the car.

The "bead," or "belt line," was not put on as an incident, or just because a body designer liked it. It was scientifically sized and scientifically placed to give that long, low, sweeping line which produces such a racy, foreign effect.

Study the Brougham, as an example. Notice the exact and beautiful graduation of the panels. Observe how perfectly the window sizes blend with the mass construction of the body.

Most cars are pretty fair looking from some one angle; the more fortunate, from a couple of viewpoints. From the rear view, nearly all of them are weak on appearance.

One result of the scientific design of the Chrysler Six is the charm of its rear view.

Note particularly how all of the lines and curves of the front and sides gracefully blend at the rear.

There are no displeasing angles, sharp corners, awkward curves.

Then walk around in front. See how the long, sweeping lines flow out of the radiator.

It's a mere detail to the buyer, perhaps, but an interesting fact that months were spent on the designing and proportioning of lamps and fenders.

That inimitable grace, melting so perfectly into the bulk of the whole car, was no matter of chance.

So too with the wheels. Chrysler designers sought the ultimate in that much desired close-to-the-ground appearance.

But they didn't simply take any small wheel. They got the exactly right proportion.

And what is the result of this new application of scientific design and proportion?

Perhaps the most important result is that air of perfect good taste—the same atmosphere that surrounds real gentlewomen and gentlemen.

The Chrysler isn't beautiful because of any fanciful tricks, or because of any ornamentation hung on it.

It isn't gaudy. It isn't ostentatious.

But it is smart, refined, in good taste, harmonious, gracious, eye-compelling, simple.

In a word, it is beautiful.

And that isn't all.

Such true beauty in a car doesn't stop with looks alone—any more than it does in a man or woman.

There's an old saying, "Beauty is as beauty does."

That's the Chrysler Six.

Remember that while Chrysler engineers were scientifically building beauty of appearance, they were building with relation to human comfort.

So that Chrysler proportions are not only good to look at—they also give the most perfect riding, most accurately comfortable car you ever drove or rode in.

The Chrysler Six

Thackeray liked his pipe and said so

He insisted that it was a great physical aid in conversation

You don't have to dig very deep into the writings of most well-known authors to find some favorable comment on smoking. Even if they do not smoke themselves (as they usually do), they like to write about others smoking.

William Makepeace Thackeray must have felt more than friendly towards smoking, for he wrote:

"Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. . . . The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher and shuts up the mouths of the foolish."

While this may be expecting a lot of the pipe, it is a fact that smoking does help in conversation and in all social relationships.

Often you see two men sitting comfortably smoking their pipes in silence. They have no need for talk. The quiet puffing at their pipes is sufficient bond between them. Or you will see other men sit for hours in friendly discussion with pipes going all the time. Here the pipe seems to draw them out.

And yet, for all its sociability, the pipe is a great solace to the man who finds himself all alone. As a real companion you have to travel far and wide to find anything to beat the pipe.

In the days when Thackeray was writing there was rather a limited variety of smoking tobaccos—a few good brands filled all the demands.

Today you have any number of brands to choose from. No matter how hard you are to please, you can surely find the tobacco that just suits your smoking temperament.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, there is a fairly good chance that it is the tobacco you have always been hoping to find.

Edgeworth has made thousands of friends in all parts of the country, and each year it makes more and more new friends.

If you will send your name and address, Larus & Brother Company will be glad to send you free samples both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

A few pipefuls should suggest to you whether or not you care to go further along the Edgeworth trail.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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was not the visitor expected and there was no time to be lost.

"Good! Money melts! Let us do so," said the householder, and he lifted the shroud from the green sketch on the pedestal and stood back. But something awry caught his eye, and with one look at the light above he lifted the nymph's arm with a magic touch of his left hand—for it was a nymph teasing a sleeping faun. This fellow had singing thumbs, too, thought Peppi, whose nerves were tingling.

"You paint," said Peppi, letting his eyes fall on an incrusted palette and a quiver of brushes.

"At times," admitted Van Duersen with a shrug. "But I never finish anything. Except now and again, in desperation. Yesterday, when they tacked that thing on the door, I took a walk—peddled a stretcher." He laughed with a youthful humor, and tugged at his beard.

"And?" said Peppi, inviting full confession.

Van Duersen narrowed his eyes.

"I chanced to hear," he said craftily, "that old Centimeri, the smuggler, was off on another cruise, and had left his infant son in charge. I put it on the boy!" He shook his head. "But I will never hear of it again," he said complacently. "I only tell it to illustrate how occasionally, under stress of—circumstances—I do finish a picture. But much against my will, I assure you. Here," he said, taking up a spatula and turning the pedestal critically, "is my métier!"

"I am Centimeri's son," said Peppi sweetly.

"Oho!" The sculptor did not look up.

He completed a gouge in the soft clay with his spatula, before turning with twinkling eye.

"And I took you for young Sacarelli," he said apologetically. He thumbed the nymph. "He comes—this evening—this hour. I mistook you—for that little angel-face!"

"This evening!" gasped Peppi, in a cold sweat.

"Now," said the sculptor dramatically. "Listen! I hear his foot on the stairs!"

But the theatric footfall that at this instant fell on their ears providentially turned off on some landing below.

"For what does he come?" rasped Peppi, caution torn to tatters.

"For this, of course," said Van Duersen, falling back from his nymph and wiping his hands. "Do you see anything else that would fetch him?"

It was the moment for instant action.

"Van Duersen!" Peppi's tone rang with command.

"I am here, yes."

"I will buy your picture!"

"Oho!"

"On one condition!" The tones of young Centimeri cut like steel.

"I thought so." His indifference was real.

"You are to be dispossessed tomorrow?"

The artist disposed of this trifle with a gesture.

"You are to leave here—now!" cried Peppi. "With me! And never return!"

"Huh! I don't know about that."

"I have a studio for you. You will want for nothing. You can do what you wish. There is nothing here that you cannot leave behind if I pay for it, is there?" cried the feverish Peppi, all ears at the stairs.

"There is nothing here you could pay me for," said the contemptuous Van Duersen. "Except this!" he exclaimed, indicating the sketch on the pedestal. "And this displeases me," he concluded suddenly, and with one mighty paw he crushed the beautiful thing, tearing out the armature and flinging it into the fire. A cry escaped Peppi. Van Duersen picked up his vest, coat and overcoat, which he had evidently taken off as one garment, like so many skins of an onion.

And he put them on again as one. He was putting his tie and collar into a pocket.

"There is one thing, however," he said, hesitating. "That is the saucer. I should stay for that. Usually I hire a child to sit on my trunk and cry. It is very affecting."

"I'll cry for you," promised Peppi. "Hasten! Someone comes. No—someone goes. Are there any pictures here?"

The artist rummaged in a corner. "Here is something," he muttered, and put his foot through a canvas, throwing this, too, into the fire. Name of a Name, it was a haze, thought Peppi. No matter

"Come! Come!" cried the youthful Centimeri. "But wait. You forgot to turn off your gas stove."

"Oh, the company will turn that off," said the easy master.

They got out without mishap. Threats of Sacarelli, who never let loose, once he got his teeth into anything, lent wings to Peppi's heels. But a few steps down the street Van Duersen mysteriously buttonholed Peppi and drew him down a little flight of steps into a queer underground room with a long counter, at which men sat on high stools drinking coffee and eating eggs and pie. Behind this was another descent, into a more conventional dining room, that stood empty and waiting for guests. Van Duersen stopped by a table in a corner, and, as if by prearrangement, a waiter slipped out through a secret door, and set down two little glasses, filled with some vile murky fluid, over one of which Van Duersen, with a ceremonious "Sant'," made a terrible face.

"You do not like it?" said Peppi, pretending to drink.

"Like it? And did you ever hear of a drunkard who liked it?" demanded the astonished man. "It is not the taste. It is the effect. Come. We will go now. Wait. I pay. It is agreed you are to furnish me with money, eh, Centimeri?"

"Yes, all you want; more!"

"Good! Money melts! Come."

They plunged into the void of the city.

It was hours later—past midnight. There were no street sounds now. Instead there was the musical undertone of a little river tumbling among stones somewhere near at hand. There was a fire, burned to shards, on the hearth. A great dog dozed, nose on, now and then rousing itself to draw a deep breath of content. The room was velvety in its somber lights. Peppi lounged easily in a deep chair, and opposite, stretched out flat and blowing smoke at the ceiling, was his friend Van Duersen. The place was Dolce Far Niente, the Centimeri country seat, with the atelier on a little island. They had traveled forty miles and dined. An eavesdropper would have said they were friends, from their long easy silences.

The great artist finally bestirred himself to renew a cigarette.

"There is only one thing I take exception to, marvelous infant," said he.

"Only one?" said Peppi, well pleased.

"That I must paint," replied the artist. "I do not like to paint."

"Also, you must finish what you paint," added Peppi.

"Ho! I forget that! That is something else. I do not like to finish pictures."

"But only eighteen of them," said Peppi soothingly. "Can you give them the look of not too new? Of accumulated misfortunes, in other words?"

"Peppi," said the painter, "once, when I was a poor devil of a Czecho-Slovak, just landed, I touched up a Greuze for no less a saint than your father—and he expressed his complete astonishment."

"Oh, you have been a Czech, then, have you?"

"Yes, before I was a Dutchman. I am thinking of taking English lessons from this fellow Baliff, and becoming a Russian—or an Armenian even. There is money in that patter. There is none in American."

"There is the one last condition," said Peppi, regarding the cosmopolite fixedly.

"Oh, I thought we had named them all!"

"No. When you finish the eighteen," said Peppi, clipping his words, "you are to drink yourself to death."

"Oho! That is not a condition! That is a promise!" cried the painter with a guffaw. "See! The gods have sent me a sample of doom. Come, let us have a foretaste of the end now!" He filled a glass from the decanter. "And to think I am to be paid for that too! Sant'," he cried, tossing it off. "Good! Money melts!"

Spring came. Providentially the *doyen* was detained abroad. Summer passed. Finally the day came when Peppi turned over the reins to Angier del Sol for the driving finish.

"You have planted the crop, then?" inquired the big critic, who was now to fit the haze with a glamour

"I have worn out two sets of tires," boasted the weary Peppi. "They—these eighteen—are planted so cunningly that not even their owners suspect me. In fact, they do not own them. I have a little string tied to each that I will pull at the proper time"

"*Mordieu!*" exclaimed the man of letters, in the manner of the famous Captain of Musketeers. "The *doyen* had better return and look to his laurels! Else he will discover that he is not the Centimeri, but merely an emeritus parent. Is he reconciled to death, then, this fellow?"

"He was, from the very beginning," said Peppi. "He is tired of being a Dutchman. When I give the word he will shave off his beard and appear as a viking. He has been making love to our Swedish cook."

"Appear? Disappear, you mean," interrupted Angier in alarm.

"Oh, never worry; he will keep offstage. Besides, he has singing thumbs when it comes to plastilene. We will discover him in good time."

"A sculptor with singing thumbs! Another psychic epigram! You should have been an ad writer. But no. First, you are my cashier. Let me have sixty-seven dollars for funeral expenses."

"What, is it so inexpensive?"

"The county would do it for nothing," confessed Del Sol, "but that gives rise to awkward inquiries. So this little sum will seem to have been contributed by—ah—some poor ignorant folks who were with him in his last moments, not knowing they were nursing a celebrity. Is there one unfinished picture, at which death stayed the hand of the artist?"

Peppi admitted dolefully that there was one, the last one, over which even his tearful entreaties had been of no avail.

"Magnificent!" cried Angier. "We will elevate it as a memorial, as a symbol of an unrequited life. Now I will go out into the street and ask the stars if the time is propitious."

Del Sol sauntered down the Avenue with hat and stick in symmetry. It was four o'clock in the afternoon in early September. True, the Avenue was packed with glittering vehicles from curb to curb agitated by the ceaseless pause and flow of the eternal tide. There was surely no room for more; indeed, there was scarce room for those at hand. Nevertheless, the all-seeing eye of the critic decided that nobody was in town yet and the moment was not ripe.

On the twenty-seventh Centimeri came sailing up the bay on the Majestic, and father and son embraced with mute emotion that brought tears of happiness to the eyes of beholders. For the instant the *doyen* held Peppi with a kindling gaze, then he turned from affairs of the heart to affairs of the head, for he was engaged in a delicate mission for a distinguished amateur.

It was two weeks before the *doyen* came to the gallery. In that two weeks a certain number of people died. Actuaries turn down their thumbs on a prescribed number every day. Only the actuary, with all his knowledge, cannot give you the names of the doomed. In this, Angier del Sol had the better of the argument, for, alas, he at length decided it high time to write on the scroll the name of Van Duersen, Van Duersen of the haze; and did so. That morning, a Thursday, he was holding the first of his series of fashionable drawing-room *conversaziones*, and concluding, he came out of his part like an actor who had sung to hide his sorrow.

In a voice of deep melancholy he said: "Now, my friends, I will speak no more of art—which is true and beautiful; but of life, when it is hard, cruel and unrequited. We will speak of a god who has passed among us unknown!"

He paused and bowed his head.

About the same hour Centimeri, having lifted the cloud from his brow by two weeks' hard work, went to his gallery. The little dwarf at the door, Aylmer the bookkeeper, everybody, beamed with pleasure; and the august *doyen*, resting a proud hand on the shoulder of his handsome son, passed down the long gallery hung with glories, returning with gracious courtesy the salutations of those earnest seekers after light who were present.

Now a curious thing happened. Arriving midway of the gallery, opposite the Van Duersen haze, he entered an area in which the force of gravity seemed suddenly accentuated. It tugged at his legs. His feet became tons. Finally it was impossible to proceed. He was looking into the Van Duersen. He had great command of his emotions, the old *doyen*. He turned his mild gaze on young Peppi, whose guilty eyes failed him at this supreme test. Peppi's gaze faltered, fell. The *doyen* overcame the extraordinary force of gravity of this spot, and moved on, his hand still helping

(Continued on Page 61)

A Mark of Service
accepted in
10,000,000 Homes

Genuine Fuller Brushes carry this Red Tip Tag in addition to the trade mark. Look for both!

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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

Winter means—

snow-swept roads to one motorist; to another it means the sunshine trails of California or Florida, but to every motorist who uses Veedol it means full power

Winter-proof your power

Why Veedol gives added power and protection

Cold days bring out cold facts—the truth about the oil you use in your car.

Fact one—in winter-starting, your motor oil can either save or sap the life of your battery. Fact two—your motor oil largely determines whether your get-away is sluggish or snappy. Fact three—whether you limp or leap up the hills is primarily a credit or debit against the oil in your crankcase.

Winter power and winter protection are in direct proportion to the ability of the oil you use to do the job that winter demands of it.

Veedol winter-proofs your power. It forms and holds a proper film of oil between each piston and cylinder wall, protecting every moving part from deadly friction. Scored cylinders and burned out bearings become hearsay instead of bitter experience.

Because Veedol's protective film does its job—and does it well—power is saved, gasoline is saved, your battery is saved.

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Tide Water engineers have marked out a simple plan which has given added power and protection to many motorists.

1—Have your crankcase drained and filled with the Veedol oil specified on the Veedol Chart at your dealer's.

2—Add fresh Veedol as required.

3—Every 500 miles in frigid weather (600 to 800 miles in warmer weather or warmer climates) drain the crankcase and refill with fresh Veedol.

Regardless of climatic conditions the proper grade of Veedol at all times insures full power and protection.

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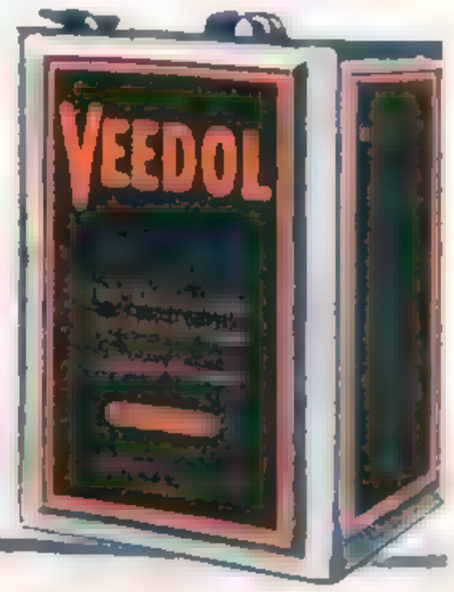
Motorists in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

5 gallons of winter-proof power



Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 58

itself to Peppi's shoulder. In the office he directed Aylmer to dismiss the visitors, a task to which Aylmer lent his most suave graces. The street door clicked on the last.

"Come," said Centimeri to Peppi, and he went out and stood before the picture. "You have something to tell me," he said to young Centimeri.

It was a half hour later that the street door burst open as from the puff of a squall, and Angier del Sol rushed into the gallery. At sight of the *doyen* he advanced upon the pair and announced solemnly, "Sainted Mother, he is dead!"

The *doyen*, judicial, imperturbable, twisted his imperial.

"Describe the lady," he commanded.

"The lady, sir?"

Peppi looked up, surprised. In truth, in his confession he had not given the lady of the first scene as much credit for the idea as she perhaps deserved. He described her, from memory, with a glowing pencil. The austere *doyen* shook his head; he did not know any lady with only one dimple. He rose and departed.

"He knows all?" whispered Angier.

Peppi nodded assent.

"Good!" ejaculated the big Del Sol, preening himself. "Then he is a full partner. Now we will show the world how the elephants dance!"

There was a memorial loan exhibition of Van Duersens the second week in December. It was Art. It was merely necessary to see, to believe. It was said by our elders that Jenny Lind sang so easily that whole audiences went home with the firm conviction that they, too, could sing. Certainly groups of artists and students haunted Centimeri's during the fortnight; but of the stretchers that were stretched in vain emulation we have no record. That numerous body, the Man in the Street, which seizes on some newly discovered profundity in philosophy, like the girth of Betelgeuse, the relativity of Einstein, the two million volts of Steinmetz, or even September Morn, and makes a catchword of it, adopted "haze" into its everyday vocabulary.

During its run as a seven-day wonder, one could hear it at cafeterias, at cinemas and during the strap-hanging hours on the Subway.

It may have been the subtle Angier who distilled this poison drop by drop into the cup of daily intercourse. Certainly the glamour he infused into the occasion was universal. And not without honor to himself. There is always a knowing inner circle to attribute the real cause of greatness to someone behind the scenes when the public is crowning some new favorite with its "deciduous laurel." If you listen with your ear to the ground you can even hear the names of these Warwicks whispered in their secret Hall of Fame

The complacent Del Sol, lunching at the round table in the back room at Doriot's the so-called Vicious Circle found himself accorded full credit by the band of virile young critics who thrive so lustily on that particular brand of food. As for the august *doyen*, he was always just about to illuminate his austere countenance with a smile, a familiarity, however, which he never quite achieved.

"You are a purse-proud plutocrat, Centimeri!" said Sacarelli, the dealer, rubbing his long nose as if it were out of joint. He was making a tour of the exhibition. "Have a care," he cried comically, "lest you vaunt yourself unseemly. Here you have the effrontery to hang nineteen Van Duersens, when I—who am not such a small potato as I look—when I am put to my wit's end to scare up one!"

"Only one?" said Centimeri, who appeared to be not at all mindful of Sacarelli's banter.

"Only one," admitted Sacarelli lugubriously. His eyes lighted with generosity. "It was selfish of me not to offer it for the loan. I will do so at once. And then you will have a round twenty, instead of a broken nineteen."

The *doyen* shook his head as if refusing his very heart's wish.

"But I am on the track of some others," whispered Sacarelli craftily, his green eyes on the buzzing crowd. "When crumbs fall, a hungry man must eat; otherwise the dustpan swallows the alms. Centimeri, let us step over here, where the light is a little better. This haze plays tricks with my sight."

There was no air of distinction about Sacarelli, and men were apt to put him down, until he looked at them with these eyes which he was complaining about now. He raised his gaze to Centimeri. Taking consent for granted, he ran his arm through the well-tailored crook of the *doyen*, and drew him to a less crowded spot, where they could talk without being overheard.

"I am on the track of several others," he sighed, tapping the same note a second time. "Centimeri," pursued Sacarelli, unfolding the little catalogue of the loan, "I have been going over the list of the distinguished owners who have been kind enough to lend their hazes to make this exhibition a success. It only verifies my frequent suspicion that there are resources in our profession into which you alone, of all my colleagues, have had the good fortune, discernment and courage to penetrate. Now, Centimeri," said Sacarelli, lowering his tone and talking to the third button on the *doyen's* vest, "between ourselves, as man to man, attend! When I say that I am on the track ——"

Centimeri, whose eyes were everywhere, at this juncture espied the arrival of one of his distinguished amateurs, and he bowed heartily and strode toward him, leaving Sacarelli talking to thin air. After a time he was free again, and, seeing Sacarelli still alone, he recollected and rejoined him.

"What were we talking about, Sacarelli?" he asked. "And," he added in apology, "I do not have to tell you that these big fellows demand a good deal of knee oil."

"I was saying I will send my little Van Duersen around here to sit with your nineteen, so it will not feel so lonesome," said Sacarelli; "and also I was apologizing for not having thought of it sooner. I think it was envy that withheld me."

"There is a vacant spot over there on the west wall," said Centimeri; and again he discovered some distinguished amateur entering for whom he must oil his knees.

The twentieth Van Duersen came at eight. The gallery was dark, cathedral quiet. Only Aylmer Moelyns was in the office, under the green lamp. Aylmer signed for the crate, Sacarelli having come himself, it being a matter of some ceremony with the dealer. Some time later Aylmer looked up in surprise to see Sacarelli still there.

"You wait?"

"If you please," said Sacarelli.

"He is dining out."

"I wait," said Sacarelli.

At ten the phone rang. It was Centimeri, to say he was detained at Bedford and would not be in. Sacarelli took his departure.

And the echoes of the closing street door had scarcely died away when Centimeri came downstairs from his study.

"My compliments to my son and ask him to attend me," he said gravely. "Have the limousine at the other number and send the man here"

The other number was another house, around the corner in Fifty——th Street, which communicated through the rear with the gallery. The precious crate was carried into the car and father and son entered. Peppi, disturbed, but unable to ask questions, which had been forbidden him from an early age, gave the address of a certain Lindholm, a sculptor, at the *doyen's* bidding.

Thither they were driven, and up three flights of stairs the crate was carried, where Lindholm, with outstretched arms and a big voice, bellowed: "Marvelous infant! Enter!"

Lindholm had been recently married, and was so neat and clean that Peppi scarce knew him.

"And this is the great Centimeri himself!" boomed the late Van Duersen of the haze, at sight of the *doyen's* grave visage.

"It is your opinion I wish," said Centimeri, after dismissing the chauffeur. "Come. Assist me. Be careful. Bruise nothing." In a moment they had it out of the case. Peppi, with a little hollow cry, fell back, staring. As for Lindholm, he took it up, held it at arm's length, his smooth face flushed with pride. He set it on a table against the wall, where the light fell at just the right angle. It was a haze.

"My God! How I can paint!" he exclaimed.

"It is yours, then?" asked Centimeri.

"You, Centimeri—do you come all the way across town to ask me that?"

Poor inarticulate Peppi, sensing the abyss into which he was falling, strode forward with murder in his eyes, trying to speak.

"Silence!" roared Centimeri.

"Base ingrate! You gave me your word!" cried Peppi, beyond the paternal mandate.

"Yes, child. I gave you my word," murmured Lindholm, gazing at the picture. "I give you my word now," he cried, turning on them, "that this is a Van Duersen. But I never saw it before!"

They stared at him.

"This fellow paints with his right hand. I paint with my left. It is a forgery! To think," he cried, "that I almost should have lived to see myself forged! It is an honor, *Doyen*, that few artists have achieved in this world. And such a forgery!" He gazed, unbelieving, yet convinced.

Next morning at eleven Sacarelli came strolling through the gallery, although the prudence that held him off till that hour was hard-bitted. With an eye that did not seem to look, he noted the vacant spot on the west wall, noted that it was still vacant. He wandered on, and through, into the workroom, like an employe.

Beyond, he saw Centimeri at a desk and he joined him, drawing up a chair and sitting down.

"It was a very clever forgery, eh?" said Sarcarelli.

"Are there any more?" asked Centimeri, making a sum with his pencil.

"All I want," said Sacarelli. "The supply is inexhaustible."

"Excuse me while I add this column of figures," said Centimeri.

Centimeri did not want to add, he wanted to think. It was irrefutable. The likeness was all but perfection. The method, the stroke, the color, the haze—it was all there. No two experts in the world could have agreed on which was the true, which the spurious; no one knew, except Van Duersen—and he was dead! Even Del Sol, than whom there were few more skilled, as the *doyen* well knew, had been stumped that morning, and he with his monocle!

"Between ourselves," said Sacarelli, "I think we will have no difficulty in coming to a satisfactory settlement. We pass through life but once, Centimeri. Come. Let us be friends! You have been abroad all summer," he said, with a little ring in his voice that all but goaded the *doyen* to desperation. "You have been gone so long! We can forget all our little differences and be friends now, eh?"

"How much?" Centimeri's eyes were calm, but in his heart were daggers.

"I must consult my principal."

"Oh, you have a principal, then?"

"Yes. I have already paid her twenty thousand on account. She put her foot down—put it down on the twentieth, so to speak, ha! ha!—and would have the option counted into her hands—in gold, mind you!"

"She?"

Centimeri felt a draft and shuddered. Sacarelli nodded. Centimeri drew a long breath.

"She has a dimple in one cheek," he said with conviction.

"I am an old fellow," laughed Sacarelli at a happy recollection. "But I give you my word, I grow young again at the thought of that single dimple. It is unique, Centimeri! It is absolutely unique!"

"How much?" insisted the desperate Centimeri.

Indeed, it was merely a question of how much. In the end Sacarelli consented to take two full shares in the syndicate, for his principal would require one and he the other.

"And these forgeries will be destroyed? All delivered to us in hand, and the forger will cease to utter?" was Centimeri's final condition.

"She gives me her word," said Sacarelli.

This did not impress the *doyen*.

"I give you mine," said Sacarelli simply, and that ended the matter.

Lindholm, a sculptor coming through the ruck into the stretch swiftly, had a little parlor exhibition at the gallery in the winter. Peppi, beaming, for the syndicate had done handsomely—and was not this beloved fellow the cause of it all?—looked in the first morning, and in the act of greeting the big fellow his eye caught the profile of a bust. With a cry of surprise he approached it, staring.

It was a woman's head, a truly wonderful conception of femininity.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

Undoubtedly this was the enchanting creature of the one dimple, who one afternoon not a year gone by had begged him to

Sympathy and—Sauerkraut

"Hello—Jean? Mabel. Why haven't you been over?"

* * * * *

"Is *that* so? What's the matter?"

* * * * *

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry. Both of you, eh?"

* * * * *

"That's just the way Harry felt—until he began eating sauerkraut."

* * * * *

"Yes, sauerkraut! Didn't you ever—"

* * * * *

"Well, I should say it *is*! Dr. Law told Harry to eat it. He says he's put lots of his patients on it."

* * * * *

"Well, he gave us a little booklet that tells all the things that doctors have found out about it. You'd be surprised."

* * * * *

"Oh, I should say we *do*! Why we both feel so well, and Harry sleeps so much better now."

* * * * *

"*Is* it? We're awfully fond of it. And the children are just wild about it. We have it three times a week—in different ways, you know."

* * * * *

"You *don't*? Why, there are lots of new recipes in the booklet, and they're perfectly *delicious*!"

* * * * *

"I'll bring the booklet over tomorrow. Then you'll know all about it."

* * * * *

"Well, I hope so. Yes, I surely will. Goodbye."

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Firm Name

Address

do himself more than proud for his father. Well, he had done so.

Lindholm tapped his forehead. He got it out of his head, he said.

"But you must have seen her, known her!" protested Peppi. "Think! Think! Think!"

Lindholm thought. "Ah, wait! Oh, it is gone! No, I have it!" The viking held up a finger. "Marvelous child, behold! She is the angel of our good fortunes." He bowed to the bust. "Do you recollect the afternoon you first called on me? Yes? Well, the day before that, she called on me; she said she was a model. I was painting, that day; it was the Sedimentary Light. I remember very well, for she said, in confidence, that the old smug —— Excuse me! She informed me that your father was away, and you were home alone. Marvelous infant! To think I have carried her image in my brain all this time, not knowing why!"

Among other visitors at the gallery during the Lindholm exhibition was Deputy Parr, of police, famous man hunter, in company with his friend Oliver Armiston, the extinct author, who occasionally read riddles in Parr's criminal index. Parr affected an interest in art because he had a feeling that Centumeri's place sooner or later would blow up and he would be called to take charge.

"That is Sophie Lang!" said Parr, stopping suddenly in front of the bust of Peppi's inspiration. The deputy was referring to a notorious confidence woman, famous for her evasions. "Isn't it, Oliver?"

Armiston knew Sophie; he had been face to face with her. He gazed at the head, nodding; it was Sophie to the life, with all her superb challenge to Fate.

"That's probably as close as I'll ever get to her," laughed Parr. "Curious," he added, "but my man Pelts told me he thought he saw her coming out of Centimeri's one day last winter. It was Sophie, all but her eyes. They were too dark. I don't suppose even Sophie could change the color of her eyes."

"Lemon juice will do it. Pour it into the eyes. It hurts, yes! But it does the trick," said Oliver. "That was the disguise adopted by a famous Tibetan explorer to get to Lhasa."

Lindholm refused to sell the bust. Centimeri intervened, promising Parr a copy. But the copy never arrived. Centimeri said there had been a tragic accident, not explaining just what.

ON AND OFF—HOW TO BE FAT OR THIN

(Continued from Page 21)

of magnesia, purging himself of the little poisons which love to convene in the internal organs of an inactive man. He limbers up his muscles by taking a brisk walk, interspersed with easy jogging, of several miles; and this first day or two he does not work longer than fifteen or twenty minutes in his gymnasium. He takes it easy, too; a little bag punching, rope skipping, shadow boxing, and a pull at the elastic exercisers complete his work.

Thus for several days; and now his reluctant muscles are beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing, to limber up and respond willingly to the call. The ogre hides his chagrined face and hurries away to the fat men who enter into the thing with the proper spirit and put in over an hour of strenuous work the very first day.

Now the second ingredient of the formula, routine, is added. Up at 6:30 in the morning, to bed at 9:30 at night; and every intervening minute allotted its share of the task. The day's program is something like this:

Several cups of hot water upon rising.
A brisk walk of about a mile.
Breakfast.
A brief rest.
A five or six mile jog—which is termed road work.
Rubdown; particular attention being paid to the lower limbs.
Luncheon.
Another digestive period of rest.
Workout in the gymnasium, including boxing with sparring partners.
Shower and vigorous rubdown.
An undisturbed hour of recumbent relaxation, preferably in a darkened room.
Dinner.
A few recreational hours before bedtime.

Melting Out the Fat

By the end of the first week all the remaining ingredients of the formula must be added, especially confidence. Johnny has not lost much weight this first week, and the inevitable discouragement of that period, which, it seems, no amount of experience can entirely evade, settles upon him. But he realizes that although he has decreased his weight very little he has prepared his body for the accomplishment of that end. He remembers, perhaps, having seen an old building being torn down. The wrecking crew didn't raze it in a moment by a blast of dynamite. Their object, to be sure, was to reduce that building, but they wanted to retain all the bricks and beams and stone, so that they might build anew and better. So the demolishment of the structure was slow at the start, scarcely perceptible, indeed, to the passer-by, for the crew was working inside, supporting the walls so that they wouldn't crumble too soon, loosening the plaster and mortar to enable them to get at the brick and stone later on.

Something like that was happening inside of Johnny Smith. His muscles were toughening, even though they were becoming more elastic; which was the propping of the walls. And the fat cells of his body were beginning to break up; which was the loosening of the plaster and mortar. And the most valued and indispensable member of his wrecking crew was fever!

Now we have come to regard fever as a formidable enemy, the forerunner of even more formidable enemies to follow. And in most cases that is what it is. But to Johnny, in his war on fourteen superfluous pounds, fever is a welcome ally; and as a friend, fever acts in a different way from an enemy, just as do most people we know. Johnny has invited fever to aid him by keeping his body in a constant turmoil of activity, which generates heat. If you have ever dropped a forkful of lard in a hot frying pan and watched the result you will know what that heat in Johnny's body is doing to his fat cells. And you will also remember that although the lard was melted away the process didn't hurt the pan. Therefore, although Johnny reduced his weight very little during the first week of his training, he has limbered up his muscles and generated a needful heat, an internal fever; and he enters upon the second week more vigorously.

The Worst of it Over

The past week has not been a pleasant period, and the weeks that loom ahead do not promise anything much brighter. But at least he is leaving behind several unpleasant traveling companions which have accompanied him up to this point. The soles of his feet became sore and tender from his road work, but he routed that enemy by applying alcohol and about every other night painting the tender places with diluted iodine. The dull headache, which accompanies all fevers, whether friendly or inimical, is just beginning to wear off. The soreness of his hands, due to punching the heavy sand-stuffed leather dummy and bags; the complaining joints in elbow or shoulder or knee—all these disagreeable and discomforting factors have combined to annoy him during the first trying week, and now they are being left behind.

The second and third weeks, which he begins more hopefully and with greater confidence, are not altered in routine except that the periods of work are gradually lengthened and those of daytime rest consequently shortened; and the work is executed with increasing vim and zest. At intervals during his six-mile jog in the mornings he breaks into a fast sprint of a hundred yards, then resumes his more leisurely pace. His lungs are beginning to respond gratefully to this daily saturation with pure fresh air which washes them in every deepest fold, and his heart is manning the blood pumps vigorously and unprotestingly. Gone is every evidence of labored breathing and unbecoming palpitation; for Johnny was careful not to tax the lungs or heart before they were ready and willing to pay the toll.

(Continued on Page 64)

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MIRRO

The Finest Aluminum

(Continued from Page 62)

In his gymnasium work, too, his improvement is very manifest. He punches the bag and dummy with greater speed, accuracy and power; he cuts loose with his sparring partners, thus making it necessary for his manager to find new men to take the places of those who found the going too rough and deserted the camp. And so he comes to the end of the third week, the three-quarter mark, but actually the peak of his training; for even as he has gradually increased his daily work up to this point, so must he gradually decrease it henceforth.

On the morning of the twenty-second day Johnny weighs one hundred and thirty-eight and one-half pounds. In three weeks he has taken off ten and one-half pounds, and in the remaining seven days of his allotted training period he must shed three and one-half pounds more. This task does not worry him, however, for he realizes that the greater part of the vanished weight was lost in the third week. During the first week he lost perhaps one pound; during the second, two and one-half pounds; during the third, one pound each day.

Before we follow him into the fourth and last week let us tarry awhile to discuss certain important matters which have been left unmentioned. You have wondered, no doubt, what Battling Johnny Smith has been eating, or, more probably, from the layman's point of view, what he has not been eating during the past three weeks. Johnny's trainer, in close conspiracy with Johnny's cook, knows that effective results lie not so much in what a man denies himself as in what he eats.

The taboo list is brief and rather obvious. Speaking generally, its items are sugars, starches and fats; more specifically, such foods as candies, cakes, pastries, potatoes, fatty meats, white bread, cream; and milk and butter, excepting in very small quantities.

But what Johnny does eat is of even greater importance. Starvation can have no place in his life, for he needs strength and vitality, and they are never the companions of undernourishment.

The Matter of Diet

For breakfast, then, he is given some fresh fruit or stewed fruit prepared without sugar, boiled eggs, toast thinly spread with butter, and coffee or tea. A wheat or bran cereal is permissible, served with only enough skimmed milk to make it palatable.

His luncheon consists of a broth, clam or chicken, or a thin vegetable soup, a lamb chop or a slice of roast beef or roast lamb, some fresh vegetables, coffee or tea.

His dinner varies little in substance from his luncheon, though it is served in slightly greater quantity. A preference is always given to the oily—not fatty—meats, such as lamb, mutton and duck. The natural oils in these meats serve as an excellent intestinal lubricant, aiding in the necessary function of elimination. Obviously if fat is included in the taboo list his food is prepared by roasting, broiling or stewing, never by frying; and it is never highly seasoned. To his evening menu is usually added a salad, made up of sliced tomato and lettuce or water cress or one of the similar opiate herbs.

Johnny, you must have perceived, is fed well, even if wisely; and though he must forgo that éclair, dilated with its filling of whipped cream, the French bonbons and chocolates, the old-fashioned high apple pie, well sweetened and with crisply larded crusts, the three-layer shortcake oozing its whipped cream and generously topped with it, like Fuji-yama in its snow blanket—even this self-denial is scarcely pitiable.

Stay your hand a moment, dear reader, and reach not for that candy box! The tasty, tempting flavor of the foregoing paragraph will be soon forgotten as you read on. Recall to mind that Battling Johnny Smith is removing fourteen superfluous pounds from his body, that ten and one-half pounds have already vanished, and that three and one-half more will disappear within another week.

During the first three weeks he has been drinking large quantities of water, as much as a gallon or a gallon and a half a day. This is the tribute he is paying to the fever that is his ally. It placates this fever and keeps it friendly, keeps it down where it belongs, fighting the fat cells. It is this water drinking which prevents Johnny from losing weight too quickly, a process which would be strength sapping in its results. All during the second week, while taking his exercise, whether road work or work in the gymnasium, he has worn garments designed to prevent the generated heat from escaping from his body. The ideal material for the purpose is rubber, which is itself heat generative. Rubber trunks, a neckband, a wide strip of rubber wrapped several times around his body, and over it his heavy sweater. When he returns thus from his six-mile jog, he is dripping and drenched with perspiration—no, sweat; "a good, honest sweat," as Philadelphia Jack O'Brien termed it.

"But why do you call it a good, honest sweat?" I asked him.

"For this reason," he explained. "There is a lot of difference between 'perspire' and 'sweat,' aside from a mere nicety of expression. You can sit in a warm room and perspire. You can perspire if you put a big stack of blue chips in the pot on a bluff and then see that the man who drew one card is equaling your stack and raising another. If the chips are worth enough you can even sweat during this operation. Some people perspire when they get their morning mail on the first of the month. But you've got to do some hard physical work to bring forth a good honest sweat. And mixed up with a good honest sweat is fat."

For that reason our Battling Johnny Smith induces many good honest sweats, and in these escaping floods are swept away the undesirable inhabitants of the disintegrated fat cells. During the third week he actually loses three pounds each day, but two pounds return to him as he satiates his thirst, so his reduction for the week is only seven pounds. It is this constant process of tearing down and partially rebuilding which retains his strength and vitality even as he loses weight.

During the last remaining week of his training he gradually decreases the amount of liquid he drinks. In fact, at the beginning of the third week his thirst has lessened, so satiated with water has his body become. He has captured that fever heat, and in the dynamo of physical perfection has converted it into a current of energy and power. He need not cater to the fever now; it is his captive.

The daily routine continues, modified by degrees. So brimming with unleashed power is he that he must be constantly held in check by his watchful trainer. He would box twenty rounds, with a fresh partner each two rounds, if he were permitted. With a few blows he can tear the punching bag from its swivel. He can jog and sprint and jog and sprint, mile after mile without tiring. He has almost reached the coveted goal—the fighting edge.

His trainer watches him closely now, restraining him. That bottled-up energy will be needed, every ampere or calorie of it, on the evening of the championship battle, too much of it must not be allowed to escape, nor yet too little of it. Thus a fighter is said to go stale, and his justifiable alibi for defeat is that he left his fight in the gymnasium.

The Drying-Out Process

Gradually, then, his work is lightened, his drinking of all liquids curtailed. About thirty-six hours before the time of weighing in for the fight, the drying-out process is begun. During these hours he practically refrains from drinking altogether, taking only enough to moisten his mouth and throat; he gargles, he takes a few spoonfuls of tea with his meals as an aid to mastication. And during this period of unmitigated internal heat the remaining superfluous fat melts and dries up within his parched body.

When, at two o'clock in the afternoon on the day of the fight, he is weighed before the officials the scale beam balances at one hundred and thirty-four pounds. He has made the weight, and with a pound to spare!

Jubilantly Battling Johnny Smith leaves the commission office and hurries to a place near by where food is waiting for him. He eats a lamb chop, a vegetable and toast, and drinks a cup of weak tea.

Until six o'clock he rests, then partakes sparingly of dinner, a repetition perhaps of his luncheon.

At ten o'clock that night he enters the ring where he will defend his championship. Let the starting gong sound when it will, for Champion Johnny Smith is ready to endure the supreme test of physical condition. When he stands up and waves his gloved hands aloft in acknowledgment of the cheers that greet his name, his body stands out in alto-relievo from the dark background of his robe—white, lithe, rippling with muscles that are pliant and free of fat. His chest is broad and full, housing a pair of lungs which have been pampered with the pure fresh air that all lungs crave. His waist is slim and layered with tough sinews. His limbs are straight and supple. And when he has won his battle, after fifteen rounds of furious fighting, he has proved that in this case, at least, appearances were not deceitful. He is as near to physical perfection as a man may approach.

In the foregoing detailed account of a fighter's training I may have omitted several tricks of the trade followed by one or another pugilist. Each man has his pet liking or abhorrence, and considers it vital. For example, Jack Dempsey avoids the shower during training, obtaining cleanliness by means of a sponge bath. He claims that too much water—externally—enervates him. Some fighters reduce their weight by so much that a drying out of twenty-four hours is sufficient; others allot forty-eight hours to the process. Some may remind me that I failed to find a place for the apple a day which, even among laymen, is supposed to keep the doctor away. But if my omissions have been many, they will agree, I believe, that what I have included are the real essentials of the work. My endeavor has been to strike an average.

Why People Fail

It is to be remembered that the fighter's object in training is not merely to reduce his weight by so many pounds but to put himself in the best possible physical condition; and when any man is in the best physical condition he is at his normal weight. Therefore the man who is overweight should not set out to reduce his uncomfortable and unbecoming poundage with only the single purpose of reduction. Nor should the man who is underweight strive only to become stouter. Because these men attach importance only to the ounce and the pound, their grievous testimony is what it is—sad epitaphs in a graveyard of buried hopes. Instead of starving themselves to get thin or literally stuffing themselves to get fat, as the case may be, they should make up their minds to better themselves physically, to strengthen their bodies; and I use the word "bodies" to designate not only their muscles and sinews but their various internal organs as well. Too many men believe that they are in excellent physical condition, despite their obesity, because they happen to possess rather powerful arms and legs. I know a corpulent gentleman who can lift several hundred pounds without effort, but he cannot digest a frankfurter without being acutely conscious of the process.

The reason men fail in their efforts to gain or lose weight is that they do not combine enough discretion with their worthy determination. And they choose the wrong road because, in the very first place, they set up the wrong goal. Good health, a strong sound body! Set out after that and you need not worry about weight, if you are too fat you will reduce, if you are too thin you will grow plumper.

If Jack Spratt, who would eat no fat, and his wife, who would eat no lean, had decided to gain weight and reduce, respectively; and thereafter if Mr. Spratt had gobbled up all the fatty foods obtainable, and Mrs. Spratt had endeavored to subsist by eating only the skimmed gravy; if they had followed such a method do you think they would have obtained their hearts' desire? Not a bit of it; they would have gotten sick!

However, if both Mr. and Mrs. Spratt had gone about the matter in practically the same way—a sensible, healthful diet and sensible, healthful exercise, then he would have gained weight and she would have lost it; and thereafter they could not only have licked the platter clean but they could have done so without having recourse to bicarbonate of soda.

Since Mr. Spratt and his wife are representative of ordinary individuals—that is, nonprofessional athletes who are underweight and overweight, let us elaborate their cases in order to see how the principles of Battling Johnny Smith's training may be applied to their own.

It is impossible—or at least highly impracticable—for them to devote their time entirely to the quest of physical condition. Of course Mr. Spratt, like any other business man, will at first declare that he is so frightfully rushed all the time that he hasn't a minute in the day to devote to exercise; and Mrs. Spratt, like any business man's wife, will heartily echo her husband's sentiments. We shall begin with them, however, after they have been persuaded to realize that the word "bunk" is not only very expressive, if somewhat inelegant, but also that it is admirably suited to describe their aforesaid sentiments.

Knowing the method followed by Battling Smith, they decide to adapt it to themselves in a necessarily modified form. They allot one hour a day to their new task; one hour every day, not merely on those days when they happen to think about it or when they happen to feel in the mood for it. They must remember that, once begun, the work must be carried on consistently; that a lay-off of several days—especially at the beginning of their training—will put them back to the starting point.

It is like drawing up the old oaken bucket from the well, hand over hand with a rope. If you let go of the rope before the bucket has been hauled to the top the bucket is going to drop back to the bottom of the well and the work must be begun all over again.

They recall several lessons learned from the training of Battling Smith. In the first place they know that the dreaded muscle-itis can be vanquished by common sense. So, although they are enthusiastic, as everyone is at the start, they remember to be discreet; and they begin well by taking it easy. Mr. Spratt walks home from the office, a distance of a mile or two, breathing deeply and filling his lungs with fresh air; and Mrs. Spratt, too, finds time for a walk every day. Before breakfast, and before retiring at night, they go through a series of setting-up exercises: Body erect; touch the floor with the finger tips without bending the knees. Try and do it at the beginning, Mrs. Spratt! Body erect, feet together, hands on hips; now twist the body from the waist, to the right, to the left, as far as possible. One—two—three—four! And so on.

If they find it more pleasant to do it with music, well and good. Neighbors will endure almost anything in the name of a cause so worthy. They might even find in it the needful inspiration.

Less Candy, More Water

The Spratts are careful, though, not to indulge too strenuously in these exercises in the beginning. Their purpose is to limber up those muscles so long inactive, not to strain them. Five or ten minutes the first few days, and as they become a bit more elastic and responsive the time can be lengthened. At the end of a month they discover that they are no more fatigued after a half or three-quarters of an hour than they were after ten minutes during the first week.

As for their diet, Mrs. Spratt does not go on a hunger strike, nor does Mr. Spratt endeavor to consume the daily lactic production of a cow. Mrs. Spratt denies herself only of fats, sugars and starches, finding plenty of nourishing and agreeable foods outside these classes.

A little saccharine may take the place of sugar, if unsweetened coffee and tea are unpalatable to her. But cakes, pastries, candies, fried foods! Well, if they mean more to you than that schoolgirl figure, Mrs. Spratt, you had better not waste your time with physical conditioning.

As for Mr. Spratt, he forgoes only those tempting concoctions which he has known for many years he should not eat because they never have agreed with him. No one knows better than Mr. Spratt himself what these dishes are. But he knows, and, as I said, he has known for many years, so he merely stops kidding himself, and forgoes them henceforth. It may be that his particular digestive Nemesis is candy; so even though one might imagine that because candy is fattening to his wife it is the very thing in which he should freely indulge himself, it were better far that he shun candy as thoroughly as she does.

Both of them drink plenty of water. By plenty I mean as much as they actually require, which is about twice or three times as much as they have been drinking in the past. If people concerned themselves as greatly about the amount of water they put into themselves as they do about the amount they put into their automobiles, many illnesses would languish for want of victims. They will drive their cars many miles out of their way—yes, and walk the

(Continued on Page 69)

Oil Stove homes by the thousands are adopting the beautiful RED STAR. More than ever, women are confirming the leadership of this DIFFERENT oil stove which *has no wicks* or wick substitutes. They praise its beauty. They delight in its sanitary cleanliness. They marvel at the wonderful cooking and baking service of its patented burner.

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Turn to the Willys-Knight—if only long enough for a demon stration of these remarkable attributes.

The experience of many others makes us feel sure that yo will be actually and very agreeably surprised. And that yo will see your way to a continuous motoring content the lik of which you never dreamed was possible.

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THE DAY OF THE KNIGHT IS HERE

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FIVE PASSENGER SEDAN

$1795 *f.o.b. Toledo*

A 400,000-year-old head

that never had a toothache

The first man of whom science has evidence lived about 400,000 years ago in the Malay Peninsula. Do you know that he never had a toothache? He never had diseased gums or decayed teeth. The first man who had tooth trouble was comparatively modern. He lived in Africa only about forty or fifty thousand years ago.

Why does modern civilized man have tooth trouble? We don't know exactly why, but we do know how. It's tartar that causes tooth trouble. Tartar collects upon teeth and makes them decay. Tartar collects upon a portion of your teeth covered by the gums, and you then have receding gums. The only known way to keep your teeth from having tartar trouble is to keep them clean. Brush gums and teeth often so that the tartar does not have a chance to form.

Fight tartar-forming germs

A good dentifrice helps in the fight against tartar. The thing that really cleans the tartar germs off your teeth is the tooth brush you use. Tartar is formed by germs. When your teeth are kept clean by constant brushing with the right brush, tartar does not have time to form.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is scientifically designed to fight tartar. The widely set bristle tufts are serrated, or saw-toothed. They are shaped to fit the curve of the teeth. They penetrate between the teeth.

Take care of back teeth

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is like a separate brush for cleaning the backs of your teeth. This large end tuft even reaches the backs of your back teeth. The correct design of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush enables it to sweep food debris and tartar off the surface of your teeth and dig germs out of the crevices between them.

Keep your teeth free from tartar and you keep them free from decay. Brush well, as shown in the photographs at the right—and brush often. An instructive booklet called "Tooth Truths," telling important facts about teeth and their care, will be sent to you upon request.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world, in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—adult's, youth's, and child's—are made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft. Remember, a clean tooth never decays.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. A-1, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

Brush the upper teeth and gums downward, away from the gums.

Brush the lower teeth and gums upward, away from the gums.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit; it reaches and cleans all teeth, and the crevices between them.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic has a large end tuft, like a separate brush, which cleans the backs of the teeth.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth, either from the inside or outside, while the serrated bristles clean the crevices between the teeth.

The serrated bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reach and clean depressions in the tops of molars; at the same time the large end tuft cleans the backs of molars close to the gum line.

"Always Sold in the Yellow Box"

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NOT THIS
ADULT'S SIZE (4) MEDIUM BRISTLES

Prices: 25, 35 and 50 cents

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Continued from Page 64

distance if necessary -to procure water for the automobile, but they themselves take a drink—I mean a drink of water—if only it happens to be placed before them. Ten or twelve glasses of water daily—from two to three quarts—is the average amount required; but how many people drink half that much every day?

Eating the proper foods, indulging in the proper exercise, flushing themselves with a sufficient supply of water, sustaining their good work uninterruptedly, Mr. and Mrs. Spratt find themselves possessed of a new glow of life, a new buoyancy, mental and physical.

They claim that they are wonderfully full of pep—just like a couple of kids honestly! They feel like writing testimonials to something; and they are particularly proud to know that they can inscribe them to themselves.

Mr. Spratt has taken on weight. His chest has expanded, because his lungs, now used to deep regular breathing, require the additional housing space. His muscles have grown and toughened, rounding out the symmetry of his body. His heart is functioning with increased power, pumping a swifter current of blood—a current which carries throughout his body the nourishment of what he eats and drinks and breathes.

His internal organs, working coördinately, normally eliminate the poisons which formerly clogged and disastrously permeated his system. Of course he has gained weight; he is a larger man!

And Mrs. Spratt has lost weight. Clothed in her rubber garments while she takes her daily exercise, she has generated that body heat which assaulted with telling effect the stubborn fat cells. In a manner of speaking, after the fat was driven from its broken-up habitation, there was no place for it to go but out. So out it went! What little dared to remain became poverty-stricken, its erstwhile income of fats, starches and sugars being cruelly cut off. And with the fat went, of course, superfluous poundage. And when superfluous poundage moved out new strength and energy moved in; for the human body, like any first-class apartment house, always has one tenant or another.

From Cripple to Athlete

Now Mr. and Mrs. Spratt did not accomplish this in the space of a week, or a month, or even four months. They obtained results by making their training course a daily habit, an actual part of their lives. After a while it became just as usual a thing for them to take their exercises as to rise from their beds in the morning. A good habit is as persistently clinging as a bad one.

There may be some of you—especially among the number who have tried and have given up in despair after a few days or a few weeks—who will compare this article to the German mark. The lithography is kind of attractive and the figures on it look like a million dollars, but it won't buy much. In reply to that I am going to venture into the immodest realms of autobiography. You may consider Battling Johnny Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Spratt wholly fictitious characters; but I am not.

I started out in life with the slight physical handicap of infantile paralysis. I was stricken suddenly with that disagreeable affliction when I was four years old, and I spent my early childhood wondering how it must feel to walk around on two legs, as almost everyone was doing. I wanted to walk more than I wanted anything else in the world. I did not know then that twenty-five years later walking would be considered as antiquated, even as ridiculous, as the frilly, lacy velvet blouses I used to wear. So I wanted to walk.

My parents saw to it that I had practically everything else I wanted and they were doing all that lay within their power to grant me my desire to walk. The doctors they brought to me plied me with massages, electrical and manual; and after many months a semblance of life slowly returned to me, particularly to the upper part of my body. Later, with the aid of braces and canes, I was able to perambulate after a fashion, though the fashion was not à la mode. It is rather difficult for sixty pounds of boy to negotiate the hundred-yard dash with his lower limbs incased in about thirty pounds of iron, steel and leather strappings. But if it wasn't exactly walking, it was at least getting from one given point to another given point on my own two legs; and that was enough to make anyone happy in those days before the automotive era.

Yet, being a somewhat spoilt child and used to having my own way, I wasn't quite satisfied. Give me an ell and I wanted a mile; that's the kind of unreasonable youngster I was. I wasn't content with hobbling from one end of the room to the other. No, indeed! Nothing would satisfy me but that I should be able to hobble all the way to the corner and back.

The funny part of it is, that after I tried it again and again I was able to get to the corner and back! It seemed that the more often I hobbled to the corner and back the less difficulty I had in traversing the distance. And the more I hobbled the stronger I became. After a while I took those two indispensable canes with rubber caps on the tips and made an Indian rifle out of one of them and a sword out of the other; and after that I was able to hobble to the corner and back with the gun on my shoulder and the sword at my belt, and only my supporting irons to aid me on the march.

The greatest fear of my elders was that I should overdo it. A little crippled boy really has no right to play tag and hide-and-seek with normal children, especially when he falls on his face every time he tries to run. But again the phenomenon occurred. Pretty soon I didn't fall down when I tried to run, and although I was no Charlie Paddock, I did manage to locomote in a manner which might be termed running. If I couldn't keep pace with the gang when they ran to the corner, I was always pretty sure of meeting them coming back.

Now all this time I wasn't doing anything that isn't done by every boy and girl born into this vale of laughter. I was spending as much of my time as possible in play—play which is called exercise by grown-ups. The difference between me and the normal child was that the normal child, denied a true basis of comparison, was unable to perceive the significance of his exercise, while I began to realize that the more I ran about and used what muscles I possessed, the nearer I approached the coveted condition of other children. Once I realized that I set about my exercises in earnest.

I was then about fourteen or fifteen. In a third-floor room of our house I put up a trapeze and a set of iron rings, and from time to time there were added to my gymnasium elastic exercisers, dumb-bells and a punching bag. I worked hard and conscientiously in that little gymnasium, and I do believe that if my infantile paralysis were tangible you would be able to find it today in that room, hiding away in its defeat; because that is where I left it.

Not Bad Fun

With every passing day I felt the life and strength returning to my body and to my legs. I could almost watch the muscles growing. The upper part of my body derived the most benefit, for certain muscles in my limbs, below the knees, were dead; and even exercise cannot revive the dead. But what leg muscles remained alive also grew stronger—gradually grew stronger until, when I was about seventeen or eighteen, I was able to put aside my braces forever.

That's about all there is to that. Today I am in what might be considered good physical condition. My daily workout is an integral part of my life. I can smile when I recall that little boy who longed to walk to the corner and back. Today a five-mile walk is merely a limbering-up preliminary to gymnasium work, a few games of handball and several rounds of boxing. Indeed, the other day I spent six minutes in the ring with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien himself! Incidentally, modesty forbids me to mention the result of that furious bout, and, also, I am too indebted to Jack for his assistance in my training during the past few years. But I could say this much, that since Jack O'Brien was, at the time of our battle, the retired light-heavyweight champion of the world, I am now entitled to that title. But I want to put particular stress on the "retired," lest I receive any embarrassing challenges!

Now do you want to reduce? Do you want to increase your weight? Would you like to appropriate some of the pep that is yours if you want it if you are willing to work a little for it? Really, it isn't so very difficult, and it's lots of fun when you get started.

Now then! Body erect; feet together; touch the floor with your finger tips. One—two—three—four!

Go to it, ladies and gentlemen—and more power to you!

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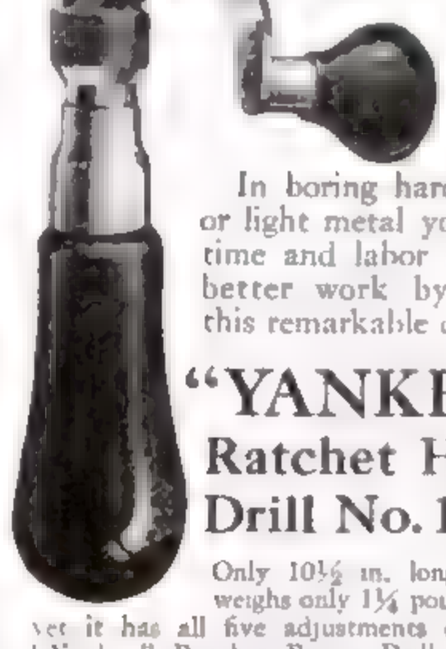

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Only 10½ in. long and weighs only 1¼ pounds—yet it has all five adjustments of big "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drills. By touching Ratchet-shifter you can change in instant to any of five adjustments: (1) Plain Drill (2) Left-hand ratchet (3) Right-hand ratchet (4) DOUBLE ratchet (5) Gears locked. Drills any size hole up to and including 3/16 in.

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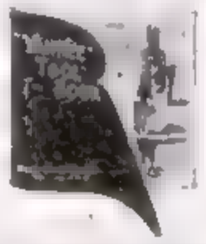

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

READING THE SNOW

By Jim Smiley

I STRUCK a fox track below Indian River forks on the West Canada one early tracking snow, many years ago; in fact, I was just a boy, running my first long trap line in the Big Woods. I had killed a deer and didn't need to hunt for meat. The hour was late and I had nothing to do but run around, so I followed this trail. He, too, was looking for tracks to follow. He chased a red squirrel in open hardwood. He sneaked up wind, dragging his breastbone in the three inches of snow, looking for a ruffed grouse, which saw him as he made a rush. He dug in some rotten wood after a mouse and caught it in its nest; a single drop of blood indicated the tragedy.

I followed the track for three hours. It was so fresh that I expected every minute to jump the animal, but the gloom of the day's end was at hand when I saw him, posed on a log, looking off down a long slope at a deer pawing for beechnuts under the snow. He was black! For a minute I stood gasping for breath, and then drew down my old twenty-two-caliber express single and shot him through the heart. I sold the skin for one hundred dollars.

Reading the snow is profitable in that way and in many other ways. I can never cross a track, no matter how old, without looking along it, because trails printed in the snow contain all the winter information to be had in the woods. Even in the spring, when the snow is melting by day and freezing at night, tracks made weeks, months, the early winter before, are there to be read—in raised print, which a blind man might readily follow. The paws pack the snow, making forms of ice that resist wind and sunshine, while all around the loose flakes melt, and thus we have the spring tracks of autumn wanderings.

One time in early March I came down the ridge south of Indian River. A hard crust was on the shady north side of the ridge, so I tramped there to save snowshoe clogging. On the sunny slope the snow was soft and clinging, loading my webs and bows if I walked in it, besides allowing me to sink into the deeps, whether of fallen tree tops, ferns, briers or just honeycombed snow.

I saw where a bear had come over the ridge. His tracks were six or seven inches long, and they stood three inches above the snow crust. They had been made the previous early winter, probably after the first two-foot fall of snow. A bear's tracks are flat-footed, full of dignity, and make high-grade reading. In one place he walked in a short half circle, out on a rocky shelf or bench. He backed out and went down into a hollow, circling a birch top. Then he climbed up on the ridge and went over on the south, soft side. Nevertheless, I followed despite the hard walking. Good reading is lots of it hard! He was looking for a hibernating nest, I knew.

He started down grade, entering a clump of second-growth hemlocks, but he soon returned out in his tracks. He struck westward, climbed the ridge again, and the tracks had all disappeared for fifty feet or so in bare, knoll-top ground. Beyond I read along for a mile, as he visited every tree that had fallen, working into all the thick brush and wallowing under the tall slender spruce in heavy-growth knolls.

Thus he led me within half a mile of one of my trap-line camps, and circled back

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from my blazed trap-line trail, having approached within thirty yards of it. He turned back in a sharp V angle. There my own raised prints stood in the vanishing snow.

Had I seen that track in the early winter I should have suspected something.

I followed the tracks two miles, after hanging up my pack basket by my trail. I made considerable noise, crackling the snow crust in the heavy evergreen timber, and as I climbed up over a green-timber ridge point I saw a bursting up of snow and of black dead leaves probably twenty rods down the south slope, on my right. I threw my thirty-thirty to aim into the center of the convulsion, and shot as a black bear emerged. He had slept there all winter and had had some difficulty in clawing and breaking his way out from under the big balsam top where he had made his nest of leaves, sticks and boughs. Snow had buried him. Warmth of his fat body had arched him under a dome of ice, and I found in the broken-out chunks a hole or tube, nearly half an inch in diameter, convoluted by the coming and going of his slow, almost imperceptible breath. The bear, half awake, had messed around feebly, trying to break out; my approach alarmed him, but he made his breakaway too late.

Old John McIntosh one time found a bear frozen in, and killed it with his ax as the animal roared angrily to attack him. Spring bears are hungry, bad tempered and dangerous, especially when they are guarding their young.

No two animals walk, run or wander exactly alike. In my trapping country I soon notice differences that identify individuals by their tracks. I have followed mink and otter many miles. Fisher, or pekan, are about the most entertaining snow writers there are. Deer leave in every hundred yards some indication of their state of mind. Of all reading that displays timidity, the snowshoe rabbit shows the most constantly fearful frame of mind. The porcupine's crooked, careless, sunken trench in the snow is the most reckless in its stupidity.

The Swashbuckling Pekan

If I know my trapping country's furs—whether mink, marten, fox, pekan, ermine, or whatever—are numerous. I have only just begun to discover the volumes of the forest library. When I start off on a pekan track I know I am in for a chapter or two of swashbuckling, hard-fighting, impatient and indignant life history.

One time I found a pekan track in the old chopping at the east end of South Lake. I was surprised! This animal belonged fifteen miles away, over toward Panther Mountain. I knew him because at every jump he made he laid his tail in the snow, first on one side, then on the other. He was so full of energy, eagerness and vitality that he clawed into the snow with his nails, taking hold of it, leaving squeezed-up icy pellets where his paws landed. I hung my pack on a tree and started to investigate.

He wasn't hunting food. He didn't go into brush heaps, nor circle hollow logs, and he crossed rabbit, squirrel and even partridge tracks without stopping to follow them a yard. He turned into a mink track for a few rods, and then swung off down into Black River. He was heading nearly west and in the snow on the river ice he ran into the track of an otter. Instantly he turned and ran three or four jumps on the otter's slide till he came to paw prints, and then turned to run the other way, following the otter down the river.

The pekan was now in a terrific mood. He sprang with such vigor that his claws slipped back two or three inches on the loose snow over the rough ice. He must have raced at two or three times his previous impatient pace. I knew that the spirit of the trail changed, and I quickened my own gait, though I was ten or twelve hours behind.

The pekan overtook the otter a mile downstream, near the old Syphert & Harrig or Gallegher chopping. The pekan cut across a bend in the otter's tracks and, as he charged, the otter turned and faced him. I have seen many a snow tale of tragedy, but never anything like the savage ferocity of the two great Adirondack representatives of the weasel tribe, as they tumbled, clawing and biting, off down the river ice.

The pekan could bite the otter, but otter skin lies tough and, in a measure, loose on its heavy frame. The otter had plenty of desperate spirit of his own, but nowhere near matching that of the pekan. I looked down the river slope, and in places they rolled and left the prints of their hard skulls in the snow. They threw spatters of crimson ten and twelve feet in showers in the white snow. They broke apart and, racing in short bows, crashed squirming together, biting and clawing in. There would be the deep dig of a hind leg scraping to the ice; then a foreleg thrust to brace against being toppled over. In one place I found where the otter had been thrown, partly jumping five or six feet over the snow, and the pekan plowed after him, and nailed him when the otter struck again.

And thus they came down to a steaming hole in the rifts of Black River. The black water boiled up into the open air for a space of a foot in length and five or six inches in width. The otter had come out of this hole two or three times during the winter, as I had noticed, but the water was too deep, the ice too treacherous for me to set a trap there. The otter was heading for the hole, and the fighters clinched a dozen times in the last hundred yards. Finally the otter made a rush and, clawing into the clear ice, plunged into the hole, leaving hair and blood as he dragged under. The pekan fought, pulled and clawed, trying to hold his victim, but the otter pulled under, and the pekan jerked back and crawled out of the water. He walked around and around the hole a dozen times, dripping pink water, and then started up off the river ice and, making short tired jumps in the snow, headed for home, where he belonged, some fifteen miles distant!

And five days later I found his tracks in his usual runway beyond Jones Lake, through Panther Mountain Gap, and down toward the West Canada ridges. I never caught either him or the otter, so I do not know how much they damaged each other's hides, but the otter came through on Black River, the same as usual, the following winter—and easily escaped my best efforts. I shall always believe that fighting scoundrel pekan just went looking for a fight, and rejoiced in finding such a good one!

Pekans, mink, ermine and otter—all weasel-tribe animals—have regular runways, but marten, skunks and, generally, at least, weasels do not have long runways. Curiously, it seems to me, the trail runners make a fourteen-day circuit, as a rule, and I think a pekan's runway must often make a circuit, as he travels, of at least one hundred and forty miles. Deep soft snows make going hard, which delays the runners a day or two, and hard crust, like a floor, will cause them to cover the distances in less time by a day or two.

A pekan's trail crosses every kind of territory, from old burnings to green virgin timber on high mountains. I have watched a pekan's runway winter after winter for six, and even seven, years, while the animal grew heavy and strong in spite of my best efforts to fool him. When the beechnuts are thick pekans will leave their runway to go into open hardwood to hunt squirrels, mice, chipmunks, rabbits and grouse, which congregate in the good feeding. And when the pekan comes charging in, the red fox and other animals go into flight. I have had pekan take poison pills meant for foxes, and bury them in the snow—I don't know why. I've poisoned pekan by dosing half a red squirrel, bluejay or even a fish with strychnine; and of all ferocious tragedies written in the snow, the dying anguish of a poisoned pekan is most terrible, while that of a bird dog is most pathetic.

Individual Differences

I have seen where a fox picked up the treacherous titbit and went on. Suddenly the animal stopped short in surprise, springing to one side as though a shot had been fired at him. Then he leaped straight away at top speed in the effort to leave his agony behind. He began to tumble end over end. He raced in a circle and turned down a long grade toward a brook with open pools. There I found him, with his head clear under water, dead but still warm.

Many animals like to run under the loose, fluffy new-fallen snow. The squirrels are in and out of it; the mink, marten and ermine go under and over, diving deep. I have seen where an ermine went through a drift ten feet deep for fifty yards, probably circling close to the ground, looking for mice, moles and shrews. Occasionally a pekan will dive under and emerge a few yards distant, usually traversing a fallen tree top on the way. Mink regularly have tunnels along and under overhanging banks, in deep snow, and they will visit a retreat though it is covered with deep snow.

I have found deer waterlogged in holes in the snow where they had gone down to drink, but could not climb out. One time I dragged two does and a buck out of such a hole. They were weak, but I fed them and dried them with a big fire, and on my next trip through I found all three alive and in the yard—I suppose good game for the coming autumn.

I can always learn something following tracks in the snow. A trapper must know as much as possible about his wild victims. No two are alike and yet they have similar habits, eat similar food, and, within the scope of their range, have like instincts. In their ideas, though, they have many vagaries—which a trapper takes advantage of, and of which hunters may never dream.

We follow animal trails at first to kill the animals or to discover places where we can put down traps to catch them. Their dens, food, runways and regular habits thus become of supreme importance. But after a while I have found in their snow tracks things that no amount of habit or instinctive practice could explain. A deer likes to walk out on a point and look down into a deep valley. I have found where a fox climbed a knoll and sat there for a long time on his haunches, looking off across The Flats of the West Canada Valley. A hawk, full of rabbit, will perch himself on the highest dead stub on the highest hill, and stare for hours at the scenery, making no move to swoop at passing wild flocks.

The Snow Writers

Why did one owl, flying over loose snow, print it with his or her wings every rod or two for a quarter of a mile? Then in another part of the old clearing I found where this bird had struck at a snowshoe hare and, after a dozen dives, finally caught the frantic, dodging and doomed animal. The flight of the bird showed in the wing prints on the snow—in one place the scoop of the right wing, in another the scoop of the left wing. These showed how the bird turned with the inner wing lower. But I noticed that the bird rocked, and my imagination needed little more stimulus than the alternate wing strokes as the bird circled around its victim, scratching the snow with first one, then the other wing. Finally the hare was driven into the snow; and then I saw the deep wing-tip blows in the loose flakes, flapping for fifteen feet, each print lighter and lighter till only a faint puff of wing-blown air indicated where the bird had risen clear of the snow. But the long hind legs of the victim dragged for six feet farther—surely indicating the bird's talon-hold on its neck and shoulders.

The birds all wrote their stories in the snow! Grouse trampled holes in loose snow, deep enough so just their heads showed above the surface, their bodies out of wind and cold. Bluejays trooped over the frost on the hard crust, picking up cling-beechnuts fallen to the ice. Chickadees left their tracks on tree branches and on the snow caught in the interstices of the bark. The motion of a gray downy feather blown along the ice on Otter Lake took me up wind to where a mink had killed a Canada jay.

Snowstorms are the periodicals of the wilderness. On them the authors write their ephemeral news stories. What wonderful pages the white surface makes! Generally the trails lead to tragedy. The far travelers, the long-story tellers, are the fox, mink, otter, pekan, ermine—and I have grown breathless with increasing interest and anxiety as I trailed the actors in snow drama, leading from chapter to chapter of tragedy, the catch of a mouse, of a jay, of a rabbit or a grouse, until at last my own snowshoe tracks converged with the paw prints of a pekan or fox. And at that point, sometimes—not always!—the raiders of the wilderness went into my pack basket, their raiding done.

I found a man's track, once, that looked wrong. He was shuffling, scuffling, circling along in the early November tracking snow. He left his rifle leaning against a tree, where he stopped to drink in a spring run. I followed him hotfoot, and sure enough, he was lost. He had been out two nights and nearly three days. He cried for joy when I overtook him. He gave me his rifle and twenty-five dollars cash—being one of those city sports. Had I not known the signs of trouble in a man's tracks, he might have died, for he was working back into the Big Woods. All tracks in the snow tell stories, if one knows the language.

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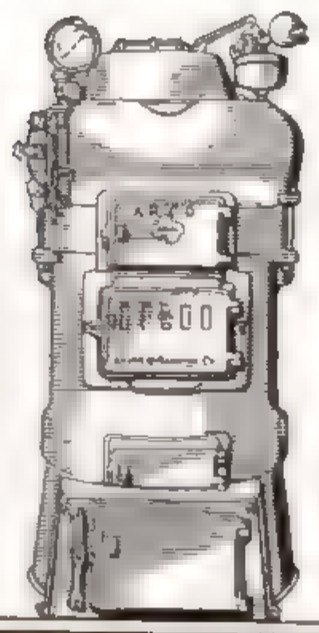

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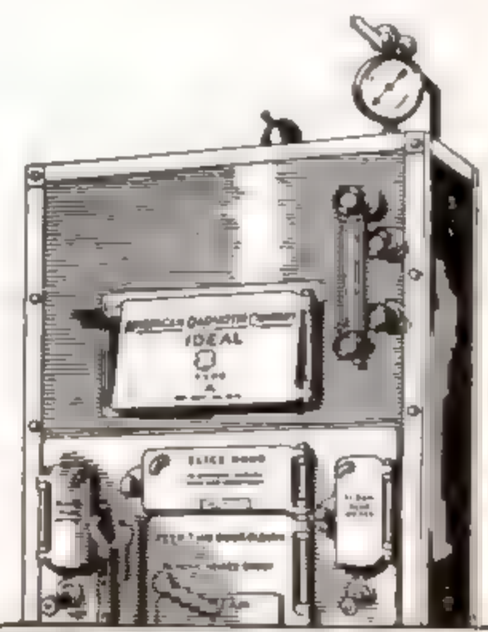

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THE KINGS OF ODISTASH

(Continued from Page 13)

Jen knew what it was that called the pair seaward. The bald eagles of the Low Country sea islands live almost entirely on fish, but very seldom do their own fishing. In summer and early fall they rely mainly upon their unwilling but highly efficient servants, the ospreys, and when the cool weather comes and the ospreys migrate southward the eagles spend much of their time searching the ocean waters for catfish carcasses floating on the surface. At that season the catfish forsake the creeks and inlets for the deeper waters offshore; and the dolphins and big fish which prey on them there bite them cleanly in half and swallow the rear part only, rejecting the forward part because the catfish's dorsal and pectoral fins are armed with sharp stiff spines. The far-ranging eagles search the sea for these rejected catfish halves and pick them to pieces as food for themselves and their young.

The marshman grinned again with a gleam of white teeth upon seeing the king and his mate start out over the ocean on what would probably be a long hunt. It suited his purpose admirably that they should absent themselves for a while, for it might take him some time to find the nest. As a matter of fact it took him longer than he had expected; for in those dense jungle-like woods of palmetto, pine and gnarled stunted live oak, where impenetrable thickets of cassena often barred his way, and long narrow reed-bordered lagoons of still, wine-colored water compelled him to make long and laborious detours, his progress was necessarily slow. For another reason also he picked his steps with great care. He had in unusual degree the deadly fear of snakes of all kinds, which as a rule is so strong in even the most experienced woodsmen, and he knew that in many of the barrier-island jungles the venomous cottonmouth moccasin abounded. Jen was as much a woodsman as he was a marshman and beach comber; but, except in winter, when he sometimes trapped raccoons on another barrier island nearer his home, he kept out of these seaside jungles, which, with their semitropical vegetation and their vast summer populations of stinging and biting insects, were utterly unlike the beautiful forests of the Low Country mainland.

There were few insects to bother him, now that the cool weather had come. Perhaps because he was careful to give warning of his approach, he saw no moccasins or any other wild things, except one dark-gray white-nosed fox squirrel, which peered down at him from a pine top, and three tall long-legged black-and-white wood ibises, as big as geese, standing motionless at the edge of a small stagnant jungle pool -belated stragglers from the great ibis flocks which had sailed away to the southward as summer merged into fall. None of these interested Jen. His eyes shifted from the lush weeds and grasses and fallen palmetto fronds at his feet where hidden danger might lurk, to the tops of the pines towering above the lower growth; and finally he saw the nest, a bulky castle of sticks, seven feet or more in diameter, fixed some seventy feet above the ground in the crotch of a pine standing almost in the center of a small circular opening in the jungle.

He made his way to the base of the tree, which was rather slender in proportion to its height, studied its trunk and the arrangement of its branches just below the nest, and grinned his satisfaction. No insuperable difficulties stood in the way of his scheme, and he noted with approval, too, that the eagles had evidently completed their annual repairs to the nest in preparation for the laying of the two big white eggs, an event which in the Low Country generally takes place in November.

So far so good. Searching the circle of sky visible above his head to make sure that no soaring eagle had seen him, Jen withdrew to the edge of the little opening in which the pine stood, and concealed himself with great care in the dense cover of the surrounding cassena thicket.

There he sat patiently for an hour, smoking his corncob pipe and building air castles. He saw the king and his mate return, watched the latter alight on a pine limb near by, while the former, carrying a big catfish carcass in his claws, flew to the nest; and he marked with care the exact spot on the nest on which the eagle sat. Then, when the king and his consort had departed again, perhaps in search of more food to deposit in the nest, which they often used as a storehouse, Jen rose and went his way, well pleased with the results of his scouting. He did not know that there was another King of Odistash who reigned on this jungle-covered barrier isle—a mighty monarch, clad in glittering mail, who ruled with irresistible power and merciless tyranny; and Jen laid his plans for the next day's operations unaware that cold, lidless, unwinking eyes had watched him as he dreamed in his cassena ambush and that for an hour he had sat within twenty feet of death.

By nine o'clock the next morning Jen was back at the edge of the little opening in the jungle beneath the eagles' pine. From the shelter of the thicket he saw the two big birds perching side by side on a limb near the nest, and he waited in concealment until in about thirty minutes they circled upward and headed out to sea. Then he went energetically to work.

To Jen the climb up the pine trunk was a small matter. It was his boast not altogether a vain one—that he could follow wherever a ring-tailed coon might lead. With a length of stout rope passed around his waist and around the trunk of the tree, he went up slowly but steadily, stopping twice to rest, and in less than ten minutes he gained the first of the pine's few limbs. Directly below the great bulging nest there was some little delay; but presently, with the help of his rope, his long steel-corded arms drew his lean light body up on one of the large limbs forming the crotch in which the king's castle was built. Standing on this limb, to which his bare feet stuck like the clinging feet of a tree frog or a lizard, he peered eagerly over the rim of the nest.

The king's castle, his home for more than twenty-five years, was built mainly of sticks, some of them nearly as stout as Jen's wrist, bark, sods and gray Spanish moss. Each season the king and his mate had repaired it and added to it until now it was nearly six feet in height, and the marshman, standing tiptoe on the limb, could barely see its flat interior, lined with moss, sedge, pine straw, leaves and grass. Testing the structure of the nest Jen found that the sticks forming its outer walls were so firmly interlaced that, by putting most of his weight on a convenient branch just within reach of his hand, he could make his way to the summit. This he proceeded to do; then, kneeling on the top of the nest, amid the fragments of fish and other refuse that he found there, he began his search, thrusting his hand through and under the moss and grass.

Almost at once he uttered an exclamation of delight. Six inches under the moss his hand had closed upon something round and hard, a little larger than a hen's egg. A matter-of-fact man who had never heard of the Eagle Stone, which had power to open money vaults and treasure chests, might have supposed that this hard round thing deep under the loose bedding of the nest was a water-worn bit of limestone, a spherical piece of bone or a nodule of black marsh mud compressed in the course of time to the hardness of rock and brought up to the nest in the sods which formed part of the structure. But Jen, all aquiver with exultant joy, knew that he had found the precious object of his quest.

He knelt for a moment, shaking like a man with fever, his hand still under the moss. Then he withdrew it empty, fished a big blue cotton handkerchief out of his pocket and worked it under the mossy mattress of the nest. He would run no risk of letting even one ray of light touch the Eagle Stone and thus weaken or destroy its magic. When he again withdrew his hand the dark-blue handkerchief was wrapped around it and around the object which it inclosed; and as quickly as possible he thrust the treasure, still wrapped in the handkerchief, into his trousers pocket.

Jen was a practical soul. Credulous and superstitious he was, like most of the dusky marshmen and woodsmen of the Low Country, a believer in "haints" and incantations and spells and in many queer legends and myths about the abundant wild folk of the Low Country woods and marshes. But he knew that there were some who scoffed at the story of the Eagle Stone, and he had started on this quest with a double object in view, so that if he found no talisman in the eagles' nest he still might profit from his undertaking. His own doubts, if he had any, as to the virtue of the talisman had now vanished pretty completely, but this did not prevent him from carrying out also the other part of his design.

First he climbed some distance down the pine and out upon a limb. With a sharp hatchet which he carried in his belt he cut a section of this limb, about four feet in length and weighing perhaps ten pounds, and lashed it to the pine trunk below the nest, using a very light cord just strong enough to hold it in place. Then he made his way back into the nest and with the sure instinct and uncanny skill which had so often aroused the envy of his fellows he set about his delicate task there. In fifteen minutes he had completed it, and after a final careful inspection to satisfy himself that the nest showed no evidences of his visit he began his descent.

Just as he reached the ground he saw a tiny speck against the blue sky—a speck which might be only a soaring turkey vulture or ibis, but, on the other hand, might be the king or his mate. Stooping low, his hand clutching the treasure in his pocket, he hastened to his hiding place near the edge of the cassena thicket.

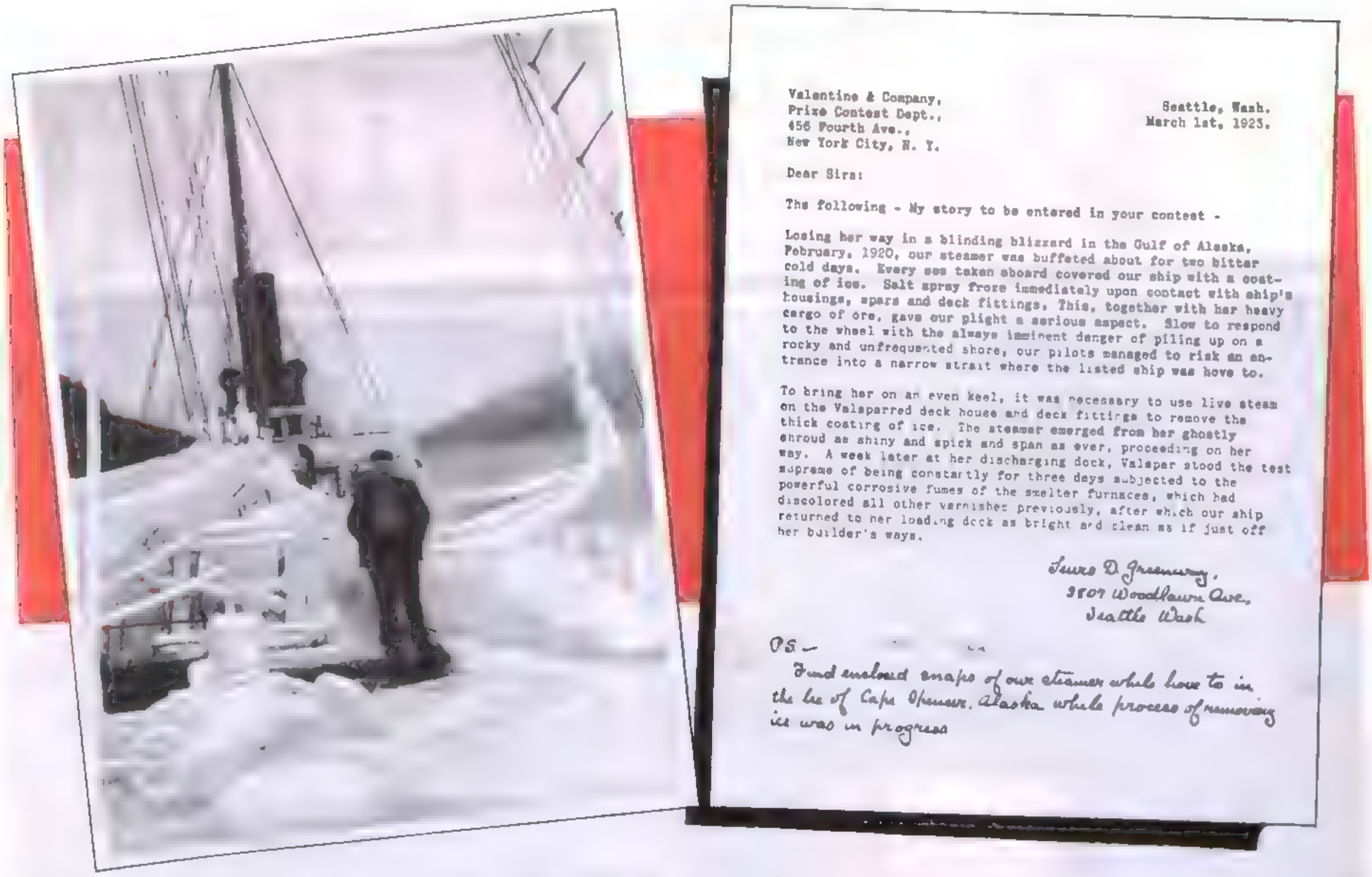
He was just in time. Five minutes later the king alit on the rim of the nest. The marshman's luck was still with him. It was the great bird himself and not his mate, who was noticeably smaller than her lord, though in nearly all cases the female eagle is the larger. And Jen's skill, his boasted woodcraft, held good also. His sharp eye and quick brain had made no mistake. He had studied the interior of the king's castle with an almost preternatural understanding of what it revealed as to the eagle's accustomed movements after alighting. Coming to rest upon the same smooth rounded stick at the nest's rim upon which Jen had seen him alight the day before, the king paused there a few moments, turning his snowy head this way and that, glancing keenly about him. Then with a rather awkward hop he passed to the flat moss-lined and grass-littered interior of the nest within the circle of sticks.

Instantly he leaped upward, his great wings beating desperately, madly, churning the air. Ten feet or so he rose, with the small rusty steel trap with which Jen caught minks gripping two toes of his left foot, crushing them together. A long slender cord of strong fishing line, doubled and twisted, led downward from the trap over the rim of the nest to the section of pine limb lashed to the tree trunk. As the cord tightened, the eagle, his ascent arrested, screamed with rage and swung outward. For a moment he remained stationary in the air, held by the cord, his powerful wings beating more furiously than ever. Suddenly something gave way beneath him. For a quarter of a minute perhaps he held a level course over the roof of the jungle. Then, his wings laboring mightily, he began to slant downward.

Far beneath him, at the end of the cord, dangled the heavy pine clog, which, just as Jen had intended, had pulled loose from the tree trunk as soon as the trapped eagle jerked the cord strongly. Lower and lower sank the king, fighting to the last. Then the clog caught in the billowy green top of the cassena thicket and the eagle pitched earthward. Grinning with quiet satisfaction, Jen, who had rushed out into the clearing to mark the spot where the great bird fell, set out to find him, picking up a light stick on his way to help him make a passage through the dense growth.

A hundred yards from the eagles' pine, in an open sunny spot just beyond the outer edge of the cassena thicket, a diamond rattlesnake lay at full length in the short grass. Nearly seven feet long from the point of his plated arrow-shaped head to the end of his fifteen-ringed rattle and fully eleven inches in girth, his glittering greenish-yellow body marked with dark-brown rhomboidal blotches bordered with gold, the huge serpent was a superb specimen of his terrible race, at once gorgeously beautiful and indescribably hideous. Even more arrogantly than the king of the air ruled the spaces above the island jungle the giant rattler ruled the jungle itself. A monarch of uncertain temper, his mood depending mainly upon the state of his stomach, he had watched Jen with sluggish well-fed tolerance the day before as the marshman sat in his cassena ambush near

(Continued on Page 75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(Continued from Page 72)

the eagles' pine. Today, however, he was hungry and his mood had changed. His fury knew no bounds when suddenly, with a swish and surge of mighty wings, a great white-headed bird swooped down from the air and landed in the grass directly in front of him and not more than two feet from his nose.

With almost incredible swiftness the rattler threw his long thick body into coil, his kettledrum ringing its insistent challenge, his dreadful spear-shaped head drawn well back within the circle of his mailed body and pointed directly at the presumptuous intruder who had dared to invade his privacy.

Promptly the king, somewhat shaken but uninjured by his fall, faced about to confront the snake. The trap on his foot hampered him sadly, but the long cord connecting the trap with the pine clog had fallen slack and he had some freedom of movement. He knew nothing about rattlesnakes, and, although their kingdoms lay so close together, he had never seen this serpent monarch before; but somehow he was aware that there was deadly peril in the huge reptile coiled in front of him, glaring at him with small glittering stony eyes, as hard and cold as jewels. Captive though he was in the grip of the trap, the king's bold spirit rose to meet the danger, and from his own deep-set piercing yellow eyes he sent back glare for glare.

A half minute the two kings—the king of the air and the king of the island jungle—faced each other thus. Then the rattler, jaws gaping hugely so that the two white curved hollow fangs projected straight forward, lunged at the eagle's breast. The eagle—thanks, no doubt, to the marvelous quickness of his vision—seemed to sense the blow even before it was launched. He tried to jump backward, but the trap checked him, and, thrown sideways by the effort, he instantly spread his wings to regain his balance. Thus, in the nick of time, one broad pinion interposed between his body and the snake and caught the rattler's blow as a gladiator's shield might catch a sword thrust. A pale yellowish fluid dripped down over the stiff black-brown primary feathers of the outspread wing; and just as the king regained his footing and faced his foe again the rattler struck his second blow.

Again the eagle's amazing eyesight played its part, apparently flashing to his brain a warning that the envenomed spearhead was about to be launched. He was a little farther from the snake now, his maneuver during the first attack having lifted and moved the trap some six inches. Though still within the rattler's reach he was only just within it; and when, in instant response to the warning given by his eyes, he tried to jump backward as before and was again checked by the trap and thrown off his balance, the swift movement carried him just beyond the danger line.

Again the long, thin, needlelike fangs, thrusting forward out of the great serpent's hugely gaping jaws, clashed against the heavily shafted feathers of the eagle's outstretched wing as he strove with a desperate flapping of his pinions to regain his footing; and again the dark-brown feathers were sprinkled, but not so plentifully as before, with pale-yellow fluid. Once more the king had won, and he seemed to know it. Proudly erect he stood, his white head held high, his shining eyes, deep under their frowning brows, glaring defiance.

Jen Murray the marshman, thrusting his way with the aid of his stick through the outermost fringe of the cassena thicket, realized anew that he had never before seen an eagle as splendid as this one. As Jen stepped out into the open his eyes were fixed upon the king, appraising with the enjoyment of a connoisseur the great bird's beautifully molded form, clear-cut as marble, the gleaming whiteness of his head, neck and tail contrasting vividly with the rich dark brown of his big broad-shouldered body and his wings. For the moment, the marshman forgot everything else, even the Eagle Stone itself, in wonder at the size and the dauntless bearing of the feathered monarch standing there before him, held helpless by the trap, yet looking every inch a conqueror.

But into Jen's mind there crept no pang of compassion, no sense of sympathy for the great valiant bird, robbed of his freedom and brought down to earth by the cunning strategy of the marshman's brain. His small eyes shone with the joy of possession as he strode swiftly forward through the grass, intent only upon making sure of his prize. He did not know how firm a grip the trap, which was rather an old one, had upon the eagle's foot, and he would not feel certain of his triumph until he had his prisoner in his hands. He intended to grapple with the eagle by throwing his coat over the bird's head, thus saving himself from being torn by the strong hooked beak or the long claws; but first he walked close up to the king to have a look at the trap and satisfy himself that its hold was good.

The rattlesnake, coiled close beside a tussock of tall stiff olive-green grass with the color of which the hues of his body blended perfectly, had been so absorbed in his duel with the eagle that he failed to note the approach of another enemy until Jen was almost upon him. Then swiftly his terrible head, poised above his massive coils, swung to face the new foe. To Jen's deaf ears the huge serpent's rattle, incessantly ringing its challenge, carried no warning, and the marshman, his attention focused upon the eagle, saw the great reptile, half-hidden by the grass at his feet, at the very moment when the glittering lustrous coils sprang open as though released by a trigger and the hideous head with its yawning jaws flashed forward and upward.

With a scream Jen leaped, slashing wildly at the snake with the stick held in his left hand. Even in that mad moment he knew that he was too late. He had felt the impact of the snake's head high on his thigh, and a swift overpowering surge of terror turned the green jungle black around him. As he staggered, fainting, barely able to see, his legs suddenly weak, his foot caught in the light strong cord leading from the eagle's trap to the pine clog fifteen yards away in the thicket. Pitching forward on his face he lay motionless in the grass six feet behind the king.

At an equal distance in front of the eagle the great rattler squirmed and writhed, twisting and turning with convulsive spasmodic jerks of his burly muscular body. Plainly he was in trouble. Jen's slender stick, whipping through the air, had struck the side of the snake's head as it drew swiftly back after delivering its thrust, and the big reptile, his lower jaw knocked askew, was dazed by the blow. Possibly his spine had been injured. He seemed unable to lift his head and neck more than an inch or two from the ground, and apparently he could not bend his body back into the close symmetrical coil which was his fighting attitude. That coil was a living spring, supplying the motive power for the long swift thrusts of his head, and only when coiled could he strike with his accustomed strength, quickness and accuracy.

Yet, crippled though he was, he was still formidable, and the pain which racked him added to his fury. Whether by chance or by design, his frenzied writhings and lashings to and fro were bringing him nearer and nearer to the eagle. Soon he was within half his length of the king, and the javelinlike head, its jaws flaring crookedly, shot forward close to the ground in the direction of his foe. The blow fell short, but in another moment the seemingly aimless and uncontrolled contortions of the snake landed him almost at the king's feet, and savagely the broad flat head lunged again.

The king could retreat no farther. When Jen, fainting with terror, had stumbled across the trap line and fallen, his foot had pulled the line taut, and the trapped eagle was anchored where he stood. The king knew this, for he had tried vainly to move. His muscles tightened and his eyes glowed a fiercer yellow as the writhing monster drew nearer and nearer. Just as the rattlesnake's poisoned javelin shot forward two inches above the ground in that final thrust, the eagle's wings opened, beating powerfully, and with his free foot he struck forward and downward, his talons spread to the utmost. Next moment his claws closed upon the rattler's head.

The king was fast to his foe, clamped to him with a grip that could not be shaken. Two long claws had pierced the snake's wide head from above, another had sunk deep into his throat from below, and the muscles operating those claws were strong enough to drive them through gristle and bone. The huge serpent threshed and writhed like a creature in convulsions, and the eagle, one foot in the trap, the other imbedded in his enemy, was all but torn in two. Pulled this way and that as the contortions of the stricken snake dragged eagle and trap here and there over the ground, the king could not keep himself upright no matter how desperately his pinions beat the air. His wing beats were growing weaker when another convulsive twist of the giant snake's powerful body almost wrenched the big bird asunder and a sharp intolerable pain shot through him.

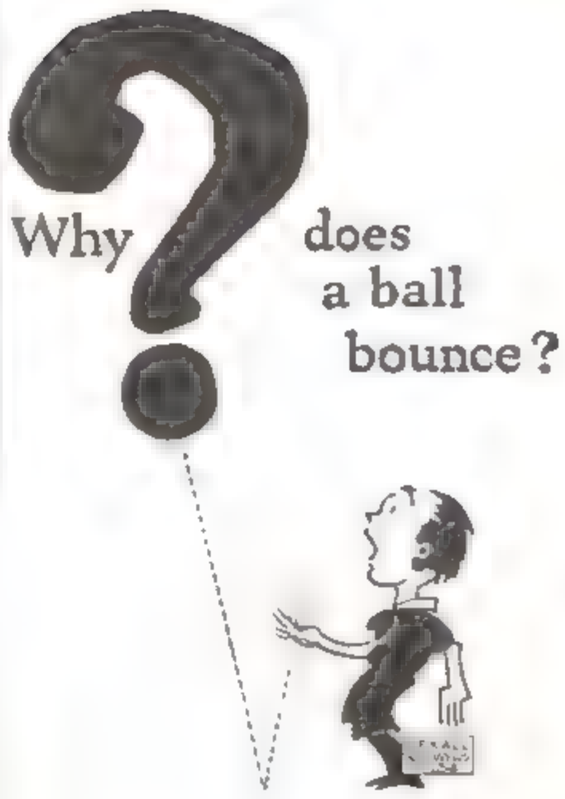
That pain was the signal of his victory. A corner of the trap had been jammed under a grass tussock, and the toes of the eagle's left foot had been jerked free by that last and mightiest plunge of the rattler, the trap's steel jaws raking them to the bone.

Somehow the king knew that his chance had come. Putting all his strength into the effort he drew the talons of his other foot out of the rattler's head. Next moment his wide pinions, strongly beating, were bearing him upward into the air.

Jen Murray, the marshman, with all his faith in his own woodcraft, was never quite sure that he had figured out correctly precisely what happened while he lay insensible. The first thing that he saw when he opened his eyes and rolled over on his back was an eagle high in the air, spiraling upward into the blue, his snowy head gleaming like silver in the sun. Instantly, then, came recollection and, with it, another wave of the overpowering terror which had dropped him in a dead faint in the grass. Not until a hurried examination revealed the fact that the rattler's fangs had imbedded themselves harmlessly in the thick bulky folds of the big handkerchief wrapped about the rounded stone in his pocket did Jen recover command of his faculties.

Then, assured that he was not going to die, he looked about him and saw the great snake ten feet from him in the grass, writhing feebly, evidently near death. He saw the holes and gashes in the rattler's bloody head, he saw in the grass and on the ground the evidences of a struggle, he saw the empty trap. But he was still feeling somewhat sick and weak and he did not stay to study to the last detail the mystery of the king's escape and of the dying serpent.

The priceless Eagle Stone, which would bring him riches incalculable, was safe in his pocket, and already it had proved its virtue by saving his life. He smashed the rattler's head with an oak stick, then slung the huge carcass over the stick and started homeward. It would yield much oil, excellent for rheumatism, and the skin, nicely tanned and stretched, could be sold for half a dollar to some young blood of the Odistash plantations who would make a dashing scarf out of it for his lady.



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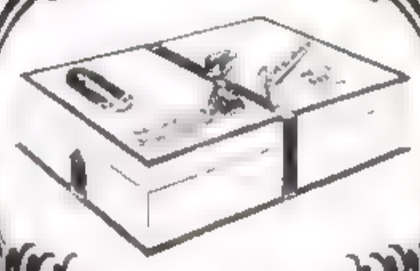

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Johnston's CHOCOLATES

THE PRICELESS PEARL

(Continued from Page 19)

There She Was—Possibly the Golden Mott of Albertson's Suspicions

"That's all right," said Antonia. "I'll go too." And she slipped her arm through his and, leaning her head against the point of his shoulder prepared to descend the steps.

But Anthony explained to her that he wished to talk to Miss Exeter by himself. Antonia was disappointed. She had looked forward to being present when her uncle and the governess met again, but she adjusted herself as usual.

"There's Mr. Albertson," she said. "I'll get him to come and sit with me while I have supper, and tell me stories of crime. He says there aren't any people like Sherlock Holmes, and that stories like that make it hard for real detectives. I suppose that's true, and yet it's horrid to face facts sometimes, isn't it, Uncle Anthony? It makes real life seem pretty dull sometimes."

"Real life is not dull, Antonia," said her uncle, "take it from me."

He watched her safely into a conversation with Mr. Albertson, and then, with his hands in his pockets, he sauntered down the steps, across the sand toward that rose-colored parasol.

"Good afternoon, Miss Exeter," he said pleasantly.

It had been kept a profound secret that Anthony was on his way home. The detectives had pointed out to Mrs. Conway that this was important—that if the woman knew she was about to be unmasked she might be goaded into sudden action—perhaps even into destroying the pearls.

Hearing a strange voice calling her by name, Pearl came out of a trance into which the sunset and the sea had thrown her; glancing up from under her parasol, she saw at once that the speaker was Anthony Wood, and that he was exactly as she had imagined him. Seeing this, her heart gave a peculiar leap, and she beamed at him, more freely and wonderfully than she had ever beamed at anyone in the world. The look affected him—it would have affected any man; not just her beauty, for he had seen a good deal of beauty in his day, but this warm, generous honesty combined with beauty was something he had never seen. For a second or two they just looked at each other, Pearl beaming and beaming, and Wood looking at her, his face like a dark mask, but his turquoise eyes piercing her heart.

She spoke first. She said in her queer deep voice, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Wood."

"Are you?" he said.

Of all the sentences with which she might have greeted him—sentences of excuse, of explanation, of appeal—he had never thought of her saying this, and saying it with all the manner of joy and relief.

"Indeed I am," she went on, still on that same note. "Have you seen Antonia?"

"Yes, I have."

"And isn't she ——"

"We'll leave that for a moment," he said, for her effrontery began to annoy him, and his tone was curt. But instead of being alarmed or apologetic, she gave a little chuckle.

"Oh, yes, I know," she said; "of course you want an explanation; only I wanted to be sure you'd seen my great achievement first, for it is an achievement, isn't it?"

His eyebrows went up.

"Do you really expect to be praised for anything you may have done," he said, "before you offer some explanation as to why you are here masquerading as Miss Exeter?"

Pearl's face fell. He was really quite cross. It seemed hard to her that the meaningless sort of beam with which she accompanied a casual good morning had been enough to reduce the third vice president to weeping on his desk, while a particularly concentrated beam—a beam designed to say in a ladylike, yet unmistakable manner that the one man of all men was now standing before her—seemed to have no effect whatsoever on said man. She tried it nevertheless.

Anthony, seeing it, suddenly became angry. Did this woman, he thought, who was perhaps a thief and was certainly an impostor, really suppose she was going to charm him, Anthony Wood, by her mere beauty—he who was well known to be indifferent to women? She would learn ——

But what she would learn was not formulated, for she now surprised him by jumping to her feet and running like a gazelle toward the sea, crying out something to him which he did not catch. He started, however, in full pursuit—his first thought being that she intended to drown herself; the second that she meant to fling the pearls into the sea—the well-known trick of destroying the evidence in a tight place. She ran on. The sea was up to her knees—up to her waist, fully dressed as she was; she was not swimming. They had the sea entirely to themselves. Even the detective, trusting to Mr. Wood, had withdrawn for a bite to eat; and at five o'clock all those fortunate people who come to the seaside for the summer are engaged in golfing or playing bridge, and seem to ignore the existence of the Atlantic Ocean.

Anthony had hesitated at the brink of the sea long enough to take off first his shoes, second his watch and third the light coat which he had worn driving the car, so that he was some little distance behind her. Swimming hard and for the most part under water, he did not see for some time the object which had attracted Pearl's attention. Neither suicide nor the pearls were the object of her plunge, but a small white dog which appeared to be drowning. Some children up the beach had been throwing sticks for it, and now at the end of a long afternoon it had got caught in some current and was obviously in trouble, every third or fourth wave washing over its little pointed nose

Pearl, never doubting that Wood was actuated by the same motives as herself, panted out, "Can we get there in time?"

He came alongside her now.

"You're not going to drown too!" he said.

She shook her wet head. Together they towed the exhausted little creature back. As soon as she could walk Pearl picked it up in her arms and strode ashore.

"Don't you think it was a crime for those children to go away and leave him like that?" Her gray eyes, instead of beaming, glowed angrily.

"Are you so against crime?" said Anthony, trying to smooth the water out of his hair.

She did not even take the trouble to answer but became absorbed in tending the dog. It was a white dog, at least its hair was white; but now, soaked and plastered to its body, the general effect was of a cloudy pink with gray spots. It was the offspring probably of a spotted carriage dog and a poodle. Between it and Pearl a perfect understanding seemed to have been at once established. She knelt beside it, and suddenly looking up at Anthony with one of her spreading smiles, she said, "I'm afraid it's awfully ugly."

"It has personality," he answered. He could not but be aware that Pearl's thin dress was clinging to her almost as closely as the dog's soft coat.

"Let me have your coat," she said.

He held it out, expecting that she meant to put it on, for every line of her figure was visible, and every line was lovely. But Pearl was utterly unconscious of herself. She took the coat and wrapped the dog in it, so that only its head stuck out, with its adoring eyes turned to her. As he watched her he found he knew positively that she had not taken the pearls. It was no logical process; he did not say, "This girl is too kind or too generous or too without self-consciousness or too much at peace." Perhaps it was a combination of all these ideas, or perhaps it was just the miracle of personality; but somehow or other he knew positively and for all time that she was not a thief; that she, on the contrary, was just what in his opinion a woman ought to be. He looked down at the bent golden head, dripping pure drops of crystal. Dyed! What a spiteful goose Cora Wellington was!

Then Durland came down the steps.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"We've been rescuing a dog," said Anthony. "Miss—Exeter and I." So far he knew no other name for her.

Durland smiled at him above her head, as much as to say, "Could anything be more ridiculously attaching than women are—this woman in particular?" And Anthony smiled back in a similar manner.

Then there was a shout, and Antonia, having finished her supper and exhausted at least for the moment Mr. Albertson's narrative powers, came flying down the steps, eager to know why it was that Miss Exeter and her uncle had been in swimming with their clothes on. When explained, it appeared to her the most natural thing in the world.

"Isn't he sweet?" she said, when she had heard the story. "I think Horatius would be a good name for him—on account of 'Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case, struggle through such a raging flood'—you know. Do you think mother will let us keep him? Or do you want to keep him, Miss Exeter? Oh, dear, I suppose you do!"

"No, I can't," said Pearl, with regret. "I'd like to, but Alfred hates dogs."

Anthony was surprised to hear his own voice saying sharply, "And who is Alfred?"

"He's my cat," said Pearl, turning her whole face up to him. "Everyone says he's very ugly, but I love him."

They smiled at each other; it was so obvious that Anthony refrained from saying, "Lucky creature."

Presently they moved toward the house—first Pearl, bearing Horatius still wrapped in Anthony's motoring coat; then Durland, most solicitous lest the dog should be too heavy for Miss Exeter; then Anthony carrying his shoes and coat and waistcoat; and then Antonia, dancing about. They approached the house in a quiet and rather sneaky way, by the kitchen entrance. Anthony had no wish to meet his sister, who supposed that he had been grilling a criminal. The children felt grave doubts that their mother would welcome Horatius at all—not that she was a cruel woman, but that she feared strange curs about the house. Fortunately the cook, who had a great weakness for Antonia, was cordial, and allowed Horatius to dry out behind the kitchen stove.

It was now high time to dress for dinner, so there was a good excuse for stealing softly up the back stairs.

While Anthony was tying his tie a knock came at the door, and Edna came in with the manner of a person confidently expecting important intelligence.

She said in a low voice, but with an immense amount of facial gesticulation to take the place of sound, "Albertson told me you had an interview. What did you find out?"

For the first time Anthony realized that he had been an hour in the company of the false Miss Exeter without having even asked her true name. He might at least have done that. A weak man would have answered irritably that what between stray dogs drowning and Edna's children interrupting he had not had an opportunity to ask the woman anything. But he was not weak. He simply told her the truth. He saw that she accepted the story with reservations. A drowning dog was all very well, but how about her pearls?

Dinner ought to have been a terrible meal, with Edna bitter and suspicious and

(Continued on Page 80)

Through the eyes of Faith

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(Continued from Page 77)

the two detectives looking in at the window every now and then—just to show that they were on the job; but, as a matter of fact, it was extremely gay and pleasant. Antonia was allowed to hover about the room in honor of her uncle's return, and Pearl and Anthony were—or appeared to be—in the highest spirits.

Need it be recorded that Pearl had on her best dress? It was a soft, black, shining crêpe which she had run up one afternoon in the spring when she felt most depressed about not being able to find a position. Dressmaking often lightened her black moments; it was to her an exciting form of creation. It had been quickly and casually done, but it had turned out well. Round her neck she wore the silliest little string of bright blue-glass beads, which someone had once given a doll of Antonia's in the dead past when Antonia played with dolls, and which Antonia herself occasionally wore. Antonia had left them in Pearl's room, for her new-found personal neatness did not as yet extend to the care of her possessions, and in an impulse Pearl had put them on and found the result good. So did Antonia.

"Oh, see!" she said as they sat down at table. "She has on my beads."

"Fancy Miss Exeter wearing someone else's beads!" said Edna in a tone hard to mistake for a friendly one.

"But don't they look well on her?" said Antonia. "Uncle Tony, don't you think they look well on her? How could you describe her as 'of pleasing appearance'? It nearly made me miss her at the station that first day. I went dodging about, trying to find a pale, plain girl—that's what mother told me to look for. I think Miss Exeter is beautiful, don't you?"

"Antonia!" said her mother scornfully, as if nonsense were being talked.

Anthony, however, never allowed his niece to put him in a hole.

"I certainly do," he said, and he looked straight at Pearl, and she looked straight at him and laughed and said, "You'd be a brave man to say no when Antonia takes that tone."

"I should be worse than brave—I should be a liar," said Anthony.

The sentiment, which brought a lovely beam from Pearl, brought him a dark glance from his sister. She thought it was not like Anthony to be silly about a woman, and then the encouraging idea occurred to her that he was luring her on in order to win her confidence—clever creature that he was.

As soon as dinner was over the children rushed away to feed Horatius; and Edna, who felt the need of uninterrupted conversation with her brother, led him across the lawn to Miss Wellington's house. It was not easy, for he showed the same reluctance to go that people show toward leaving a wood fire on a cold day; but when Miss Exeter—who, of course, everyone knew wasn't Miss Exeter—said she had a letter to write he rose to his feet.

"A letter?" he said, the idea being, of course, that now he was at home, there could be no more letters in the world.

Pearl nodded. It really was important, for she had always promised Augusta to write her a full account of the first meeting with her respected employer; and, as a matter of fact, Pearl was bursting with eagerness to express her emotion to someone. If she wrote at once the letter could be posted that evening, when, about nine o'clock, a man came to deliver and receive mail.

As Edna and her brother went out they passed Mr. Albertson on guard, and Edna conveyed the information to him that "she" had gone to write a letter. Albertson made a reassuring gesture and they passed on.

Cora was all eagerness and cordiality.

"And what has Anthony discovered about her?" were her first words spoken to Edna, but directed toward him.

Edna came nobly to his assistance, giving an account of the rescue of Horatius quite as if she thought it a natural, explainable incident, which she was really very far from thinking.

"And what are his impressions?" said Cora.

Anthony found this question almost as embarrassing as the first one. He could not share his impressions. They were mingled—that the girl was beautiful - that swimming was a sensuous and graceful motion—that wet garments clinging to lovely limbs had not been sculptured since the Greeks made statuettes—that absolute integrity is consistent with masquerading under another name than your own and stealing someone else's references. But, alas, these convictions were as impossible to share as a religious revelation. He turned for help to the most ancient methods.

"And what do you think of her, Cora?" he said, as if he really cared.

"I wrote you what I thought," said Cora, and went into it again, while he sat smoking and trying to remember whether or not he had ever read that letter of Cora's with the long description of moonlight on the sea. He rather thought he hadn't.

"Ah," said Edna, willing to do Cora a kindness, "so you and Anthony correspond, do you?" At which Cora laughed self-consciously, and Anthony looked like a graven image—his well-known method of concealing emotion. This time the emotion was simply irritation, but Edna said to herself, "Well, after all, she wouldn't be so bad."

In the short pause that followed, Durland bounded suddenly into the room. His eyes, which were normally blue like his mother's, looked almost white in the sudden lights of the room. They were very wide open, and his small face was pale under his freckles and set with anger.

"Look here, Uncle Anthony," he said, "did you know what is going on in our house? Did you know they suspected Miss Exeter of stealing mother's pearls?" No one answered, and he continued, his voice shaking a little: "She asked me to give a letter she had been writing to the man who comes with the evening mail, and as I did Albertson came out and tried to take it from me—but that was a little too much." The letter was still in his hand, crumpled from the struggle. "I never heard of such a thing! It's an outrage! Did you know of this, mother?" There was something menacing in his tone.

"My dear boy," said Edna, in that patronizing tone that people use as if their ability to conceal something from a child were a tremendous proof of their own superiority. "I'm afraid it will be a great shock to you, but you must face the fact that she did steal my pearls—at least so we believe; and that she is not Miss Exeter at all—she is a notorious English jewel thief known by the agreeable sobriquet of Golden Moll."

"You don't know that, Edna," said her brother quickly.

"I should say not!" cried Durland. "Mother, I think it's perfectly rotten of you to think it's even possible."

Edna turned to her brother.

"You see, Anthony," she said, "what you've done to me, introducing this woman into my house—turning my own children against me."

Cora smiled at the boy soothingly.

"But Durland doesn't know that we have proof that she took the pearls," she said, as one calmly able to make all smooth and easy.

"No, Durland," said his mother, "I have not been able to tell you—the detectives would not let me until your uncle got back—that we have proof. Miss Exeter is not Miss Exeter at all—just an impostor. Oh, tell him, Anthony—tell him that she's—a common, everyday thief."

"I can't do that," said Wood, "because I don't think so."

"You mean," said his sister, as if now, indeed, a chasm had opened at her very feet, "that you have any doubt that she stole the pearls?"

"I'm perfectly certain that she didn't," said Wood.

Edna burst out at this into a wail of reproach and anger, ending with the not unnatural accusation that her brother must be in love with the woman too.

"Yes, perhaps I am," said Anthony.

The idea was new to him, and not repugnant, but he spoke more to annoy his sister than from any more serious motive; but as he spoke he saw that Pearl and Mr. Albertson were in the room and must have heard him. Pearl, however, was too much excited already to register any further excitement. She strode into the room as she strode into the board room of the Encyclopedia, and almost at once catching sight of her letter, still in Durland's hand, she made a grab for it; only Edna was quicker—or rather nearer—and succeeded in getting it first. Pearl turned to Anthony.

"Mr. Wood," she said, "I want my letter. I won't have anyone read my letter. It's an outrage!"

Mr. Albertson felt his moment had come.

"Now look, girlie," he said, "we about have the goods on you. Think of your folks! We want to help you." He took the letter from Mrs. Conway. "I know," he said, "that a lady's correspondence ought to be sacred, but ——"

"But," said Edna, not able to refrain from interrupting—"but ask her why it is she doesn't want her letter read."

"Well, I reckon I can figure that out for myself," said Mr. Albertson.

But in this instance—perhaps the only one of his long and successful career—he was wrong. He could not figure out why it was Pearl objected so violently to allowing that letter to be read.

The reason was this: She had always promised Augusta that she would communicate her first impressions of Mr. Wood, and as soon as he and his sister left the house to go to Miss Wellington's she had run upstairs, and on the much-used typewriter she hastily ticked out a prose lyric on the subject of her meeting with the only man she ever could have or ever had loved. It began:

My dear, he came this afternoon. Why didn't you tell me what he was like? Oh, I know you said he was attractive. Attractive! He's incredible! He's devastating! And that voice! You never said a word about that voice, which makes me shake every time he speaks—like a telegraph wire in a wind. Oh, Augusta, isn't it silly? But I think I love him ——.

That was just the way it began.

The sight of this letter in Mrs. Conway's hands was too much for Pearl. She stamped her foot. She said she must and would have it back—that opening other people's letters was a state's prison offense; she went on like a maniac, and every word she said made Mr. Albertson feel more and more convinced that the letter must be read. Still, he was a chivalrous man; he believed in chivalry as some people believe in Christianity—as the important highway in their lives, from which at moments they are obliged to stray.

"Now look, girlie," he said again, in accents even more honeyed, "don't excite yourself. Why would you mind me reading your letter, which I see is to another lady?"

"It's none of your business why I mind," said Pearl. "I just do. Oh, Mr. Wood," she said, turning to Anthony, "don't let them read my letter!"

"I won't," he said. "I'll read it myself."

"Oh, no!" said Pearl with a little scream.

There was a pause. Anthony already had the letter in his hands now. He looked very gravely at Pearl.

"I'm sorry you mind," he said. "But this letter must be read either by my sister or me or Albertson. Which one would you rather have read it?"

It was a hard choice. Pearl looked deliberately from one to another, and then she looked at Anthony.

"You," she said.

In complete silence he opened it and read it carefully through. Pearl stood motionless, watching him, studying his face. If he had laughed, if he had even smiled, she would have killed him. She was hardly aware of Albertson and Edna and Cora and Durland, all also watching him, to read in his face what he was reading on the paper. None of them read anything. His face was like a mask. He folded the letter and replaced it in the envelope. Then he took out his pocketbook and put the letter in it and put the pocketbook back in his pocket.

Then he said, "I wish to have a word with Miss Exeter alone." There was a small room that opened off the room in which they were sitting; he walked toward it. "May we go in here, Cora?" he said. He made a motion with his hand, and Pearl, like a person bewitched, preceded him.

"Don't be long, Tony," Edna called to him.

"I may be some time," he answered, and shut the door behind him.

Five minutes passed—ten. To those waiting it seemed an hour. Once Mr. Albertson walked near the door and bent his head.

"Can you hear anything?" said Edna.

"Not a thing," said Mr. Albertson.

"You wouldn't be such a cad as to listen, would you?" said Durland.

Nobody answered him. More time elapsed, and then Albertson, springing up, walked with a firm step to the door and turned the handle. It was locked. Albertson shook back a long gray lock from his forehead.

"What do you make of that?" he said.

Miss Wellington laughed.

"Mrs. Conway has the right explanation, I think," she said. "She's done the trick with Mr. Wood too."

(Continued on Page 82)

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TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

Continued from Page 80

"Not at all," said Edna. "How can you be so low, Cora? I only said that to make Anthony angry. He's finding out—luring her to tell him everything."

"Kidding her along, you mean?" said Mr. Albertson, who hated people not to use the right word.

"They've probably both got out of the back window by this time," said Miss Wellington.

This time Mr. Albertson frankly leaned his ear against the crack of the door.

"No, they're there yet," he said, moving away again. "I can hear them talking - low."

Another silence succeeded to this information, and then Mrs. Conway's butler appeared in the doorway. He looked about and said over his shoulder, "Yes, sir, she's here." He drew back and ushered in Gordon Conway.

Edna looked at the man who had been her husband and said irritably, "You, Gordon! This is really a little too much!"

"Hullo, father," said Durland.

"Hullo, Durlie," said his father, as if he were trying to be cordial; and then, seeing Albertson, he added in a tone really cordial, "Why, Albertson, how do you do? I haven't seen you since the night what's his name who had that crooked wheel in Hester Street—was pulled. Off the force?"

The two men shook hands.

"Gordon," said Edna, again determined to know the worst, "what do you want?"

"Why, oddly enough—nothing at all," replied Mr. Conway.

He did not give the same impression of furtiveness and wasted pallor that Pearl had gained when she had caught a glimpse of him on the steps. No one could say he had a color, but he was distinctly less corpse-like. There was nothing shabby about him now either. He was very well dressed in a dark morning suit; his boots, his tie, the wrist watch which he kept glancing at as if his time was rather short, were all of the most elegant sort.

"No, my dear," he went on, "you ought to welcome me most cordially, for I have come to make you a present—quite a present." And fishing languidly in his pocket he produced the string of pearls.

"A present!" cried Edna. "Those are my pearls!"

"They are now," said her husband politely, "because I have made up my mind to give them to you."

"You gave them to me originally—they were always mine."

Conway shook his head a number of times.

"So you have always said, Edna; but saying a thing over and over again does not make it any truer. I did not give them to you ——"

"You did," said Edna.

"Ah, Edna," he answered sadly, "how you can take the grace out of life! You can make even the present of a splendid string of pearls seem ungracious. I never gave them to you. I let you wear them while you were my wife—a mistake, for when you ceased to be my wife you would not give them back—natural, but hardly honest."

"That's absolutely untrue," said Edna.

He did not allow her to ruffle him.

"But now," he went on, "I do give them to you—freely and completely. Be witness, Albertson, that I present this string of pearls to this lady—who was once my wife."

Edna was examining them pearl by pearl.

"They seem to be all right," she said. "The number is right. What's this?" she added, indicating an emerald drop which had never been on them before.

"That's an extra; that's interest on the money," answered Conway with a flourish; "that's an expression of thanks for your courtesy in letting me have them at a moment when they meant so much to me."

This recalled the question of how he had obtained them. "Gordon," she said, "did you steal those out of my safe?"

He shook his head. "You can't steal what is already your own."

"I can't see how in the world you got them," said Edna, "unless that woman is a confederate. Did she give them to you?"

"I don't even know what woman you mean, Edna," he answered. "If you mean a magnificent Hebe who was coming into the house in a hurry as I was going out the other day, I may say I should always be glad to be her confederate in anything—one of the few times in my life, Edna, I was actually sorry to leave your house. No, I did not go to your safe, although I am interested to know that you have one."

"That's where they were," said Edna indignantly, looking round. "The pearls were locked up in the safe. I know that."

"Like so much of your more positive information, my dear, that, too, is wrong," said Conway. "You had them on when I called. And as we talked they came unfastened, and you took them off and laid them on the table beside you. Something told me that you had not been aware of what you did, and so when you refused so very roughly to lend me the sum of money I needed I simply took back my pearls—when you were not looking."

"Gordon," said Edna, "you stole my pearls." And her tone had a note of triumph as if the old delight of putting him in the wrong had not entirely died.

"I took my pearls from the table," said Conway, "and turned them for a few days into cash, with which I know you will be glad to know I made a lot of money—a pot of money, Albertson—there is money still to be made on the races for a smart fellow who knows how; and then, my dear, with a quixotic impulse I gave you the pearls, as I have always thought of doing. Some men might have given them to a younger and more amiable woman, but my nature has always been distinguished by a peculiar form of loyalty. I give them to you—for the sake of old times."

"You brought them back for the sake of not going to jail," said Edna, her eyes flashing at him. He smiled gently.

"Edna," he said, "as time goes on you learn nothing—absolutely nothing. Durland, when are you going to begin to grow? Good night, Albertson. Remember that you are a witness to this gift. Good night."

And he had taken his departure before anyone spoke again. It was Durland who spoke first. His voice shook a little.

"You see, mother," he said, "what a terrible injustice you have done Miss Exeter. She might sue you, only she's too generous. Oh, if you had only told me that my father had been about that day—only you never tell me anything, as if I were a baby. You will apologize to her, won't you?"

"I do not seem to be likely to get the chance of speaking to her at all," said Edna, glancing at the closed door.

Cora Wellington rose to her feet.

"I'm sorry to be inhospitable, Edna," she said, "but I have had a long, hard day attending to your business, and I want to go to bed. In fact, I think I'll go." And she walked firmly out of the room and upstairs, where, since the house—like the Conways'—was lightly built, she could be heard rapidly walking about on her heels in the room immediately overhead.

"Well," said Mr. Albertson, "it looks like I may as well be getting back to the Great White Way myself. I congratulate you on the happy termination of this affair, Mrs. Conway. I do not think that emerald is genuine, but I presume it is the sentiment that will appeal to you. I feel as happy as you do that that sweet young lady is as innocent as a baby."

It cannot be said that Edna looked particularly happy over this point. She raised her shoulders.

"But we don't know yet who she is. She certainly is not Miss Exeter."

Albertson smiled.

"You will find it was just a girlish prank," he said. "And I think we may presume that Mr. Wood now knows the whole story. I think if you'll permit me I'll call my assistant and we will get the car and be off."

Mrs. Conway, once again wearing her pearls, and Durland, still talking of apologies, accompanied Mr. Albertson back to the other house.

Thus, when a few minutes later the door of the morning room was very softly unlocked, and Pearl and Anthony came out, they found an empty room and a silent house. They were like children who, playing hide and seek, come of their own accord out of too good a hiding place and find not only that they are not being hunted for but that all the others have long since gone home to supper.

Pearl looked at Anthony with that peculiar starry look of hers.

"What can have happened?" she said.

"Why, haven't you been listening to me all this time?" said Anthony. "A miracle has happened—we have fallen in love ——"

"What has happened about Mrs. Conway's pearls," said Pearl.

Wood stared at her. He had forgotten about the pearls.

(THE END)

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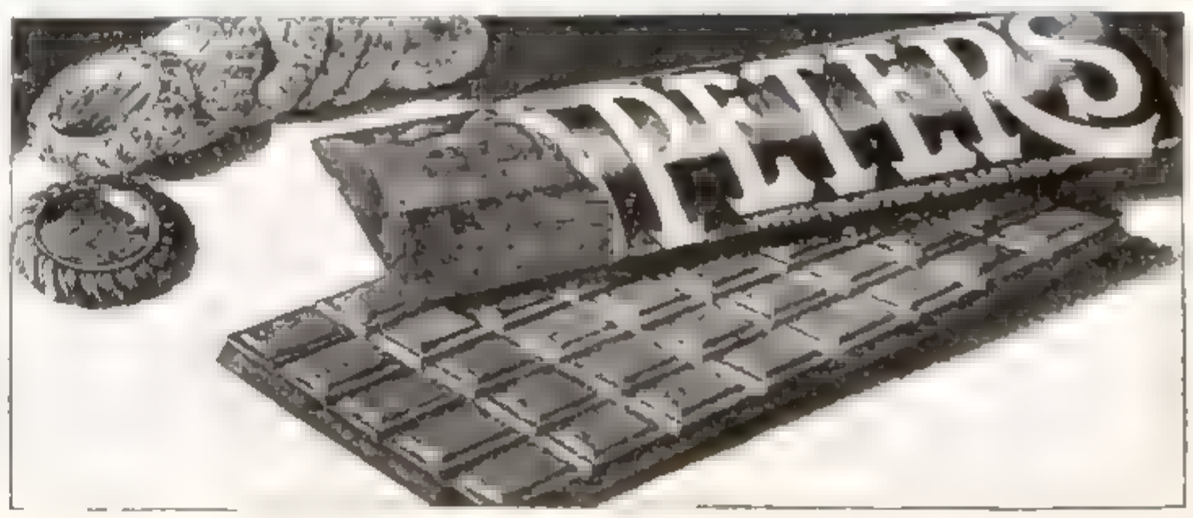

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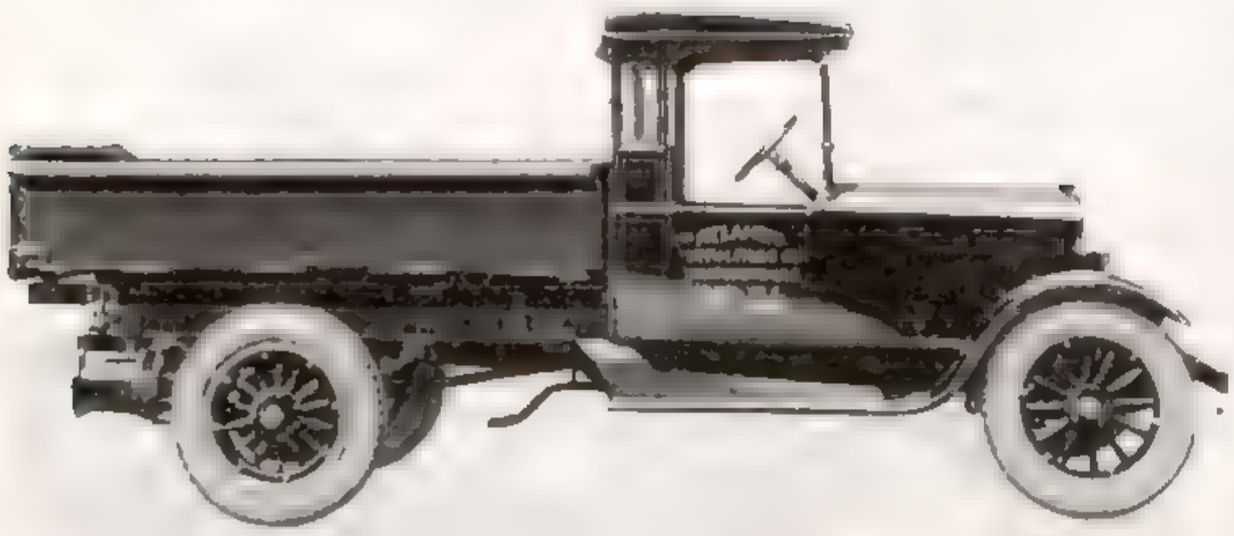

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THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 28

"The participation of communists in the Saxon Government," he writes, "took place with the approval and at the order of the Third Internationale." He claims that the Saxon communists received full instructions from Moscow and were given advice to help the revolutionary advance guard firmly to intrench and establish itself by occupying a definite territory and to transform Saxony into a base for further operations in Germany.

The communist plan as advised by the Moscow "experts" is "the taking over of complete control of the government apparatus in order to begin the arming of scores of thousands of German workers and the mass dismissal of all bourgeois government officials.

"The object must also be to introduce economic measures of a revolutionary nature which will hit the bourgeoisie as hard as possible."

The Communist Party in Moscow published the outlines of "agitation speeches" for use throughout Russia on November seventh, the anniversary of the Bolshevist revolution. Among these outlines was the following statement:

"After the recent English ultimatum union with revolutionary Germany has become necessary in order to strengthen the Soviet Government's international influence. The German revolution opens a wide perspective of close economic union between Soviet Russia and Communist Germany."

One of the slogans for the anniversary is:

"The German steam hammer and Soviet corn will conquer the whole world."

Tchitcherin and Radek

There is a cynical hypocrisy in all this, utterly disgusting to those who, like myself, have been in Russia and know that the Soviet Government is no more communist in its own system and methods than the other capitalist states of Europe; that it has created a new bourgeoisie out of the death and ruin of the old, and that it is arranging many concessions with foreign industrialists in order to secure capital.

The truth is that the Russian leaders are prepared to play the game both ways. Anarchy in Germany would serve their purpose well by weakening the whole structure of Europe. Failing that, they will enter into relations with a reactionary and militarist Germany as a different kind of weapon, but as likely to effect their purpose, which is the raising of Russia to a dominant position in European affairs.

I am inclined to believe that both Tchitcherin and Radek, who have no illusions, and who look on Europe like scientists watching the action of acids and alkalis, are not counting much on red revolution in Germany. Radek, smiling through his horn spectacles and fingering the reddish beard which fringes his face, has already expressed his belief in a German uprising from the Left. He himself is an arch imperialist with an ardent belief in the future of Russia as the greatest empire in the world next to the British Empire, with which he wishes to form a friendly compact.

Russian leadership will endeavor, probably with a good deal of success, to play the old Oriental game of holding the balance in Europe by playing off Germany against France, and France against England. In the event of a future war she will certainly come down on the side of Germany for the sake of the repartition of Poland, provided Germany has any chance of success. If not, she will betray Germany without scruple.

Already Poland is getting nervous; indeed, anxious to a very high degree. Her position between Germany and Russia is extremely dangerous, whatever happens. The Poles are aware that there are sinister movements of the red army in the direction of her frontier, and that the soviet agent, Vigdor Kopp, who is on a mission in the Baltic States, ostensibly for commercial purposes, is really an agent reporting back to Moscow on the possibilities of a combination with German communists.

Internally Poland is already a victim of German chaos. The Polish mark is following the crash of the German mark, owing to the fact that 67 per cent of Polish exports used to go to the German market, which has temporarily lost its purchasing power.

Mr. Hilton Young, formerly financial secretary to the English Treasury, was hurriedly summoned to Warsaw to advise the Polish Government how to arrest this financial depression, but no advice is likely to stop the rot until Germany puts her house in order, or is allowed to do so by France.

It is unlikely that Trotzky will unleash his red army against Poland or the Baltic States, which are also in a ferment of alarm. The risks might be deadly for Russia at the present time. But it is a threat to Europe which may set the fire alight if Germany is not brought back quickly from desperation to law and order in a new pact of peace which it is worth her while to keep.

Meanwhile Russia is making use of the urgent need of the world for revived trade to tempt nations like France and Great Britain, even big business in the United States, with offers of concessions for her oil, timber and minerals. It is a temptation which is difficult to resist at a time when the nations are desperate for raw material in return for exports. Great Britain, for instance, with her vast population of unemployed and half employed and her factories producing goods which they cannot sell, is constantly under the pressure of labor urging the government to overlook their political differences with Soviet Russia and to recognize that government fully and squarely in order to do a big deal which would restore the purchasing capacity of a hundred million people.

Oriental Diplomacy

Even France, passionately hostile to Bolshevik Russia because of their breakdown in the war and their repudiation of French loans, is now making private overtures, or at least diplomatic inquiries, for both political and commercial interests. The French Foreign Office is not ignorant of the enormous menace of a Russo-German alliance. To link up Russian interests with French in order to drive a wedge between Russia and Germany is a plan that is being very carefully and continually considered. Its possibility, however, is extremely doubtful. Russia with an old and artful tradition of diplomacy, not broken by the Bolshevik régime, is delighted to play up to this idea while keeping alliance with Germany as her trump card.

Essentially Oriental in mentality in spite of their Western knowledge and camouflage, men like Tchitcherin have a cold cunning in diplomacy which cannot be overreached by any little diplomat at the Quai d'Orsay in Paris or by any official mind in Whitehall, London.

There is, however, one factor in Russia which must not be overlooked in this analysis of her character and purpose. That is the simplicity, obstinacy and passive strength of her peasant folk, and the idealism of the student class, from which the intellectuals of Russia are being recruited.

The peasants do not want war. They have supped full of its horrors. They have counted its cost in death. We are apt to forget that Russia was the nation which suffered most, and bled most, in this last war, when they were our Allies. These Russian peasants were sent in droves against German shell fire and machine-gun fire, like sheep to the shambles, because by the frightful corruption and inefficiency at Russian headquarters they were short of rifles, ammunition and all equipment. In many cases reserve troops flung into the battle line had to pick up the rifles of their dead comrades or go to their fate unarmed. It was that appalling sacrifice which made them turn round and say with rage and passion: "Where is our enemy? He is behind us, and not in front. It is not the German soldier in the mud like ourselves, eaten by lice like ourselves, hating death like ourselves, but the Russian politician, the gilded staff officer, who drink wine with their ladies in Moscow and Petrograd while we die in the dirt."

Tendencies of Russian Leaders

It is impossible that the Russian peasant has forgotten all that. It is possible that if Trotzky called them to the colors for a war of aggression vast numbers of them would refuse to budge.

And among the student class in Russia there are many young men and women who believe sincerely in ideas which have been preached to them insincerely. They believe in the brotherhood of man, in the folly of war, in the spirit of peace across the frontiers of nations. They, too, might refuse to move when Trotzky sounds his bugles. It might lead to the overthrow of Soviet Russia. It is partly that doubt of his own people which makes Trotzky hesitate to take what he himself has called a gambler's chance.

The immediate future of Russia and her next steps are uncertain. But, broadly, it is almost certain that after the utter defeat of communism in Germany her leaders will become less Bolshevik and more imperialistic, less international as an agency of world revolution and strongly national as a world power holding the balance in Europe because of the weight she can swing, if she likes, on the side of Germany.

Poland has cause to be anxious, and those new Baltic States—Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia—standing in Russia's way to the sea and her old frontiers.

France, in financing Poland and the Polish Army as part of her ring of iron round Germany, is not certain that her money will buy security in that quarter of Europe; and if that link breaks, the whole system of the French military domination of Europe will be jeopardized. For if Germany joins hands with Russia it is the beginning of a life-and-death struggle for France and her allies.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen

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THE TRAP

(Continued from Page 15)

"A lot of 'em went there," he answered apathetically. "They got me at Fredericksburg."

"You were wounded?"

He nodded.

"Then the fever. The fever was worse."

"You don't look fit to be walkin'."

"If I can get home I'll be all right."

"Well, I guess you'd better wait till mornin'. You can stay in the barn if you want."

"I don't like to make no bother."

"'Tain't no bother."

He turned, and she watched him cross the yard and disappear into the barn. She entered the house and closed and locked the front door behind her. Then she turned the wooden button that fastened the door connecting the kitchen with the ell. She was not naturally timid, but many tales were current of rough deeds done by half-crazed men in uniform. Even so, she felt ashamed of herself. This man, hardly more than boy, had decent eyes and was not so strong physically as she. If he was unkempt and unclean—a condition which, with her New England standards, she associated with crime—he had become so on the battlefield. Her husband, had he been spared, might have come back looking just like this.

She began to set the table for supper—a lonely task with only one plate and one cup and saucer to place and all the other side vacant. She had never become used to that. It left the table all out of balance, like an ill-proportioned picture, or like a seesaw with only one upon it. This was a little thing in itself, but it threw her whole life out of true and made her feel lopsided. Tonight, with this young soldier in the barn, she felt it more keenly than ever. With a trace of color at her boldness, she actually rearranged the table with another plate, cup and saucer and chair opposite her own, and then sat down to her modest supper of tea and bread and jelly and cake. But she could not eat. That vacant chair was ghastly, and the hollow eyes of the young man haunted her. With enough for two, it was not decent to eat alone. She put the tea back on the stove and resolutely went out the house and to the barn door.

"Mr. Davis!" she called.

From the hayloft a voice answered, "Yes'm."

"Supper's ready."

"For me?"

"If you'd like some."

"I don't want to make no bother," he answered.

"'Tain't no bother. It's all on the table."

He came out of the hay and down the ladder to the barn floor, his ragged clothing covered with bits of straw.

"I don't look fit to go in the house," he apologized.

"You can wash up, can't you?"

"Yes'm, if you'll let me."

He brushed off his clothes with his old army cap as he came, and she led the way into the house. A scrubbing at the sink helped a good deal, but he had not shaved for ten days, and his hair was overlong. She used to cut Pope's hair, and her fingers itched right now for the scissors. He seemed to sense her unspoken criticism.

"Don't look very slick yet, do I?" he commented.

"No, you don't," she admitted. "But that ain't your fault."

"Maybe I'd better set on the steps."

"Nonsense! You set right where you be. Tomorrow ——" He met her eyes. She flushed. "I was gonter say maybe I could find a razor round the house and some clothes that would look better than the ones you've got on."

"I reckon most anything would be better than these."

He sat down shyly in the chair Pope had last occupied and restrained his eager fingers until she served him. He was very hungry and, had he been alone, would have eaten as ravenously as a starving dog, but before her he tried to recall all that he had ever been taught in the way of manners. In the rough man's world in which he had been living during the last six months he had almost forgotten about women, except to dream of them as of angels. On this long hike from Portland toward home and his mother they had avoided him. Now in the immediate presence of one—beneath the same roof with one—he felt a touch of awe. She was as fresh and colorful as an apple tree in June, and all curves from her pretty brown hair to her feet, and quite immaculate. She made him feel leathery and angular and dusty.

"Reckon I'll have to have a swim in the lake," he said.

"You hadn't oughter go in right after supper."

"No, I'll wait a spell."

She served him with cold cream-of-tartar biscuit and homemade butter and plum preserves and cake and tea until he was ashamed to accept more.

"I'm afraid I'll eat you outer house and home," he laughed.

"I'm not worryin'," she answered.

It was good to cater to a real man's appetite again. Alone, there was always so much left—odds and ends she had been obliged to feed to the chickens. There was no fun in cooking for chickens. Already she was beginning to plan what she would have for breakfast—corn cake and bacon and eggs and coffee. She might even make a batch of doughnuts if she rose early enough. She had not made any since Pope died.

She rose to clear the table and he stood awkwardly about.

"Do you smoke?" she asked.

"Sometimes."

Pope always smoked after supper, standing a few minutes near the stove, watching her at work.

"You'll find a pipe and tobacco on the mantelpiece."

He took down a corncob and filled it. Men are so much alike! He rolled the tobacco in the palm of one hand with the side of the other and pressed it down into the bowl with his forefinger. He lighted it and soon the heavy smoke reached her. It affected her strangely. There was a man in the house.

II

IN THOSE days there was not much calling back and forth on the outskirts of the village. Most of the able-bodied men were away, and this threw the burden of the farm work upon the women and the old men. At night they were all too tired for anything but bed.

Luther Davis slept in the barn, rose at daybreak the next morning and limped through the dew-wet grass to the lake. He came back in time to milk the cow for Lucy, who was busy at the kitchen stove. He even found opportunity to shave with an old razor which Pope had left behind. Then she showed him to the spare room, and there on the bed were a clean shirt, a pair of new trousers and socks and shoes.

"You might as well have them if they'll fit," she said as she left.

He came down a half hour later looking fresh and buoyant. His thick black hair, carefully combed, gave him rather a distinguished appearance. She started as he entered the kitchen to the waiting breakfast.

"I declare to goodness I hardly know you," she laughed excitedly.

"I feel like a new man anyhow," he said.

In an hour he had dropped ten years. He did not appear to be much over twenty now, a fact which made him more, and her less, at ease. She, too, was only a little past twenty, although during this last year she had come to think of herself as middle-aged. He talked freely of himself and of his home in Lovell, and led her to tell more about herself than she had any intention of telling. By the end of breakfast they had pretty definitely placed each other. This was not difficult. Their lives had been simple and their surroundings similar.

"If you'll tell me where the hoe is I'll hoe the garden," he offered as he rose.

"You needn't feel you've got to do that."

"I want to pay for my keep."

"There ain't no need," she said with heightened color.

"It's hard work for a woman."

"The hoe is in the barn. I suppose there's plenty I can do around the house."

She was pleased not so much to have the garden weeded, though it needed it, but because his offer satisfied a curious desire to be indoors and to hear the click of the hoe against the stones outdoors. Here was this idea of balance again. When she was alone and in the house the outside was empty; when she was outside and alone the inside was empty. She made ready to mix a cake, and as she adjusted her bread board she heard him at work. He began to whistle a familiar tune, and she hummed the chorus.

(Continued on Page 89)

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VIRTUOLO

(Continued from Page 86

This went on for a week—just one day following another without change, except that he now occupied the spare room. She had called him in during a bad thunder shower one night when she was frightened, and he had stayed on. This seemed natural enough and raised no questions in her mind. Every morning he rose at daybreak and built the kitchen fire for her. It was pleasant to lie quiet in her own bed and hear the covers rattle, and to come out when dressed into a warm room and find the teakettle already beginning to sing. While she was preparing breakfast he fed the stock and milked the cow, washing his hands at the iron sink as she strained the warm milk. There seemed to be plenty for them both to do.

Then one afternoon her mother stopped on the way to the village and the spell was broken. Her mother had not much flesh left on her bones and her blood was thin. She had become used to loneliness, though her husband was still living. She saw the young man in the garden as she entered the house.

"Who's that?" she demanded.

"Luther Davis," answered the girl, with her cheeks turning a deep scarlet.

"And who's he?" the older woman pressed on.

"He's come back from the war. He hurt his leg."

"Well, what's he doin' here?"

"On his way home to Lovell," answered Lucy.

"How long's he been here?"

"A week."

The older woman squinted her eyes.

"A week!" she repeated.

But there was all the difference in the world between the way she said it and the way Lucy said it.

"He's been helpin' for his board."

That was true, but suddenly it seemed all wrong—horribly wrong. Her clear blue eyes fell before her mother's faded blue eyes.

"Wal," said Mrs. Jouett, "I should think it was high time for him to be home. If he doesn't know enough I'd better speak to him."

"Don't do that," pleaded the girl.

"Then do it yourself. With the bringin' up you've had, you'd oughter have more sense."

"He just happened by an' ——"

But her mother was looking at her in that queer way—the way that made it all seem horribly wrong.

"I'll speak to him," said Lucy.

She went out into the garden. As he heard her step he straightened his bent back and stood erect. He was not handsome, but he had ruggedly honest features. The last week had brought back color to his thin cheeks and life to his dazed eyes.

"Hello," he said. "Want somethin'?"

"No," she said. "Ma's here."

"Thought I saw someone go into the house."

"Yes, she's here. An' she says ——"

But her lips could not frame the words. It seemed unfair to him and to herself.

"It's 'bout me?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," she admitted.

"I had a feelin' this couldn't last very long," he said.

"I hadn't thought anything about it."

"There's just one way. I ain't much, but ef—ef you'd marry me ——"

Leaning on his hoe handle out there in the garden, he met her eyes fair.

"I love you an awful lot," he said. She looked away from him to the house. She was so lonely there alone. "I'm gettin' stronger all the time. The two of us ——"

That was it—the two of them. It takes two to make a world.

"I don't see how I can get along without you—any more," she said.

III

IN THE course of the next fifteen years five children bearing the name of Davis were born in the south room, but the farm continued to be known as the Pope Hayward place. After all, it was Pope who had cleared the land, Pope who had walled in and roofed over this bit of earth, Pope who had planned the south room. Nothing had been changed since, so that clearly it was he who had made possible if not inevitable the arrival of these new occupants.

In the south room two of the children died—laughing little fellows stopped in the midst of their play, not understanding. Neither did Luther understand, nor Lucy. Whether Pope did none knows. The village clergyman talked about Divine Providence and the loving arms awaiting them, as though this were an explanation.

"But His arms ain't my arms," choked Luther.

He held out his heavy arms—arms grown strong from long hours of toil in the fields—and they were empty.

Lucy grew thin and pale after this, and before she was forty-five slipped away one night from the south room to join the younger children.

The Reverend Hosea Martin tried to explain this too. Luther listened respectfully to what he had to say. It might all be true. He was not one to deny the possibility. But this left his house empty, even with the three other children—the emptier, in a way, because of them. A woman was needed. The trap was set.

Unsuspecting, Luther went on about his daily chores and did his best to care for the three remaining. But they were young and this was difficult, so that when Mrs. Holcomb, left a widow and childless, offered to come as housekeeper for her board and room, Luther gladly accepted. She was a capable sort of woman in her lean, unimaginative way and made the house very comfortable and shipshape for them all. She scrubbed and cooked, and in the evening after the children were in bed sat by the sitting-room lamp and darned stockings while Luther smoked and talked over the little happenings of the day. He came to look forward to this hour or two. It was pleasant to have someone who would listen. It was almost necessary. He realized this when in the spring a sister, in her turn left a widow, sent for Mrs. Holcomb to live with her.

"I reckon I'd better go, Luther," she said to him one evening.

"Eh?" he exclaimed.

"She's kinsfolk and needs me."

"What about me?"

"You'll get along somehow. A man allers does."

"I don't want to get along somehow. You've fitted in here, and now—it would be awful lonesome without you, Sarah. If you'll marry me ——"

"Lordy!"

"You're sorter part of the house."

That was true, and the house had become part of her. The trap had sprung.

They were married and had one child—Seth Davis. It was he who inherited the place after the other children grew up, married and moved away, and after both Davis and his second wife died within a year of each other in the south room.

Seth was eighteen when he came into the property—an able-bodied young chap who settled down to work the farm and make the most of it. There was no nonsense about him. The house afforded him shelter at night, and that was about all the interest he took in it. His concern was with the land and how much money he could make out of it. He found his opportunity in supplying eggs and milk and fresh vegetables to an ever increasing number of summer visitors who, discovering this lake to be beautiful, had started building cottages along the shore. If anyone had told him that his house was like a trap set and baited by the side of the road he would have laughed heartily and noisily.

"I'm tendin' to my own business," he would have said, "and calculate to let other folks do the same."

Betty Norton, of the village, who came to work that summer for the Hasbroucks at their cottage on the lake, might have said the same. One morning she ran out of eggs and innocently enough walked up to the old Pope Hayward place. She was young and buxom and red cheeked and quite cockily sure of herself. She smiled confidently at Seth as he stood in the kitchen door, but when she held out her egg basket

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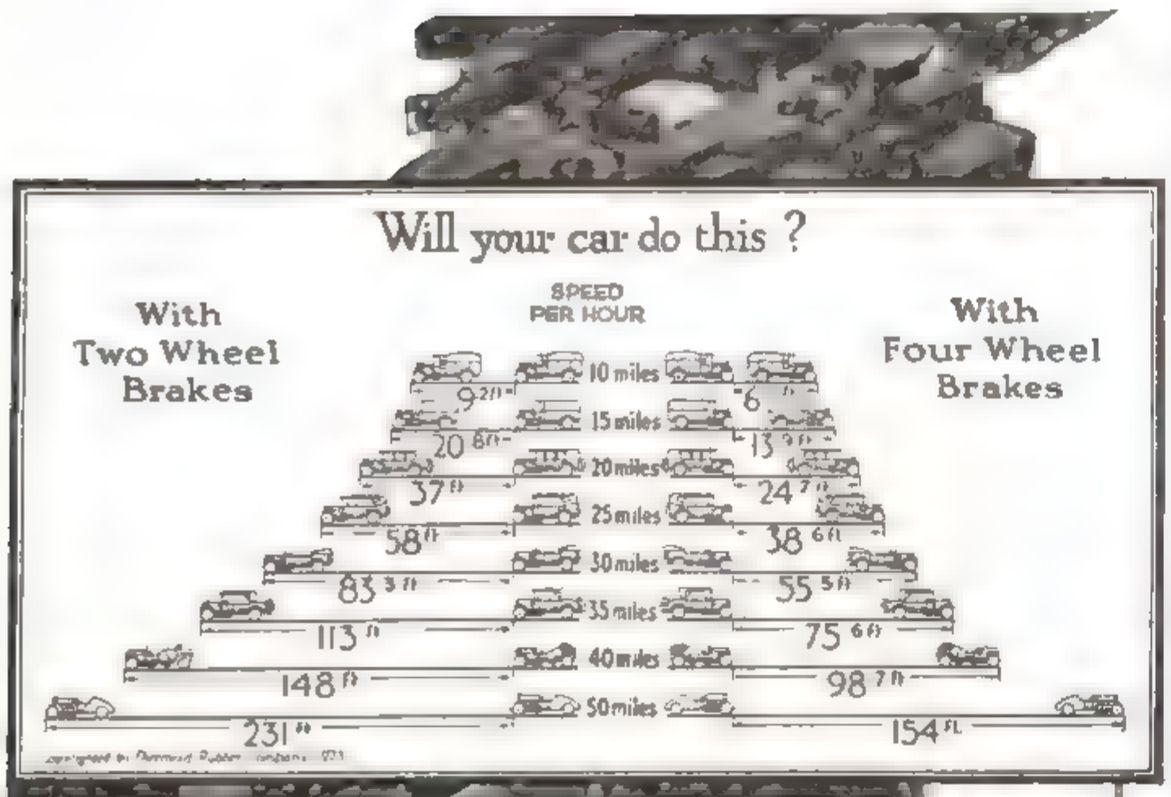

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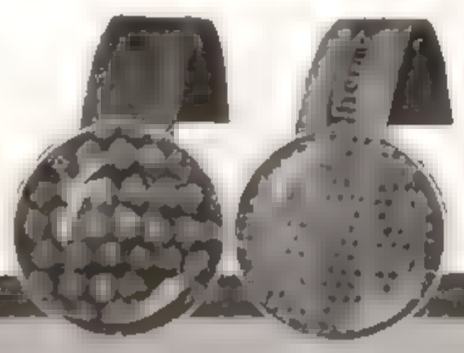

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his big firm fingers touched hers and she flushed scarlet. It was a surprise to them both.

"I'll have to go down to the barn," he said, "but I've got biscuits in the oven. Will you keep an eye on them?"

She nodded and as he came out stepped into the kitchen. She was curiously agitated at being there—not feeling sure if it was quite proper, for Seth, she knew, had been living alone ever since his folks died. She looked about with some curiosity at these bachelor quarters, as though some mystery were attached to them. It did not seem quite natural for a young man to be living in a house alone. She almost forgot the biscuits, but hurried back in time to the oven door and was in this position when he returned. She felt odd at being caught.

"Are they done?" asked Seth.

"Yes, and they look real nice."

She took them out of the oven, placed them on the table and moved away nervously. Being over his stove suggested an intimacy that frightened her. It was as though she belonged here.

"Have one?" he asked, to delay her.

"Thanks, but I guess I'd better be going. I'm mixing a cake."

She reached for her basket of eggs and this time was very careful to avoid his hand. She tripped to the door, but before she left the yard turned once. He was standing at the sill, watching. Smiling timidly, she hurried on, even quickening her pace somewhat.

Seth removed the biscuits from the pans and piled them on a plate. He stuffed more wood into the stove and filled the kettle—trivial household duties he had been performing contentedly enough in the midst of his farm labors. Now he heard his footsteps fall heavily, as in an empty house.

There was, however, no nonsense about Seth. He tended strictly to his business, which increased steadily from week to week. Whatever he made he put aside for the purchase of more land. It was a fascinating game, this turning of land into money and money into more land, and he enjoyed it. The trouble came at night, particularly in the fall when the nights grew longer. Sitting by his kitchen stove after the chores were done, he used to see Betty Norton kneeling by his oven door. And though he laughed the vision away—he was no fool—this always made him feel exactly as though he had taken the girl by the shoulders and thrown her out of doors. He was not sentimental, but neither was he cold-blooded, and as the evenings grew frosty this seemed an increasingly brutal thing to do.

It was in October that he harnessed up the colt one night after supper and drove over to the Norton place at the other end of the town. The summer season over, the girl was now at home. She received him pleasantly but coolkily, for after earning her own living she had grown still more independent. He called several times after this and, when the snow came, bought a new sleigh and persuaded her to ride with him. They drove through the village, the colt stepping smartly, and took the upper road, which led past his own house—the Pope Hayward place. Here the colt took the bit in his teeth and bolted into the farmyard, upsetting the pung. No great harm was done, but Betty was frightened and bruised and covered with snow, and the harness was broken.

"I'm awful sorry," he said anxiously. Her teeth were chattering. "You'd better go into the house while I change the harness," he suggested. "It's warm in there."

He gave her the key and she went in and lighted a lamp and sat by the warm stove, waiting for him. Ten minutes later he came in and she rose instantly.

"I'm all right now," she said.

He was warming his numb hands over the hot covers.

"I don't know what got into the colt," he said. "He never done nothin' like that before."

"We—we'd better go."

"You ain't dry yet."

"I'm dry enough."

He put fresh wood in the stove and opened the dampers. She glanced toward the door. She felt exactly as though she had been trapped.

"Please—I mustn't stay," she trembled.

But he strode to her side and seized her in his arms—strong-muscled arms that overcame all resistance. He bent over her quivering lips and kissed them.

"I reckon you got to stay now," he whispered hoarsely.

She struggled the more and he kissed her again and again.

"I want you here all the time," he said.

"Seth, let me go!" she panted.

He let her go then, but she did not go far. She paused at the door and began to cry. When he came to her side this time she did not move.

The next time she came into the house it was as a bride—in December. Seth prospered as a man of his type is bound to do. He was one of the first men to sense the increasing value of pine timber and in the course of the next ten years made a considerable fortune in lumber. Four children were born in the south room and he began to feel cramped. So he bought the Cleaves place in the village, a much larger and more pretentious house, and closed the farmhouse. He did not advertise it for sale, because he did not need the money and because he had a certain sentiment about it; but, of course, every unused house is in a sense on the market. Even with doors closed and curtains drawn, a house is still a house and has a very definite purpose. But for the next two years it stood there by the side of the road like some powerless, inert thing.

Yet during that period at least a half dozen different men and women stopped before it, checked on their various journeys by the fact that it was an unoccupied house. In that condition it offered itself as a possibility. It appealed particularly to the newer generation, because by now it had become old-fashioned enough, with its weather-worn shingles and low roof and small windows, to have an added attraction. There were those who stopped their cars, got out and peeped under the curtains. It looked very quiet and peaceful inside, as though nothing had ever happened here—as though nothing ever would happen. Had the house been human one might have said it was holding its breath. The Egglestons took a look, and so did the Careys and the Browns, all in search of a summer place. For one reason and another they drove on, forgetting the incident. They never knew that for a moment they were in touch with Pope of 1860.

Finally Ben Anderson, of New York, who was rambling through this section of New England, sketching pictures as he went, happened along here one afternoon in June. The sun, coming aslant over the mountains, bathed the old house in a mellow glow. The twilight beauty seemed to sink into the very wood. He stopped and drew a long breath. A deep contented peace fell upon him as the flaming colors in the west died down into a gentle afterglow and into tinted purple. Sitting upon the step, he watched this change and noted the hardy annuals trying bravely to come up through the grass beneath the windows. It seemed to him that if he could open the door and walk in he could live here contentedly—live and work and dream through the long summer months unmolested by humankind. He was an emotional chap or he would not have been an artist.

That night Anderson stopped at the village and the next morning looked up Seth Davis. The latter was not eager to sell, but of course if anyone wanted the place bad enough he would name a figure. He did—half again what the property was worth as a farm. Anderson did not have a fortune, but he had done very well during the last few years and closed the bargain on the spot.

The house had found a new master, but it was still known around the village as the Pope Hayward place. So, in effect, it was. Pope's ax had felled the trees and hewed the timbers, and Pope's sinewy hands had fitted them together. He had not anticipated Anderson, who came fifty years later, and the latter never heard of Pope; but whether either knew it or not, here is where their paths crossed, with results that for Anderson were very important. For the very next day he snapped up the curtains and flung wide open the door—baiting, as it were, the trap afresh.

The weeks went by and Anderson was certainly innocent of any ulterior motive. He was, as a matter of fact, very well satisfied with himself and his present condition, as he had considerable right to be. Sound bodied, good-looking, successful, he enjoyed the isolation afforded him here and managed to make himself very comfortable. It was a relief after the sort of life he had been spending in town, and he proposed to remain until the snow came. After supper he used to light his old brier

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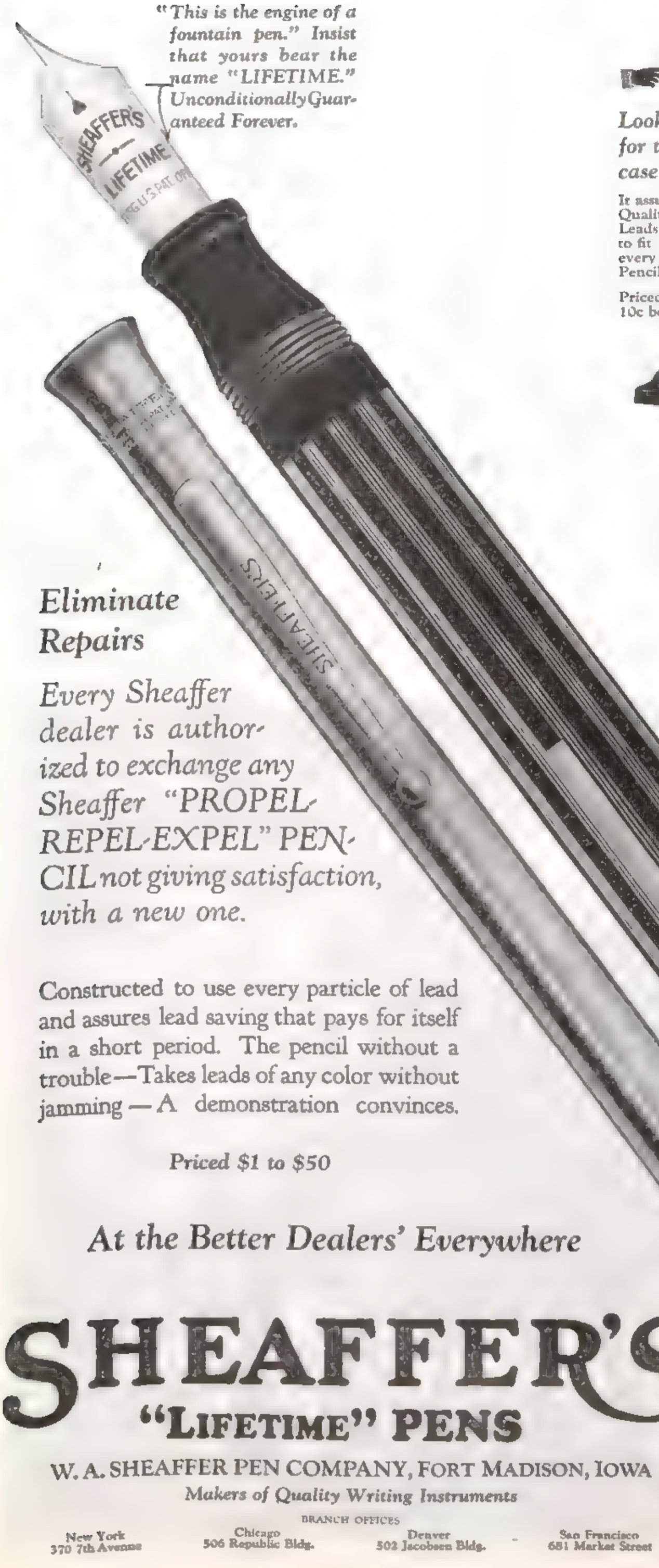

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Continued from Page 90

and sit on the front step, grinning at the fools who raced past in both directions in all sorts of cars. He thanked God that none of them stopped but always continued on out of sight. He was in no social mood.

He was sitting so one evening late in August when just below at a bend in the road he heard a crash and a scream that brought him to his feet. Sprinting to the wreckage of the two cars, he saw by the side of the road the bruised form of a young woman. Two dazed men were standing over her helplessly.

"I'll take her to my house," Anderson said quickly, picking her up. "Stop the next car and send for a doctor."

He carried the girl into his room and laid her on the bed. She was breathing, but unconscious, and her face was cut by broken glass from the windshield. As he bathed the cuts with cold water he saw that she was very beautiful -very beautiful indeed. She made him think, somehow, of the Lady of Shalott.

Soon Sturgis, her father, came in with the doctor.

"She can't be moved," said the latter after his examination.

"Of course she can't," agreed Anderson instantly.

Sturgis and a nurse brought from the village needed the only other available rooms, and so Anderson carried a couple of blankets out to the barn and made up a bed in the hay. He was there two weeks Sturgis never knew it—while Elaine lay flat on her back, waiting for a couple of ribs and various other things to knit together.

Anderson accepted the situation good-naturedly and was in and out of Elaine's room often. In the course of his life up to thirty, which included five years in Paris, he had met many young women and come through safely; so he could not by any means be called sentimental. In fact, he was inclined to be the reverse. Women had a decorative value at least some women had and on occasion could even be entertaining—at least some women could. But the man who took them seriously was assuming a risk by no means justified. He had never, to be sure, come into any such intimate contact with any woman as he did now with Elaine Sturgis, because here she was right in his own house -right in his own room. Instead of meeting her at the very earliest at luncheon, he was sometimes admitted as early as nine o'clock, when he pretended to read the morning paper to her.

When she was able to be up and dressed and to move about a little she identified herself with one room after another including the kitchen. He and the nurse between them were doing the cooking, he attending to the soups and salads.

"Louis of the Coq d'Or told me that the world lost a really good cook when I took to painting," he announced to her proudly

"Any time you wish a recommendation I'll furnish it," she laughed.

There were many other things besides his culinary ability that she might well have included in any recommendation. She had seen him day after day for two weeks now, and he held up. He did rather better than that—he improved. He did this in spite of the fact that some instinct warned her to hold her good opinion of him in check. She must keep in mind the fact that she would soon be leaving

Then one day the doctor came in and announced as though it were some fine news that she was fit as a fiddle and could now venture into the automobile whenever she wished. That, in the nature of things, meant at once. Sturgis recognized this immediately; so did Anderson; so, for that matter, did Elaine. She packed her automobile trunk that morning while Sturgis went down to the garage to fetch the car, which in the meanwhile had been undergoing quite as extensive repairs as Elaine.

Anderson was the only one who seemed to have nothing to do in the way of preparation. He paced about aimlessly from one room to another, feeling very much out of it. If Elaine had packed the house itself in her trunk she could not have left him feeling more isolated. Once or twice he voiced a feeble protest

"I don't believe the old doc knows what he's talking about," he informed her. "You ought to stay another week at least."

"You are so consistently good," she smiled with deep sincerity.

"I've never been handed any medals for that virtue," he denied. "If I'm good, that has something to do with you."

"I've been nothing but monopolize your house."

"Eh? Yes, that's what you've done," he answered quickly

"I can only apologize."

"How does that help?" he demanded

"And thank you all over again. You've been very gracious," she went on uneasily.

"I haven't been even that," he protested. "I didn't ask you here. You came. I couldn't help myself."

Her cheeks grew crimson

"I'm sorry if I intruded."

"You did, but you couldn't help yourself."

"Then?"

He appeared baffled and worried.

"There's something back of this," he declared

Startled, she looked up and met his eyes and then away again.

"I didn't get run into on purpose—if that's what you mean," she trembled.

"Of course you didn't. That's the point. But neither did I arrange it, did I?"

"Mr. Anderson," she said with rising color, "father will be here in a few moments and then ——"

"You'll go taking with you everything I have."

Impulsively he reached for her hand.

"Elaine," he said, "there's something back of this—but something ahead too. Lord, you can't go now! It wouldn't be fair. There wouldn't be anything left."

"Father -in a few minutes ——" She struggled

"It's too late," he whispered. "It was too late from the start. I love you and you know it. But you "

There was the sound of an approaching car.

"If you go away from me I'll follow you to the ends of the earth and bring you back," he said passionately. "It's so much easier to stay."

"I've stayed too long already," she gasped And that was the simple truth

Sturgis, coming into the house, had an uneasy feeling that something had happened while he was away. He found the two in the kitchen that room where in the cool of these September evenings the three had often sat about the wood stove. It was a comfortable spot and the humming kettle made a pleasant sound. But just now he was in a hurry, as he always was with the car at the door.

"I'm going to miss this room, Anderson," he said. "You've been very kind."

"Not so kind as you've been to me," replied Anderson.

"I don't see that."

"You brought your daughter here."

"The deuce I did! But you've been mighty good about putting up with us."

"I couldn't very well do anything else. And now—I'm going to ask you to put up with me a longer while. I've just asked Elaine to marry me."

"So that's it!" exclaimed Sturgis, looking from one to the other.

The girl crossed to her father's side.

"That's it, dad," she murmured with her arms about his neck. "You see, he couldn't help it and I couldn't help it and ——"

"Then who the devil could?" demanded Sturgis.

A light breeze stole through the kitchen window and along the hall to the front door, which Sturgis had left open, and gently but firmly closed it.

The old box trap had sprung again.

It Affected Her Strangely. There Was a Man in the House

Seven out of ten headaches

"I CAN'T, I simply can't. If it never gets done, I can't darn socks with a headache like this."

There was the bitterness of defeat in Mrs. Bryce's tones. She dropped her mending back into the work-basket and lifted her hand to an aching, burning forehead.

It was beginning to look as if she never would catch up with the holey stockings, the buttonless shirts, and the torn little frocks. These headaches were becoming daily affairs—permanent nagging pains that frayed her temper and her nerves, made her irritable and jumpy.

Without knowing it, Mrs. Bryce was traveling the way of countless other men and women—suffering the nerve-racking ills of headaches, putting up with their steady undermining of health and disposition.

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

BILLY PATTERSON HITS BACK

(Continued from Page 11)

"That will do, Nora," I said, regretting sincerely that I had opened my trap. "Pass out quietly now; you've got your money." And I shut the door behind her and wandered toward the drawing-room.

This Professor Steefelband was all the go in Sawneyville at this time, and all the ladies swore by him. He had a scientific system of exercises that made the girls fat or made them thin, whichever they wanted, and it seemed to be the goods. Eunice and Gladys were two of his customers; and I was strong for him, because since he took hold we had begun to eat real food in our house for the first time since the girls cut off their pigtails and joined the man hunt. I was always a great hand at eating apple pie and whipped cream, and I do like a homemade chocolate layer cake, and when I see pigs' knuckles and mashed potatoes and sauerkraut I just lay back my ears and dash in. For this reason I have no use for black coffee and dry toast for breakfast, and when it comes to dinner I do not get any kick out of what Mrs. Patterson calls a genteel sufficiency. When I eat I want to eat and not kid myself, but it was no use for me to raise a row when I looked at the dinner table and saw a set of iron rations. Mrs. Patterson would say, "Gravies and starches are fattening. Kindly remember the girls!" But now the prof had come to the rescue of starving Sawneyville, and when I passed by Ditmars' lunch near the station—which I used to patronize on the quiet—I did not see the usual row of prominent citizens before a row of beef stews. The prof was nicking me six dollars per session, but that was all right, since it was doing the children so much good.

The drawing-room doors were closed, but I took a peep in, and then I was going to withdraw with a bashful murmur when somebody said, "Oh, it is only old Mr. Patterson!" Well, that knocked me a little, but still it was an invitation, and I went in. I am forty-four years old, and that is not more than the prime of life. This man Zabisko, now, the great wrestler, he is older than I am; and then there is Creamer that rides the six-day races—and old? I may be a bit round-shouldered and bow-legged from riding a swivel chair for fifteen years, and my chest is dislocated and is down on my lap, but I am as good as I ever was; I am all there, and what I lost in one place I got in another. However, you have probably got a jolt from some fresh young thing and you know how it is. So I went in.

There were twelve women in the class, and they were dressed in bloomers. When I was a young thing a girl in bloomers was a cut-up, and we figured she was probably one of the queens from the burlesque troupe stopping with us overnight; but nowadays we look at such a get-up with veneration, knowing the lady is somebody's mother. So it was not just the costume in this case but the fact that the ladies were doing stunts and parlor tricks. They were down on their hands and knees and were swinging their weights to and fro like bears, and swaying in all directions like this double-jointed furniture you buy on the installment plan. Mrs. House was impersonating an overstuffed sofa with a jag, and young Sadie Pilger was doing a hand stand against the wall like a Queen Anne console table.

I said to Professor Steefelband, "What is coming off here, may I inquire?"

"This," said he, "is the ex-er-cees known as *Fussboden Schrubben*. It is for the flexible backbone." He was a stout and pinkish man with a viking mustache and China-blue eyes. He looked sternly at his charges, told Mrs. House to put more coil and recoil in her motion, and then he shouted in crisp military tones, "*Wäsche Aufhangen!*"

The ladies rose, petting their knees, and proceeded to bend down from the waist and to stretch up again until their arms were extended horizontally, when they wriggled their fingers and wrists. They repeated this motion over and over for ten minutes, sticking to it like good fellows.

"The hips," said the prof. "The thighs. The knees. The abdomens. And, too, the double chin."

"Science, eh?" I said.

"Much," he said. "This system is inventioned by the Ooneevussity of Doppelbrau-am-Main. To exercees every of the person. The muscles. The ligaments. The inasdes. It have been discovered that the ooman do not exercees every not a little in the modern civilization. What gives? Ah, her mother? Not so. Her mother exercees of all." He waved his arms at me. "Of all!"

"Absolutely," I said. "It's as clear as spring water."

"Spring water," he repeated, frowning. "*Was heiss* ——" He pulled out a little book and went to chasing through the pages. "Ah! Spring—spring water. Freshets, floods, turbulent torrents. Not so?"

"That book is a mind reader," I said, taking it from him. "That is just about what was in my mind, though I didn't know I said it. Where is this *fussboden* thing, and that other piece of scientific lingo? Ah, here it is—scrubbing the floor and hanging out the wash."

"*Gewiss*," he said.

"Professor," I said, taking him by the hand, "you're a great man. I couldn't make them do it in a thousand years."

"Not I," he said modestly, "but the science! The science!" And he glared me in the eyes and raised a pudgy forefinger toward the ceiling.

"Have you got washing the windows in there?" I asked. "That will make them cool-headed, and also keep their feet warm."

"The windows?" he said, frowning again.

"Like this," I said, pretending to sit on a window ledge.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, enlightened. "*Fenster putzen*, not so? It is the fifth exercees of the system. You shall see."

But I had seen enough.

"You've got a wonderful gall, professor," I said.

"Colossal!" he said, expanding gratifiedly. "The liver, too—not so?"

I went away revolving these things in my mind and thinking of how gullible women are. Here was this scientific carpetbagger coming in and collecting big money for putting our girls through the motions of housework, and the fun of it was he was earning his money. I wouldn't have laid an information against him for the world. But he never could have put that sort of thing over on the men. Oh, no!

Before going away to Sundown Lodge to rest up I went over to see young Pete Fogarty. Pete was a husky young dumbbell of nineteen years that I had had great hopes of making a handy man and straw boss out of if his mind ever developed. He hadn't shown up at the job lately. His mother did day's work, and I thought I could get her to help out Mrs. Patterson, and so kill two birds with one stone. They lived on Sylvan Street, which is not a select residential quarter.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Fogarty," I said courteously, entering her kitchen. "Say, what's that you're cooking? It smells good. Ah-h! I hear great talk about your cooking, Mrs. Fogarty."

"I'm not cooking," she said, stiffening. "They're shoeing a horse downstairs in the blacksmith's."

Well, that was a clean miss, and I changed the subject.

"Where's Pete these days?"

"He do be inside, sir. You could go in."

Pete Fogarty was hunched over a big book with his two red hands clutched in his red hair.

"Studying law," he growled, looking at me with red eyes.

"In trouble, Pete?" I said, sitting down. "Don't waste your time with that book; you can hire all the lawyers you want. Why didn't you come to me and I'd take care of you?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer," he said.

I stared at him.

"What's the catch, Pete? Go on and spring it. I'll bite."

"There's no catch," he said morosely. "Wasn't I born in this country? Born here I was, and can prove it; so I'm wasting me precious time on your job when I could be President."

"Who's been nominating you, Pete?" I said. "I didn't hear of this third party."

"Read there!" he said, slapping a copy of Inspiration, a magazine that you'll see on every news stand. "Read that article called If You Were Born in This Country. That'll tell you. It says I got as good a chance to be President as anybody else; just as good a chance as Mr. Coolidge. What was he? Only a farmer's boy."

"Poppycock, Pete!" I said. "When they make the like of you President I'm going to take out my first papers as a Chinaman."

"Is that so?" he said stubbornly. "You just read in that magazine. Look at what it says. Whozis now—Lincoln—went around splitting rails. And this here Johnson was a tailor, and Garfield was only a tow boy on a canal boat. It says a rich fellow ain't got the chance of a snowball to go through the eye of a needle, and every President we ever had was poor and ignorant.

"It says right there that there ain't a boy in the United States today that ain't got a better chance to be President than Lincoln had. Well, I don't want a better chance; all I ask is a square shake. Ain't I poor? Ain't I ignorant? So I'm studying law like Lincoln did. You just read that magazine, Mr. Patterson, and it'll open your eyes and put ambition into you."

"Gosh, Pete," I said, catching him up, "I think you've got a great idea there! I think I will lay off working and study to be President myself."

"Aw, Mr. Patterson," he protested, losing heart, "what do you want to do that for? I thought of it first."

"Why should you expect me to throw a good thing over my shoulder, now that I've been tipped off on it?" I argued. "I guess I got as good a chance as you, and more time to study up."

"You got a better chance," he said, looking down in the mouth and hesitating to turn to page 2 of his law book. "Well, of course, if a man like you are going out against me, Mr. Patterson, where does a poor fellow like me get off?"

"And what is more, Pete," I followed up, "maybe you wouldn't get to be President after all, and then you'd have all your work for nothing."

"That's so, too," he said, and he slapped the book shut. "I might lose out, mightn't I? That darned magazine never said a word about that, but it stands to reason. It sure does. I guess I will not try to be President."

"I got a sneaking notion, Pete," I said, "that nobody ever got to be President yet that started his sprint too soon. My idea is that Lincoln and these other birds were only looking for more money or a better job and didn't know where they were going. If Lincoln had read that magazine when he was a young thing he would never have got to be President, because he would have punched the man that offered him a job at rail splitting, and would have hiked straight to Washington and sat down on the White House steps until they called him in. That kind of hokum dissatisfies young fellows with their jobs. Now you would make a very good handy man around a building job, and that means a steady fifty a week."

"A President," he said thoughtfully, "gets seventy-five thousand a year. Which is most?"

"Fifty a week, Pete," I said. "You'll find it so. And besides, a President only holds his job for four years, and then he's out of luck."

"And that's so too!" he exclaimed angrily. "What am I going to do after I'm President? That magazine didn't give a peep about that. I want something steady. I guess I will come down to the job tomorrow morning, Mr. Patterson."

I bought a couple of these magazines to read on the train on the way to Sundown Lodge, and they gave me another slant on the labor problem in America. They were full of stuff calculated to give young fellows big ideas and make them jump their jobs; the advertisements gave the business away by offering to teach any young fellow the secret of success in life for a two-dollar bill. No more hard work, no studying or exercise or taking griping pills—just send two dollars and get the book by return mail. One fellow called his graft Psycultheropady, another was doing business under the name of Braino Institute; another wanted to teach young fellows to vibrate. And this was their chorus, "Hard work will never get you anything!" There ought to be a law compelling all foreigners here to read English and subscribe to some good inspirational magazine, and then they wouldn't grab off so many fortunes.

I got into a hack at the station and the man drove me about four miles, a mile along the state road and three miles up a dirt track featured with bowlders and niggerheads. We came out upon a plateau eight hundred feet above sea level and

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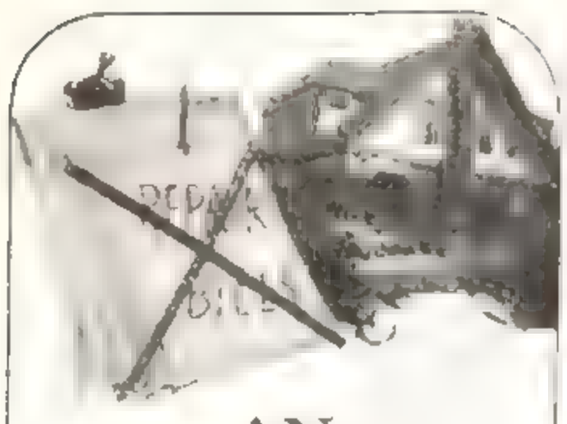

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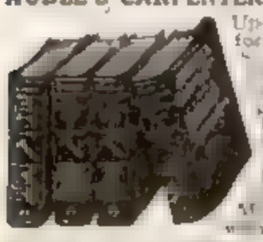

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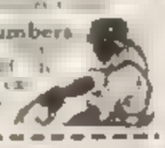

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three miles from nowhere. We were surrounded by stumps and second-growth timber and in the clearing was Sundown Lodge.

The place impressed me as restful, so I gave the hackman his two dollars and cut my last connection with civilization and plunged into the unknown. The Lodge was a long one-story structure, with the general architectural lines of a bunk house, but newly decorated with a porch and stone pillars. It was newly painted, and the spacious grounds were neat if not elegant, and there was plenty of help; I saw at least a dozen men working around in brown overalls. I put down my grip on the porch for the bell hop and started for the clerk's desk.

A man put his head out of a small room off the main entrance and said "In here!"

He was a man of about my own age, but with the chest and shoulders of a chopping block, and with a face as round and hard and red as an apple. He had hard blue eyes and big white teeth, and the top of his square head was naked and weathered.

"I wish to see Mr. Buffet," I said, entering.

"Mr. Buffet," he repeated. "Mr. Michael Buffet?"

"The same."

"Doing business as Buffet's Rest Camp?" he said.

"Of course," I replied.

He stood between me and the door and eyed me threateningly.

"What's the charge now?" he growled. "Is it assault and battery again? Is it mayhem? I'm telling you that the man signed off!"

"I have come here to rest," I said, trying to puzzle him out.

"Ah, I didn't see the baggage," he said, smiling with his big white teeth. "Then you're looking for Mike?"

"For Mike Buffet."

"Hello!" he said. "That's me. What's yours? Patterson, eh? Sit down, Patterson, and get out your check book."

"What do I owe you?" I said.

"Three hundred dollars," he said.

"I suppose I got good value for the money," I said. "But how come?"

"Are you refusing already to abide by the rules of the house?" he said, frowning. "Cash down in advance is the rule here, Patterson. You're paying for three weeks."

"But I mightn't stay three weeks," I protested.

"That's just it," he said. "And what is more, if you leave in less than three weeks it will be because you are dissatisfied, and then you will talk about me. So you will pay in advance and then you will not talk if you leave."

"I don't like your terms," I said.

"I never had a guest yet that did," he said. "But never a word have you heard one of them speak against me."

Well, this bird was evidently a bit of a character; but I had heard as much of him and had gathered only good reports of his place, and I was in such poor shape that I was willing to try anything; so I wrote him out a check for three hundred dollars.

"Good," he said after he had indorsed it and thrust it into an envelope and licked the flap. "Go in and see the doctor. This way."

He let me out into a room about fifty feet long, which room had windows on three sides and took up most of the floor space under the roof of Sundown Lodge. There was a large open fireplace in it, and tilted back before the blazing logs was an old fellow chewing tobacco and spitting into the fire. This old fellow was the house physician. He had a square white beard and watery eyes and he smelled powerfully of creosote.

"Take off your duds," he said, getting up.

I went to stripping after some doubt. But they seemed to know what they were about and that gave them the advantage over me.

"Walk around," said the doctor, gesturing when I stood in my pelt. I began to walk along beside the wall. "Trot!" he called, and I broke into a trot. He took a fresh chew and watched me critically. "Gallop!" he shouted.

Mike Buffet put his head into the room. "How do you rate him?" he asked.

"Don't like his action," grunted the doctor. "Interferes. Can't hit from a canter."

He called me over and I stood before him, puffing. Now, if you will believe me, this sort of thing pleased me immensely. It was new to me and it filled me with hope.

"Stand!" said the doctor, and he picked up my right foot and looked at my frog—I mean at my sole. "Thought he picked up something," he mumbled. And then he put a stethoscope onto me and listened to me puff. He grunted and felt his whiskers, and then he shifted his hand and told me to cough. "Only needs to be exercised," he said. "Nothing else. Sound in wind and limb."

"What about my diathesis, doc?" I said helpfully. "Don't it call for a good rest and forget business?"

"Your—which?" he said.

"My diathesis."

"You ain't got a trace of it," he said authoritatively. "What ails you is being tied up too much, cigarettes and booze. We'll take all that out of you, young fellow. You can think of business all you blame please."

"But, doc, I lay awake and fret."

"I got money that says you don't," he said. "Not here. Put on your duds, young fellow."

"Where are they?" I asked.

"There!" he said, pointing at a heap of some clean cotton underwear, a two-piece set of overalls and a pair of trench shoes.

"But look here!" I said.

"House rule, young fellow," he said, going back to his chair by the fire. "Run around naked if you like. Won't do you no harm, neither, if you keep your blood up. You can have your clothes back when you go."

I saw that I had got into some sort of a sanitarium; and, between you and me, that's just about where I belonged, and I knew it, too, although I would not have gone to one for money. If I had had my way I would have gone to some hotel in the pines, run on the American plan, where a fellow orders a grapefruit and cereal and poached eggs with hash, and country sausages with flapjacks and hot rolls and coffee for breakfast to keep even with the management, and then staggers out into the pines to walk it down and brace up for lunch; and all the time he knows he is a darned fool, but business is business, and he will grit his teeth like a bulldog and wade in again at the clang of the bell. Well, this place was evidently run on the American plan, too, and I earnestly hoped they would have some way of choking the guests off at meals, and I determined grimly that if they didn't I would eat three hundred dollars' worth or bust. And if you do not make sense out of what I am saying, then you have never gone to a hotel in the ozone zone on the American plan for the good of your health.

All this was in October, and it was getting on to five o'clock and the sun was going down. So, thinks I, I will just have time to go and take a walk around and get an edge on for dinner. I climbed into the humble garb and then I heard a whistle blowing outside, and I went out and saw Mike Buffet blowing the whistle. He was dressed in army cast-offs, and he had this postman's whistle on a silver chain in the breast pocket of his o. d. shirt.

"Games!" he shouted.

Fifteen men came in from all over, and they were all dressed like me, and I saw that I had mistaken them for the help, when they were the honored guests. And in fact there wasn't an able-bodied workman in the bunch. There were pot-bellied fellows, and fellows with broomstick legs and boneless hands, and they were all dog tired; but they got into a circle and started to play tag with a will. Mike Buffet ordered me into the group, and I had half a mind to tell him to go to pot; but I went, and being a newcomer they made me It. I chased guests all over the lot, and a good time was had by all, what with laughing at me, and I like to sprung my legs. However, I'm a good fellow, and I wouldn't be a killjoy, and anything for an appetite. Finally I sat down on the ground, and then I heard the whistle again, and Mike Buffet came and hauled me up to my feet.

"Steeplechase!" he says, and gives me a push, and there I was loping after the fifteen customers, who were belting around the rim of the clearing.

They all hollered at me and slapped me as they passed me, but I slowed down to a walk fast enough and let them go by. This tomfoolery went on for ten minutes, and then the whistle blew again, and they pulled up, with steam coming out of their heads, and started for the house. I went after them, and they were stripping off their things and trooping into a shower room under the porch. We all got in there, and then Mike Buffet closed the door on us and looked at us through a window and told us to rub on the soap while the hot water tumbled down on us. Some fellow shoved his back against me and told me to rub, and seeing that someone else was rubbing my back I took it all in good part and scraped away. We had five minutes of this, and then the water turned ice-cold, and I yelled and tried to claw my way out—but no go; and Mike Buffet showed his white teeth in his red face and grinned at me. I jumped and sprang around, but I couldn't hide from the ice water and it poured down and down. I knew I would catch my death of pneumonia, but nobody cared. When he had wrung the last screech out of me he shut off the water and let us out, and we dried off and got into more clothes, and say, I felt great! On the level I did. And when I saw Mike I didn't try to kill him, as I had planned, but I took to laughing and gabbing like a natural.

We went into the big room again, and there was a long table decorated with plates and mugs and a heap of bread in a tin dish. The old doctor brought in a tureen of sliced beef and boiled potatoes and a bucket of water, and we were invited to feast. I thought I had a wonderful appetite when I came out of the water, and I guess if I had a jolt of Scotch I could have made any American-plan hotel in the pines ask for time out; but I wasn't worth a hoot against that beef and spuds when only primed with water. I couldn't get started. Me and the doctor had one jawful and chewed it right through, but his was tobacco and he was satisfied. I ate half a potato to keep my strength up for a fight with Mike Buffet for three hundred dollars, but the way the others ate was a caution.

There was no table talk to mention, and I guess they ate a whole cow and enough spuds to rescue that neighborhood from the agricultural depression.

I knew six of them from Sawneyville, and that was all kept me from cutting loose right away. The beef and potatoes wasn't all there was to the meal, you understand—oh, no, there was more beef and potatoes, an infinite variety of them. Well, there was apple sauce, if you think that makes a banquet. Yes, I knew six of the gourmands around the groaning board; and they were all prominent business men, too, and naturally I would want to imitate them and not appear ignorant. And you should see them dash down that miserable water and champ their jaws over it and say "Ah-h-h!"

After this sumptuous repast I got up and started for my pants to dig up a pack of cigarettes. I met Mike Buffet in the doorway and asked him, masking my feelings.

"Cigarettes?" he says. "Ah, yes, I forgot you smoked. Hey, doctor, Patterson wants to smoke!"

He had an old black pipe in his hairy hand, and he was filling it with black tobacco while he talked to me, and he lit up and puffed contentedly. I was glad to see that tobacco was not blacklisted; so when the doctor told me to open my mouth I did so, and he popped in a pill and crowded a glass of water on me before I could hit back.

"What's that for?" I sputtered.

"Nitrates," he said. "First aid. Very soon, young fellow, you won't want to smoke."

"But I want to want to smoke!" I said.

"Listen, Pat," said Mike Buffet, blowing out a cloud of smoke, "tobacco is bad for you. Paralyzes your pipes."

"Then what are you smoking for?" I said.

"With me it's different," he said pleasantly. "Tobacco don't hurt me a cent's worth. When a man is out in the open air all day he's got a natural and healthy craving for bad air when night comes, and he don't sleep right without it. You ever watch how animals crawl into holes and sleep with their noses covered up at night? You ever watch how soldiers in the field pull the blankets over their heads? You ever see a crew of lumberjacks get into the old shanty and heat up the stove and close all the windows? That's because they want to breathe bad air. Helps them to sleep. Even the trees give out bad air at night, and the doctor will tell you so. Now, Pat, if you were an Indian and were scuttling about in the bushes all day and didn't have any leaky stove to poison the atmosphere or maybe any blankets to choke your air with, a pipe or a cigarette would do you good and slow

(Continued on Page 101)

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Continued from Page 98

you down to sleep. But where does a fellow like you get off to want to smoke, when you're breathing bad air in an office all day long? With you, Pat, it ain't anything but a low-down bad habit, and we're going to break you of it."

The impudence of him, standing there and puffing his old pipe and talking down to me, nearly took my breath away; but he was so earnest and simple-minded about it that I didn't take so much offense as you'd think, only saying to myself that he would go too far with me yet. So I went off, detesting the pill in my stomach and saying we would see about this. I went outside, where the guests were playing checkers and casino in the light of two kerosene lamps, and if there's a game I haven't got any use for it's checkers, unless it's casino. So I just prowled around, and the first thing I knew I saw the guests hauling out camp cots and going to bed, and somebody blew out one of the lamps and asked me was I going to stay up all night. And this was eight o'clock in the evening. I went and rapped at Mike Buffet's door and asked him where I slept.

"Anywhere, Pat," he said handsomely. "Look around you. I've given you Number 9 cot, in case you don't do better. Good night."

I went outside again to the big room and took the matter up with two of the guests who were just crawling into bed. I was very indignant and mad. One of them told me to submit my statement in writing, and the other man, when I looked at him, was only undressing in his sleep. So I peeled off my clothes and lay down on the hard canvas cot and was in for a wretched night. I guess I must have fallen asleep finally, because when I woke up the room was full of gray light and the other men were nearly dressed. Mike Buffet was standing at the foot of my cot with his barrel of a chest showing through his undershirt.

"Get up, Pat," he said.

"Not me," I grunted, turning over.

He picked up the foot of the cot and bounced me up and down.

"Get up!" he said.

"Go away!" I said. "If you lay your hand on that bed again ——"

I don't know what I was going to do if he laid his hand on that bed again, because he came over to the side and lifted the cot up and shunted me out onto the cold floor and then he pushed the cot away. Well, really, you know, I—well, positively, you know—I—oh, I got up—that's not the point I'm making—and when I was up I saw that I might as well dress and take it as a joke. But, believe me ——

We lined up where our cots had been and Mike Buffet put us through ten minutes' setting up, and then he gave a yell and chased us all out of the house. He chased us across the lot and along a path that ran in and out the bushes, and the way he talked to us was something awful. He kept on our necks, lashing us with his wicked tongue every time we slowed up or wanted to sit down, and he chased us back again into the house. We washed up and had oaten meal and milk, and then he told me to go along with some fellows who were carrying saws.

We went out to the woods and I was put on one end of a two-man saw, and I pushed and hauled on that infernal saw until my two arms were dead and I felt every joint in my backbone like a new break. I was game and was sticking it with the other fellows. We had beef stew and bread and water for lunch, and then Mike Buffet came to me where I was sitting with glazing eyes, and he gave me a pair of old gloves and sent me to wheel stone from an old wall. He seemed to want to get the last kick out of me, and when I couldn't manage the wheelbarrow any more for weakness he set me to screening sand, and finally to picking up firewood and filling a bag. Long before he blew his whistle and shouted "Games!" I was all in. I sat on a stump, laying over my knees and staring at the ground. No tag for me.

He came up to me while the men were in the showers and asked me what I meant.

"Mr. Michael Buffet," I muttered, "doing business as Buffet's Rest Camp, I want three hundred dollars from you and then I'm going to sue for twenty thousand dollars' damages."

"You're not thinking of quitting, Pat?" he said in a shocked tone.

"Not in the least," I said. "I've quit."

"Well, you yellow pup!" he said, glaring at me. "Yes, you heard me! The matter with you, Patterson, is that you're yellow! Quitting is the best thing you do. Why, Patterson, you haven't got the good red blood of a cockroach in your veins! Here I am wearing myself away trying to make a man out of you, and you haven't got the wish to be a man. You haven't got the guts enough to push over a two-year-old baby and run away with his candy."

This line of argument was right helpful and inspirited me not a little, and I half rose from the stump and said, "You can't talk to me like this, Mike Buffet!"

"I couldn't talk to a man like this, Patterson," he said, thrusting out his jaw at me and coaxing me to hit it, "but I hope to tell you that you're no man. You're not even a good imitation of one and you don't fool me a cent's worth. You're a stuffed dummy that's been standing out in a field and trying to kid the blackbirds and couldn't get away with it. Why, you slack-jawed, flat-footed, big-bellied, chicken-chested, pasty-faced son of a guardhouse lawyer—you poor wooden image that wants to lay down and play dead because you're lifted off the peg in the seat of your office chair—you darned toadstool that wants to curl up and die from having a breath of fresh air and sunshine ——"

I got up from the stump altogether.

"All right for you, Mike Buffet," I said tremulously. "You can take advantage of me now when I'm this way; but you wait."

"Attaboy, Pat!" he said, clapping me on the back. "Now you got the old dander up. Right ahead to the showers!"

I don't know why I put up with that ruffian's abuse, except to say I wasn't myself. And he knew it; yes, he knew it. And this wasn't an isolated case; he would light into anybody that didn't observe his confounded rules. You would think he would be in danger of his life. Well, in the first place, the man was as strong and quick as a he gorilla; and secondly, there seemed to be an *esprit de corps*, as the saying goes, to put up with that sort of thing Everybody seemed to be agreed that if he didn't hit the pace he had no rights; you'd think they'd signed into slavery. And Mike Buffet was some slave driver, believe me! He seemed to know just when a fellow was laying down and then he would light into him, and I want to say that nobody passed out in my time there.

But say, every time I thought of paying three hundred dollars and taking a sentence to Siberia for my money, I saw red. Oh, it did me good! Gosh, yes! But the idea of paying good money for that kind of thing was just rubbing in salt.

After coming out of the cold water that evening I did my share to the beef and potatoes, and then I hit the hay without checkers. And once I'd fallen down on that cot I couldn't have said whether I was lying out in the rain or sleeping in the Prince of Wales' brass bed.

Well, sir, I stuck it out. Mind you, it was just three weeks of plain bull work, and the games were worse than the sawing and the chopping and the stone juggling and the pick-and-shovel interludes. How I did hate those games! Well, I will not argue that, as you will not expect a man of forty-four and of sound mind to take such an interest in playing tag and leapfrog. There was only one thing I hated worse and that was Mike Buffet. I was saving up all I had to say until my time was over.

"So long, Patterson," he said, shaking hands against my wishes. "Come to see me again when you need a rest."

I picked up my grip. And then I laced it into him. My, I talked to him!

"Why, you big hulking baboon!" I said. "I've got a few to tell you, and I'm going to tell them right here and now, and if you don't like it you can just lump it. Do you suppose you can charge me three hundred dollars for cutting your winter's firewood and building your new stone wall and digging your private roads—and get away with it? Why, you dumb extortioner! You ignoramus! Do me a favor and open your ugly mouth and I'll knock it shut. If you call yourself a man, you stuffed scarecrow you! Just step down here and put up your dukes! Ah, you would, would you? Then take that—and that—and ——"

I said my say, I can tell you. But then I saw a man in the road ahead of me, waving his arms and trying to shoo me back. I put down my grip and asked him what was on his mind.

"Well, mister," he said, eying me cautiously, "I thought you were crazy. I saw you walking down the road there and talking to yourself and swinging on the air."

I have forgotten to say that while I was speaking my mind to Mike Buffet I was walking on so as to save time. And now I had come the three miles down to the state road.

"Just came from Buffet's Rest Camp," I said. "I guess I was feeling a bit too good."

"Oh, the sarge is a great trainer," said the man, grinning. "I'm a neighbor of his. Wish I knew how he does it."

"The sarge?"

"Sergeant Mike Buffet. He's an old Regular Army man. Was a topper in the cavalry for years and years. Left the service three or four years ago and bought this old farm and started to put it in shape, but he couldn't get labor. The men wouldn't stand for that army talk of his, and that's the fact of it, so he made a health resort out of it. Got a good thing now."

"About fifteen good things," I said. "But that's a smart doctor he got there."

"The old vet?"

"Ah, he's an old veteran, too, is he?"

"Old veterinary. Friend of Buffet's from the Army. Yes, he's a clever old codger. I wonder how Mike does it. He's getting his farm in nice shape, and it ain't costing him a dime. He certainly had a great idea."

"Say, you said something that time," I said, with a sudden flash of intuition, as the saying goes. "He's got a great idea, and that's all he's got, and it beats me why we pay him for it, since he ain't got it patented."

"How's this?" said the man.

"Never mind," I said, walking on and chuckling happily. "Never you mind!" And I hoofed it down to the station and came on to Sawneyville.

Well, sir, when I got into that old office again I took hold like three fingers of bootleg and a chaser of formaldehyde. And when I was stumped with some small problem I didn't reach for a pill and smoke it until I felt all right again and not any more worried; I just stayed worried and lumped it, and lit out after that problem. Coming onto five o'clock I couldn't get the contracting mason to drop his own affairs and come and lay the sidewalk in front of the new county courthouse. A month before I would have gone to the closet where I kept some bottles of the real stuff lined up like a storage battery, and I would have taken a small shock and then I would have felt that everything was hunky-dory and there was no such rush about that sidewalk. But I had thrown the booze cells out that morning, so I swung around on Pingrew, the bookkeeper, and I said to him, "How much an hour is a hundred a week, seven days and a twelve-hour day?"

"Dollar-nineteen," he said like that. He was a crackerjack bookkeeper. We mourn our loss.

"It's nice money."

"It's twice what I get," he said.

"You can get it now," I said. "Put on your hat!" And I led him out of the room and down to the courthouse and into the shanty and handed him a pair of overalls.

"Oh, I say!" he objected.

"Why, you lantern-jawed, knock-kneed son of a lawyer and a stuffed scarecrow!" I said. "Do you suppose I'm going to wait for cold weather and get a sidewalk frozen just to please a pig-headed galoot of a mason and to honor your miserable caste scruples against soiling your hands with manual labor? The matter with you, Pingrew, is you haven't got guts! Do you call yourself a man? If you were a man I wouldn't talk to you like this ——"

"You won't talk to me like this in any event, Mr. Patterson," he said, looking dangerous.

"Well, that's all right, too, Pingrew, old scout," I said, walking a short distance away. "No offense, you know. Take a joke, can't you? See here, I'll put on the overalls myself, and you can give me a hand, if you will, like a good fellow."

"That's different," he said, putting down the ax helve that he had picked up without saying why. "If you are going to work, too, Mr. Patterson, that's different, and I'll gladly help you." And he climbed into the overalls.

We went out in front of the courthouse, where I had had lights installed for night work, and we went to leveling the ground and wheeling in the cinders for the footing. The boxes had been built by the framer, and the materials were all lying on the job waiting for the mason. I figured we'd put in the loose cinders and maybe a section of the mix, though I wouldn't want to try to hard-trowel a surface on it, and that would

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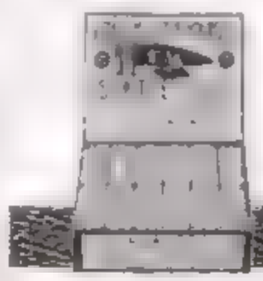

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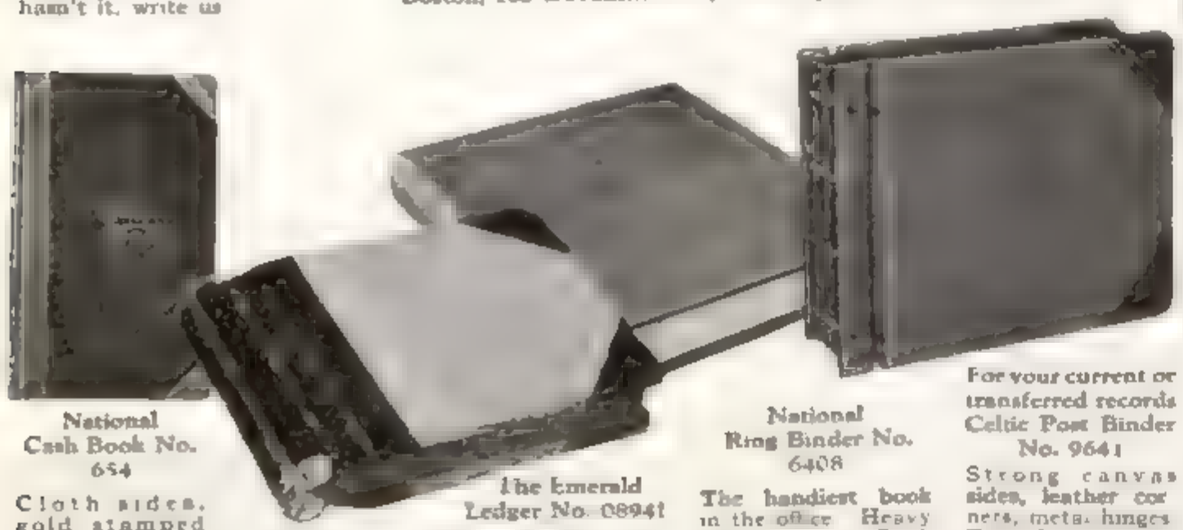

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come later. But we could get this framed sidewalk under way and not have pedestrians falling down all over and writing me to call up their lawyer. It was a crisp night, and we went to it for a couple of hours.

Now about a building job, if you started to dig out in the middle of the Sahara Desert I bet there would turn up in no time a row of fellows to lean over the railing and watch you all day long; I have never seen a job yet without these volunteer inspectors. And this night, it being after hours and the job being in the middle of town, we had these railbirds standing three-ply deep; I guess we drew two or three hundred of them, crowding and squeezing and dodging around to get a look at us. They shouted for their friends, and there had to come a constable to keep them from rioting, and a reporter came from the Sawney Citizen and tried to buttonhole me; he knew me, of course.

"But listen, Mr. Patterson," he urged, following me to and from the cinder pile, "you're arousing a lot of public interest, and you owe it to the public to explain your conduct."

"I've told you," I said. "This is part of my contract and I'm doing it. And besides, I need the exercise."

"But you're the boss of the whole job," he said, "and you can't tell me that you'd work with your own hands. And this isn't exercise, Mr. Patterson—this is work! You know I can't go back to the office with a story like that. What do you want to be so awfully secretive about?"

We put in our two hours, and Pingrew made a note to credit us each with two-thirty-eight, and then we took off the overalls and went home, and I had a great appetite for dinner. The next morning the boss mason was camping outside my door, and he said he'd put a gang on the sidewalks and he hoped I wouldn't make him any trouble. We got a write-up in the Citizen, and a lot of people stopped me and wanted to know, and got sore on me when I told them what I told the reporter. The next night I was down to the Mercantile Club, and there was a representative attendance of the prominent business men of Sawneyville, and they all wanted to know.

"Listen, gents," I said, getting a bit sore myself, "I just come back from Mike Buffet's Rest Camp, and it done me a lot of good; but I made a resolution with myself that the next time he caught me it would be a cold day. Now that is all there is to the story. A fellow needs some exercise to keep in shape, and I'm going to take mine right in my own business, where there is a whole lot of it going begging. I do not get any kick out of golf or tennis or any of those games; I hate games! And being that they do not amuse me, I would be a prime sucker to pay my money for exercise when I can get all I want right on the job and get paid for it."

"There is something in that," said Bert Sammis, who is one of Mike Buffet's alumni.

"It is an actual fact that a fellow can't run out to the country club every day in the week," said John Mallon. "By the time you get out there you are already late for dinner."

"I would rather play golf than eat," said Henry Seiler; "but that is not why I play it. It is for the exercise."

"Don't kid yourself, Henry," said I. "If you want exercise, there is a whole lot more than you can use right down there in your own lumberyard."

"You know, gentlemen," said Fuller Eastwynd, who goes around addressing, "there is a very fertile field for discussion here. One aspect of it is the distinction between sport and work. Sport is an imitation of work, differing from it in that it is not useful. We have the kingly sport of riding to hounds, which consists in a pretense at ridding the countryside of noxious beasts, but which in practice serves to protect and preserve foxes. We have angling, which is an imitation of the fisherman's craft. We have football, which is an imitation of the mêlée of battle; clay-pigeon shooting, yacht racing, track and field games. The essential feature of sport is that it tends to no useful purpose, or serves the purpose with intentional inefficiency. All sport may be regarded as a libel on useful labor, since it is a universal rule of sporting that if one plays the game for money he is dishonored and loses caste.

"Let us consider together for a moment then," he continued, getting up steam, "this curious prejudice against useful work. Work makes far greater demands upon its practitioners than does sport. One who catches codfish for the market—hauling icy lines on the turbulent ocean in the dead of winter—must have more stamina and skill than any angler who whips a trout stream on a summer's day; the professional rat catcher must be abler than the fox hunter; the humble floor scraper or plasterer is ordinarily a better physical specimen than is the highly advertised champion who can perform useless marvels with specialized muscles. Nevertheless—"

"Don't joke about this, Fuller," said Elmer Frew. "Well, if you're not joking now you will be in a minute, because something you say will remind you of a funny story. Really, gentlemen, this is a matter so vital to all of us that it behooves each and every one of us to give it his best thought. I think Billy Patterson has been struck by a real idea. I agree with him in not caring much about sport and games; I'm not looking for fun, but for exercise that I need; and that's how most of us feel, I guess. If we can keep out of Mike Buffet's clutches we'll sacrifice our amateur standing. I'm cooped up in a flat and haven't even got a back yard. Billy, let me know the next time you got a sidewalk to lay after hours, and I'll come around and get my dollar-nineteen."

"Strong-minded, I call you," said Mallon. "I guess I'll keep on paying my four hundred a year to the country club."

"Look here," said Frew, getting a fresh hold on his cigar. "Naturally, a fellow doesn't want to make a guy of himself, but if he's got company it is different. You fellows will march in a parade with the regalia of some society on, and you feel all right about it because you're one of a crowd, though you look like something stepped out of a comic supplement. Well, how about us going at it in a group?—call it the Work-a-day Club, or some such. Every man will agree that he will put in so many hours a week at manual work, whatever's nearest to his line, changing tires to hold its present status as an amusement."

"Oh, I say, we can't afford to put on overalls even if we need the exercise! It would break down discipline!"

"That is one of the imponderables," said Eastwynd. "The question is, will the workmen respect the bosses less or will they respect their work more? I recall following a discussion once in a very high-class periodical of very limited circulation; one side argued that discipline was produced by high-hatting subordinates—some such thought underlies Carlyle's well-known essay on clothes—the other side argued that discipline resulted from the power to pay and to punish. It will be an interesting experiment."

"Gents," I said, "I think we're digging too deep. My proposition is that I'm not going to pay any bald-headed bandit a hundred dollars a week for the privilege of doing bull work when there is lots of it to be had for nothing plus a dollar-nineteen. And while we are talking about this, we are all married men, and how about letting the ladies in on this good thing and not be paying Professor Steefelhand three or four hundred dollars a week, and maybe more, to exercise them? It is a nice how-de-do when we have got to pay unskilled female labor sixty and seventy and eighty dollars a month and found, and have got to put up with their guff, when our women are spoiling for something to do."

"It would be good business to pay our ladies to do the housework in the first place," said Mallon. "One reason they have no use for housework is because there is nothing in it for them. How would it be if we were to pay them the wages when the hired girl quit?"

Well, that struck me as a fool idea, and I thought it would lower the ladies to be handed money; but I saw where it might strike Gladys and Eunice as a great invention, and I feared I would not have to crowd Mrs. Patterson to make her take money. I had something to say, and so did some other husbands; but we were overruled, and we agreed to go home and break the bad tidings to our ladies that they were to be pauperized by being given doles.

Well, sir, we signed up, and everybody agreed to do five hours' labor a week, which should be enough to keep him away from the door of that wolf, Mike Buffet. It was a sporting thing, too, because, as Eastwynd said, a fellow is not a strict amateur who plays golf or croquet for business reasons and not for love of those noble and ancient games. We did attract some attention at first, but only one of us got his picture in the Sawneyville Citizen, and that was old

(Continued on Page 104

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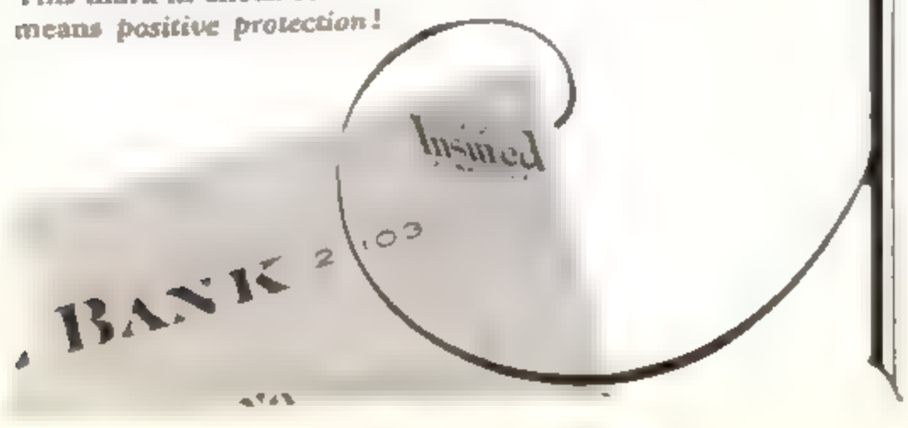

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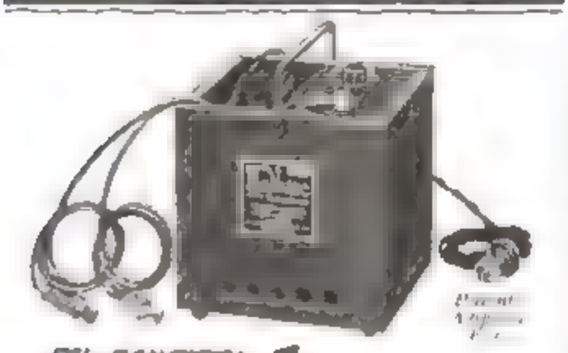

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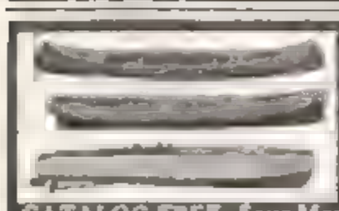

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(Continued from Page 102)

Barzilla Dennie. He got a bag and a stick, and he went around Fairview Park in town and stuck papers and banana skins and put them in his bag for sixty cents an hour, and he said it was like golf, only lighter and more agreeable pleasure.

My worst fears were confirmed as far as the ladies were concerned. Mrs. Patterson told me to look at the clock to see when she took hold, and then she went down in the kitchen and bounced the cook and took the job at a hundred and ten a month, the extra money representing the cook's keep. Gladys and Eunice had words over the upstairs girl's job, and finally I had to put them both on for a quiet life. And I did not make a cent on the change, except what I saved on Professor Steefelband.

Well, it was a great experiment, as Eastwynd said, and for a while it went big. Mallon, who has the agency for the Sparse-Narrow car, had to say that Professor Steefelband had canceled his order for a new boat; but Frank Newey took a nice commission for renting the prof space over the post office for an employment office. I must say Mike Buffet showed a good spirit, and he advertised in the Citizen and offered to pay any prominent business man forty cents an hour if he would come and put up at the rest camp in the hills. But naturally no business man could afford to leave his business and sojourn with Mike Buffet, and the idea was silly. But we got a by-product out of the thing after a while that came near queering it, and it goes to show you that you never can tell.

The first thing we knew there was lots of help to be had in Sawneyville. The young fellows took to the manual trades, and any tile setter that wanted to put his toothpicks in the walls of a Sawneyville bathroom for twenty-five dollars a day was just out of luck. The unskilled female labor from Ireland and Scandinavia offered to work for board and room until the weather broke. I lost a mighty good bookkeeper just about then, and I'm paying the new man forty a week. Pingrew is in the tin, tar and slag roofing game, and he will put you on three plies of paper and a lick of tar for only slightly more than a tile job is worth with expansion joints. We were talking about this thing down at the Mercantile, and some people said we had flooded the labor market; but that wasn't very logical, as one good husky could just about do more work in a day than the Mercantile Club.

"It is psychological," said Eastwynd.

Well, that is just about what Eastwynd would say, and I do not take any stock in this psychology whatsoever. There's a colored barber shop in Sawneyville, and the proprietor keeps a dream book, and colored fellows come in and give him a dime and he tells them what their dream meant, and our chief of police offered to put the proprietor in jail But not long ago I saw Eunice hunched over a big book and I asked her what she was reading, and she said she was looking up what her dream meant; and I took the fool thing off her and she told her mother, and I got bawled out for showing my ignorance. "It is the new psychology and they are studying it in school," said Mrs. Patterson. "It is called psychoanalysis." Well, I guess a dream book is a dream book. "If this is the new psychology, Maude," said I, "there is a colored fellow in it somewheres, as the saying goes, and she can get a better article for less money down at Barry White's barber shop." So I did not look with an air of delighted surprise at Eastwynd when he said, "It is psychological!"

"It is immensely important what a thing is called," he said. "A man will take his gun and a box of soda crackers and he will tramp around in snow and slush all day in hopes of shooting a mouthful of feathers, and he wouldn't do the same thing for ten dollars and a turkey dinner, and that is because it is called sport. The water comes into his boot and he gets a frozen toe and he sits down on a stump and wonders if he is in his right senses, and then he remembers there are lots of other sportsmen and that gives him confidence. Now the way it is with workmen, they look to their employers for a cue as to what they should think; if they see that the employers look down on manual work they look down on it, too, and are ashamed of it. A young fellow starting out to work takes his cue from the men he respects most—the successful men—and he imitates them. He reflects their ideas, and the thing to do is not to preach at him, but to set him a better example. You gentlemen and your ladies have done something to restore the dignity of labor in Sawneyville."

"I wouldn't care to jump at conclusions," said Frew, "but certainly the labor problem has eased up here. And the credit is all due to the farsighted efforts of the able president of the Patterson Contracting Company."

"Well, gents," I said modestly, "I'm a plain business man and not one of these deep thinkers; but it would be flying in the face of reason, as the saying goes, if I tried to deny at this late day that I've been doing some constructive thinking on the labor problem. Naturally, a man can do a lot of thinking and not be much of a talker, and it takes an orator like Eastwynd to put it in words; but he's spoken my ideas exactly, and much more that he hasn't said yet. There's been a lot of loose talk about the way Congress is limiting immigration, but I say that shows where Congress' head is level! There's enough Americans in this country to do the work, and a man had ought to be trained up in a trade and not try to come in on top; and all the progress this country has made in inventions astonishing the world has been due to the scarcity and high price of American labor. How did we come to invent the vacuum cleaner and the electric washing machine and the steam shovel? Because we had American men and women doing our work in those days, and they asked big money. Where, I defy you ——"

The boy handed me a telegram just then and I glanced at it. "I have just been invited, gents," I said, holding up the wire, "to address the State Conclave of Commerce next year on the American labor problem and the Sawneyville experiment. I shall save my remarks until then, and thank you for any suggestions."

Then I went out to get measured for a high hat and a dress suit. I had a high hat and a dress suit, but they didn't fit me any more, being too small around the chest as the result of the Sawneyville experiment. Then I went home and dashed into my proposed address, and my head was all lit up, and I could see a lot of reasons why I did things that I didn't really think of at the time, and they were dandy reasons and fitted right in. I started out like this:

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and having had no time to prepare to address you, I feel nevertheless that this is a matter so vital to all of us that ——"

But you probably read the address. It knocked them off their seats, and was reprinted over three states.

EASY AS PIE!

I SAW in the paper the other day
Where an eminent wise man rose to say
That it made him weary to hear the way
Some sapheads pity the farmer. He
Said they were squandering sympathy—
That the granger, he was a lucky cuss
And they'd spoil him utterly, talking thus.

"Sweet is the life that the farmer leads,
Turning the brown glebe, sowing seeds,
Watching the green crop spring and grow,
Smoking his pipe in the afterglow.

"The life of the farmer harsh and rough?
Tell me, where do they get that stuff!
Monarch is he of his own domain;
Blest by the sun and the gentle rain,
Nothing to do but to rest his brain.

"Scattering seeds on the warm earth's breast,
And bounteous Nature does the rest!
Garnering in when the season's done,
Nothing but peace and bucolic fun—
Why, the farmer's life is an easy one!"

I read this speech in the gloaming sweet,
Soaking the chilblains on my feet.
And it cheered me up and I felt so glad
To think of the indolent job I had,
That I yelped and sang
Till the rafters rang,
This song of the care-free son of toil
Whose mission is merely to tickle the soil:

Oh, I am the rollicking, frolicking Rube,
Whistling the hours away,
Churning the butterine into a cube,
Tossing the new-mown hay.
(Fourteen hours every day.)

Come innocent pleasures that help me to bear
The heavenly peace that has grizzled my hair;
The hogs have the pip and the children the croup,
And the horses the heaves and the chickens the roup,
And the 'tater bugs rally and thankfully raise
Their tiny sweet voices in anthems of praise
To the good-hearted farmer whence all blessings flow,
As he toys with the hoe.
(Fourteen hours at a throw.)

I am the luckiest guy alive!
Never a single care
But the dadgum moth in my beehive
And my eight kids over there.
(Shoes six dollars a pair.)

And I flirt with the frost and I flirt with the drought;
And the cute little cutworm I tap on the snout,
And I tuck the corn grain in its cunning earth cup
And the jolly crows hurry and help it come up;

The katydids sing and the grasshoppers hop,
And the mice and the rabbits help gather the crop;
And there's hardly a thing that the farmer need do,
But struggle with grippe and hay fever and flu,
And dream of the day when the mortgage comes due.

I am a rollicking son of a gun,
Lilting the hours away,
Chasing the harrow from sun to sun,
Dancing along till the day is done,
The farmer's life is an easy one,
Nothing to do but play.
(Fourteen hours every day.)

Trip all day o'er the sunny lea,
Chased by the red-hot bumblebee,
Singing a song so merri-lee—
Tra la la,
Tra la lee,
Never a care to worry me.

Red carbuncles on my neck,
Dirt in my plow shoes by the peck,
Tra la lee,
Tra la lo,
For the corns that grow on my battered toe.

Winter comes, and I still have fun,
For the farmer's life is an easy one;
Shucking corn from the frozen shock;
Chambermaiding the barnyard stock;
Lounging forth with the milking pail;
Battling sleet and the tearing gale,
And the frozen chunk on the old cow's tail

Digging the woodpile from the snow,
Thawing the frost from my frozen toe;
Thawing the ice from the frozen pump,
Thinking of how I shall have to hump
To keep myself and my family dear
Out of the poorhouse one more year,
While my bunions grow and my fingers bleed—
Pardon the butterfly life I lead.

Flour goes up and wheat goes down;
And all the while, in the far-off town,
The overworked middleman, wan with care,
Sits in his overstuffed office chair
And slaves and slaves, with never a stop,
Stuffing his pockets with my crop.

And what am I doing while he does this?
I'm baring my nose to the blizzard's kiss;
I'm shoveling snow and I'm doing chores
When the rest of the world is asleep indoors;
I kick up my heels in my rustic glee,
For the life of the farmer is easy and free,
Tra la la,
Tra la lee,
Nothing at all to worry me!
Taxes due, and the doctor's bill,
That is the reason that I trill—
Tra la lee,
Tra la li—
Gosh, but I am a lucky guy!

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

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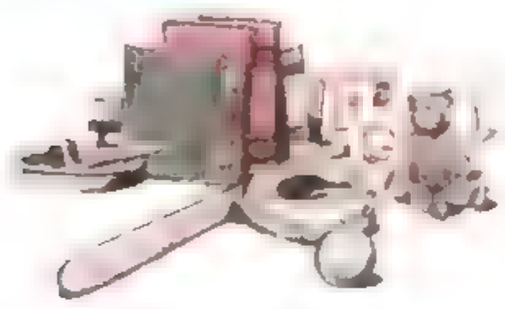

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A most acceptable moderate priced service. Everything is taste-ironed and folded. Because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

ROUGH DRY
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Everything carefully washed and [illegible] ready for use. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

WET WASH
Everything washed in mild suds and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry.

TAXES ARE PAID BY THE UNTAXED

(Continued from Page 7)

paid the tax. Nobody made any mistake about it in those days. The public paid and the public knew that it paid. It would have been a real blessing if we could have kept that simple system and extended it not only to small purchases but to every business transaction of every size and kind. Under such an arrangement, even the smallest child or the most stupid adult would realize that he and he only—is the party who pays the tax.

Whenever you get to thinking that taxes are really paid by big business, medium-sized business or little business, just remember that good old box that you used to see at the storekeeper's side. Remember how he tossed your pennies into that box for the Government to get. Remember how they used to jingle. Then summon common sense to realize this plain fact: Though the good old box is gone, the same old system is at work. The manufacturer, the merchant, the banker, the investor—these people never pay taxes with their own money. All they do is to slip the Government your money—money they have collected from you for this very purpose. But don't blame them. You can't blame them if you stop to think for even a minute. It is economic law. Moreover, it is absolutely the only way under the sun to make you come to your senses and get busy and wipe out the economic vampires, parasites and vermin with which the whole country is now crawling.

The business men of the United States do not elect the congressmen of today. You farmers, wage workers, clerks and housewives elect them. Is it any more than fair that you should pay for their mistakes and cowardliness?

Men and Money Driven Away

Have you noticed an interesting situation among the colleges? They are almost overrun with students. Students are being turned away—a full house, standing room only. In some institutions the poor students are hardly more than educational strap hangers. Of course, this sudden rush for the colleges is due primarily to the growing appreciation of and desire for the advantages of an education. I can't help wondering, however, how much of a factor is the decision of intelligent parents that their sons shall spend the next year or so in college rather than in business.

Here is a typical interview that has been repeated more than once. A man tells me that if he believed industry would continue indefinitely to be penalized by unjust, unintelligent and unwise legislation of various kinds, he would want to keep his son out of business altogether! Just at the present moment industry offers little attraction to men of the thinking, acting, achieving type. It is sufficiently serious when capital has been driven away from industry by fool surtaxes; but I regard it as even more critical when men are being driven away. Dollars can't accomplish much, anyway, without leadership. When the dollars and the leaders both begin to leave, look out! I don't know anything that has worried me more about the future of American business—and I have taken into account a rather long list of factors—than this growing disinclination among the best business men to spend their lives working to support a horde of economic bums. "Economic bums" is just about the right description for the myriads now living off taxation.

Yes, it is a literal fact that many men of exceptional ability and real utility to the world have temporarily withdrawn from industry until politics has been deloused of its ability to run every other business but its own. Moreover, these men are opening their sons' eyes to the situation as well, and it is a real question how far this tendency may explain the unprecedented numbers of young men who are postponing the plunge into business and are wasting their time on travel and pleasure.

Yes, taxes are being paid by the supposedly untaxed. They always have been and always will be. The supposedly untaxed decide what the taxes shall be and it is therefore only just and right that they pay them. But money isn't the only consideration. Business men can pass on taxes, but they cannot pass on enterprise, faith, energy, willingness to take risks and those other qualities which have made America. This is the real reason why the present surtaxes are positively destructive and ruinous to industry.

In this connection permit me to quote from the leading editorial of the Commercial and Financial Chronicle of November 17, 1923, which I consider the oldest and most respected financial paper in this country:

> The new Tax Plan proposes that where the present normal tax is 4% there shall be a reduction to 3%, and where the normal tax now is 8% there shall be a reduction to 6%. This would at the same time reduce the surtaxes by commencing their application at $10,000 instead of $6000 and scaling them progressively upwards to 25% at $100,000. It is in this last direction that relief is most urgently needed. At present the taxes run to 50% on amounts above $200,000. The change is a step in the right direction, but it does not, in our opinion, go far enough. There ought to be provision for the total abolition of these surtaxes, the most onerous of all taxes, and if this cannot be done all at once the law should be framed *on the occasion of the present revision* with that idea expressly in mind. For instance, the law might provide after reducing the maximum to 25%, as suggested by the Secretary, *that these graded rates be further reduced by one-quarter or one-fifth for each of the four or five succeeding years until they were entirely wiped out.* We make this suggestion not for the benefit of the Astors or the Vanderbilts, but in the interest of the entire community. As the matter now stands, the new investment capital which the country so sorely needs from year to year is being eaten up by these heavy surtaxes which cannot be justified on any economic grounds. Mr. Mellon does not propose any reduction in corporation taxes and the bulk of the country's income comes from corporations. These corporations are subjected to very heavy taxes before the surtaxes come into play. The Federal corporation tax is 12½%, the New York State tax on corporations is 4½% more, making 17%, and the capital stock tax will in most cases increase this to 20%. So the income of these wealthy people subject to surtaxes is cut one-fifth before it comes to them in the shape of dividends. To clap on another 25% on top of this, together with the State personal tax of 3%, is not only inequitable and unjust, but positively destructive and ruinous.

During the past few weeks many of us have seen football games. We have noticed that a football game consists of two parts. First a ball is provided and someone starts out by kicking the ball. The rest of the game is then devoted to passing this ball around. There is a tremendous hustle and scurry, cheering and excitement over the passing of this ball around, but it is all dependent on having the ball to pass. A football game without a ball would be a pretty dull occasion.

Lower Prices, Better Business

The industry of the country is divided in a similar way into two groups. In the first group are those who provide the ball; the second those who pass it around. In the first group are the farmers, miners, lumbermen and other producers of raw materials. Most manufacturers should also be included in this first group. These are the ones who provide the ball with which the great game of industry is played. The other group, devoted to passing this ball, is made up of government officials, middlemen and others who work hard and get a lot of attention but who are really engaged merely in passing the ball.

A study of prices shows that the more people there are in the first group—those engaged in providing the ball—the lower prices are and the better is business. The study also shows that the greater the percentage of those in the second group the higher prices are and the poorer is business. To be concrete, the larger the proportion of those engaged in producing things worth while the better off we all are; while the larger the proportion of people working for the Government, keeping books, taking commissions, and so on, the worse off we all are.

The prices that we pay at the stores are not arbitrarily fixed. They rise and fall as naturally as the tides of the sea. As more people become producers, the lower prices become, and business is sounder; but as more people become government officials, middlemen and pleasure makers, the higher prices are, and business becomes checked. For a short time people seem to prosper on high prices, but high prices eventually clog the wheels of industry.

Depression, unemployment and hard times ultimately follow.

Taxes, therefore, are a burden in a second way that is, not only is the direct tax paid by others passed on to the ultimate consumers but high taxes mean high prices all along the line. Even if the bankers, manufacturers and merchants were compelled to pay their own taxes and couldn't pass them along to us, high taxes would still be a great detriment and expense to us through their effect in raising the general price level. The surtaxes especially are very harmful in this way.

Money spent on taxes is largely nonproductive. The Government does not use any large part of its taxes to employ cutters of stone and hewers of wood, but rather to employ bookkeepers, accountants, detectives and investigators. These all may be useful; but they are not producing food, clothing and shelter, which are the things in which you are primarily interested. It is now proposed to reduce taxes more than $300,000,000 a year. This means that $300,000,000 which the Government now has to put into battleships and other nonproductive things will be free to build railroads, erect factories and improve productive enterprises.

The $300,000,000 less for nonproductive things and $300,000,000 more for productive makes a difference of $600,000,000 from which every one can directly and immediately benefit. But in addition, billions of dollars now going into tax-exempt, nonincome-producing securities would again go into productive enterprises from which all would benefit wonderfully.

Savings on Small Incomes

As our Federal, state and city governments are deprived of this amount of money it will be necessary to discharge an army of bookkeepers, clerks and other government employes. But these people will be needed to work in the factories which this additional money is going to build. This is sure to result in a general reduction of the price level. It ought to make a difference of nearly 5 per cent in what we pay for goods. Roughly, this is arrived at in the following way:

The final retail sales each year for the United States are estimated at $30,000,000,000. It is now proposed to reduce the direct-tax bill by more than $300,000,000. This reduction is 1 per cent of the final sales. There are four turnovers before the final sale is consummated. If these turnovers were all at the same valuation it would at once become evident that this proposal would enable a 5 per cent reduction in general prices. Of course, in practice the values of the turnovers are excessively greater; or, to put it in another way, are excessively less as we approach the source. Therefore, it would not be fair to multiply the 1 per cent by five in arriving at the total figure. On the other hand, certain other factors come in which more than compensate for the reduction in valuation, and I believe that an estimate of 5 per cent is not unreasonable. When this 5 per cent in the price level is added to the direct saving in tax and the saving in the tax which the other fellow passes along, we have a final summary indicating somewhat as follows:

That the tax-revision plan recommended by Secretary Mellon should save men getting incomes of from $2500 to $3500 per year a total of from $200 to $300 per year.

At first it seems unjust that all taxes must be paid by the ultimate consumer. It seems almost wrong that the rich and well-to-do can pass along their taxes to others. Yet the fact is true that interest rates, prices and wages ultimately adjust themselves so that all taxes—with the possible exception of inheritance taxes—are paid by the final purchaser of the goods. To the extent that Henry Ford spends money on food, clothing, shelter and luxuries he is paying a real tax, but otherwise he is not. The taxes which are paid by the Ford Motor Company are simply passed on to the purchasers of the cars; and the taxes which Mr. Ford is paying on his salary are passed along also, as his salary is probably increased to care for them. Moreover, the same principle applies to every manufacturer, merchant and wage worker.

During the past few months I have been studying the cost of living, endeavoring to

(Continued on Page 109)

$400 to $1200 a month for you

Charles Robertson, of Charleston, S. C., steady weekly profit of $175.00.

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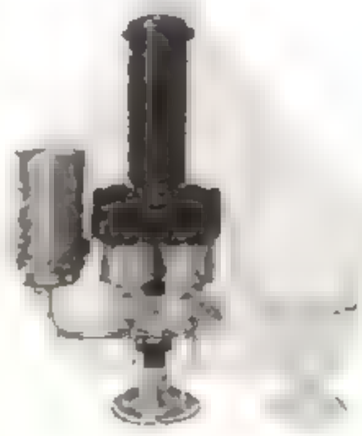

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(Continued from Page 107

arrive at some fair standard. I was interested in establishing a standard for a certain group of railroad employes. They were asked to submit what they considered their budget. In every instance they included within that budget their tax bill, thus showing that even among wageworkers and clerks the tax is passed on. We simply cannot suspend or make any exceptions in connection with economic law. The law of taxation, like the law of gravitation, applies to all alike, rich or poor.

All of us are obliged to pay the tax when we pay rent for our house and go to the stores to buy food, clothing and luxuries. The rich man who spends the same amount on food as the poor man pays the same tax. The rich woman who pays five times as much for her clothes as the poor woman spends pays five times as much tax on her clothing. The employer who lives in a house which cost twenty times what his employe's house cost pays twenty times the tax on his shelter. If, however, the richest man in America paid the same amount for food, clothing and shelter as the average wageworker, his tax in the long run would be no greater than the wageworker's. This seems at first unjust and unfair, but when we carefully examine it we find that it is absolutely necessary to have it in this way.

This fundamental economic law that the tax must be paid by the ultimate consumer is what keeps democracy afloat. If it were not for this basic law, our country and every other democracy would go on the rocks.

A study of the history of taxation shows most interestingly how this was all discussed at the time of the formation of our republic. When the Constitution was under consideration there was a great objection on the part of the well-to-do people against giving everyone a vote. It was said over and over again in those days that with every man having a vote taxation would be passed on to the few successful enterprisers in the country until those who did the most and had the most energy would be obliged to pay all the bills of the Government. Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton, however, showed these conservatives that this could not be done in the long run. They explained that the ultimate consumer must pay the taxes in the end. It was the explanations of Franklin and Hamilton that enabled the Constitution to be put through as Jefferson wrote it. Yet in these later years we have forgotten this fundamental law. We need a Franklin and a Hamilton today to explain it to our foolish congressmen and senators who are trying to ignore it.

Younger Towns Handicapped

To get a line on how people feel about this whole proposition of tax reduction, I have had a survey made of several years' general correspondence from business men representing almost every key industry and locality in the forty-eight states. From this cross section of public sentiment I have culled viewpoints that will interest you. Roughly, there are three classes of locality kicking about taxes. They are as follows:

First, there is the young city that wants to attract new industries and become a real factor in the industrial world. Local men of energy and vision have been working ceaselessly for years to push along this program of industrial development. Then appears this plague of taxes. Capital has become wary. It shuns the tax-ridden industries, the really productive industries which a city needs most for its wholesome growth. Capital has been driven away from such industries and forced into tax-exempt industries, mostly public enterprise that is relatively nonproductive.

In other words, it is now like pulling teeth to get a single dollar for building a factory in a town—a factory that will give employment to hundreds of people, a factory that will bring money into the town and increase its fundamental purchasing power, a factory that will be really productive. It is easy as rolling off a log to raise thousands upon thousands of dollars by tax-exempt bond issues for some public enterprise which, however laudable and desirable, is less directly productive than mills, factories and industrial plants. Those younger towns which are working so faithfully and farsightedly are handicapped by this shyness of capital to commit itself to tax-infested industries. In many cases these towns have not realized what it is that has made their task so especially difficult in recent years. What they do know, however, is that theirs has not been an easy job, and it takes only a little analysis to discern where the obstacle lies.

There is a second class of locality in which are located the older cities which are very fully developed industrially. Their problem is not so much how to secure new industries as how to promote and perpetuate existing industries. To some extent these local ties have been—consciously or unconsciously—embarrassed by the attitude of capital which I have described above. But there has been an even further difficulty. The supply of labor has been severely curtailed through restricted immigration and possibly through other less direct causes. Under any circumstances, labor would have been very difficult to get during the past few years. On top of all this the labor supply has been still further depleted by public enterprise at a tremendous scale, traceable to the preference of capital for tax-exempt bonds instead of tax-penalized industries. More than one manufacturer has had just cause of complaint when he has seen his workmen enticed from him by more or bigger money in public enterprise. Therefore the older localities have had double punishment; not only have they been drained of their money but of men.

The Coming Reaction

There remains a third class of locality—namely, the country region. I could show you more than one letter from a level-headed farmer telling me how his community has saddled itself with mountains of debt. Because of the great demand among investors it has been the easiest thing in the world for communities to float issue after issue of tax-exempt bonds. Foolish and shortsighted people may have felt in a vague way that by such a method they are getting something for nothing. On the contrary they have simply been rolling up a colossal obligation that eventually must fall upon them like a ton of brick.

Again I point out that much of this public enterprise is admirable. The point is that it has been grossly overdone. There will come a terrific reaction. When I go into a city or town and see productive enterprises being set up or improved, I feel confident. When instead of productive shops and manufacturing establishments I find that every able-bodied man in town is working night and day to make gold-plated statues and an onyx town hall, then I am exceedingly pessimistic about that locality's future. I know it is riding for a fall.

I have mentioned these three classes of locality specifically, because each represents typical letters that have come to my attention from thinking people who are actually living in these places and are really concerned about the way things are going. I tell you that it makes no difference whether you are living in a big city, a little city or on the farm. You are being bled by unwise taxes, and you will be benefited especially by a reduction in surtaxes. I would put it even stronger than that—tax reduction is the one thing that can save this country from a period of hard times. Without tax reduction, all we can hope to do is to postpone these hard times for a few years; but if we have the common sense to carry out the tax-reduction program rigorously, then such a period of hard times can perhaps be averted.

Every reader knows what has happened in Italy and Spain during the past few months. Here were two countries which had a parliamentary form of government. It is true that they both had kings, but these kings were mere figureheads. Practically, Italy and Spain were as democratic as is the United States. In these countries there were three groups of people—the rich, who were conservatives; the poor, who were socialists; and the great middle class, who simply wanted to be let alone. The great middle class of every country simply wish to be let alone and allowed to mind their own business. They are not interested in politics especially, but rather in raising crops, hewing wood, mining coal and providing and distributing the necessities of life.

The fact, however, that this great middle class did not bother much about politics in these two countries enabled the political system to get into the hands of the rich and the socialists. Strange to say, although these two groups are as far apart as the East is from the West, yet they played into each other's hands in their

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game of squeezing the great middle class. But they went too far. The rich got too many concessions and the socialists got too many jobs, until both groups were riding on the backs of the middle class. The great middle class were patient and stood it as long as they could; but they finally revolted. You know what happened. Mussolini headed a great group of farmers, manufacturers and other producers. They marched to Rome, demanded control of the government, and Mussolini became dictator. The same thing happened a few weeks ago in Spain under the leadership of Rivera.

The tax question was at the bottom of both these revolutions. Italy and Spain lost their parliaments and lost democracy for the time being because of the attempts of these unprincipled groups to bleed the great middle class through unnecessary indirect taxation. The water broke through the dam, and the great middle class, which ordinarily is patient and long-suffering, revolted.

If the governments of Italy and Spain had reduced taxes directly after the war and made an honest attempt to clean the government of deadwood and nonproductive capital, there would have been no revolution in these countries. The parliaments of Italy and Spain would now have been in existence, and that struggle of fifty years for democracy would not have been lost.

The Collapse of Democracy

It seems as if this would be a lesson to the politicians of our country who are following the same course as was followed by the politicians of Italy and Spain before Mussolini and Rivera checked them. The great middle class in this country are the farmers, manufacturers, wage workers—the people who are producing the food, clothing and shelter upon which we so depend. They likewise are long-suffering and patient. Most of us do not care to get mixed up in politics. But there is a limit to all things, and one country after another is gradually approaching this limit in connection with direct and indirect taxation. Which will be the next country to follow the lead of Italy and Spain no one can tell.

Men with true foresight want to head off such an unfortunate uprising in America. Knowing that the collapse of democracy in these other countries has come about through failure of their governments to reduce taxation, an honest attempt is now being made to reduce it in the United States. Knowing that the great, patient and long-suffering middle class will revolt before long unless taxes are reduced, Secretary Mellon is making a brave effort before such a revolt comes.

One thing more: If the revolt comes, it will not be due simply to the Federal income tax and surtaxes. State, county and city taxes are too high as well. During the past few years the states, counties, cities and towns have been going head over heels into debt. This cannot continue forever. Simply because the rich are willing to buy tax-free bonds does not mean that they pay the interest or the installments of these bonds as they become due. The county in the West of which I spoke in the beginning of this article has learned the truth about county taxes. The people have learned that the politicians have been lying to them. Every month other counties will learn similar lessons. There is bound to be a revolt against the present increase in state, county and municipal taxes.

It is a nice thing to have beautiful roads. It may be a good thing to have very luxurious schoolhouses. Such schoolhouses create in children a demand for better homes, better clothing and better food. But if the primary object of over-luxurious schoolhouses is to create such a demand, why shouldn't these schoolhouses be provided by the manufacturers of these goods instead of by the residents of the community? In the last analysis we and our children are better off only as we are happier, not as we have more goods but as we have better ideals. We all know that our children are no happier than we were when the principal factors in our education were the wood box and the cornfield.

Few people realize that the total of all bonds put out in the United States for the past five years, following the war, practically totals those issued by us during the worst five years of the war. It is true that the Federal Government has not put out more bonds. During the past five years there has been no drive to sell Liberty Bonds "to save the world for democracy," but tremendous quantities of state, county and city bonds have been issued for roads, schoolhouses, public buildings and a host of other things. When these are totaled up it is found that they amount to about as much as all the bonds—Governments, Liberties and others—issued during the World War. Some day these bonds must be paid, principal and interest. Already the people of the states, counties and cities are struggling under the taxation necessary to pay the interest. Shortly the principal will come due. In many cases the principal does not come due until after the road is gone or the building abandoned. What the result then will be no one can tell.

When talking this way the other day in Washington to a well-known political leader, he replied to me:

"Babson, you are a crape hanger. What you say is all true, but it does not make people any happier to know it. Why don't you show the country how with all this increased taxation and increased expenditures the savings of the people in our banks have continually increased?"

The Nation's Savings

This is a common answer. The politicians like to point with pride, saying, "This taxation and these expenditures haven't hurt things any. Behold the savings in our banks. They have steadily increased."

My answer to this is as follows:

The savings of the country during the past five years, as shown by a majority of the banks, have not increased so much as the accumulated interest on the savings which existed five years ago. If the average bank, taking the people's savings, had been closed tight five years ago, and the clerks discharged, and the money simply allowed to accumulate at 4 per cent compound interest, it would have had even greater deposits today. This is my answer to the politician who talks about the prosperity of our banks and the great savings of the American people. It is all bosh. It is largely a question of bookkeeping, and very poor bookkeeping at that. The growth of the savings of the American people on a pro-rata basis has continually declined during the past few years, and this is largely due to our heavy taxes.

Our troubles come from our ignorant politicians, who either do not know economic law or else attempt to defy it.

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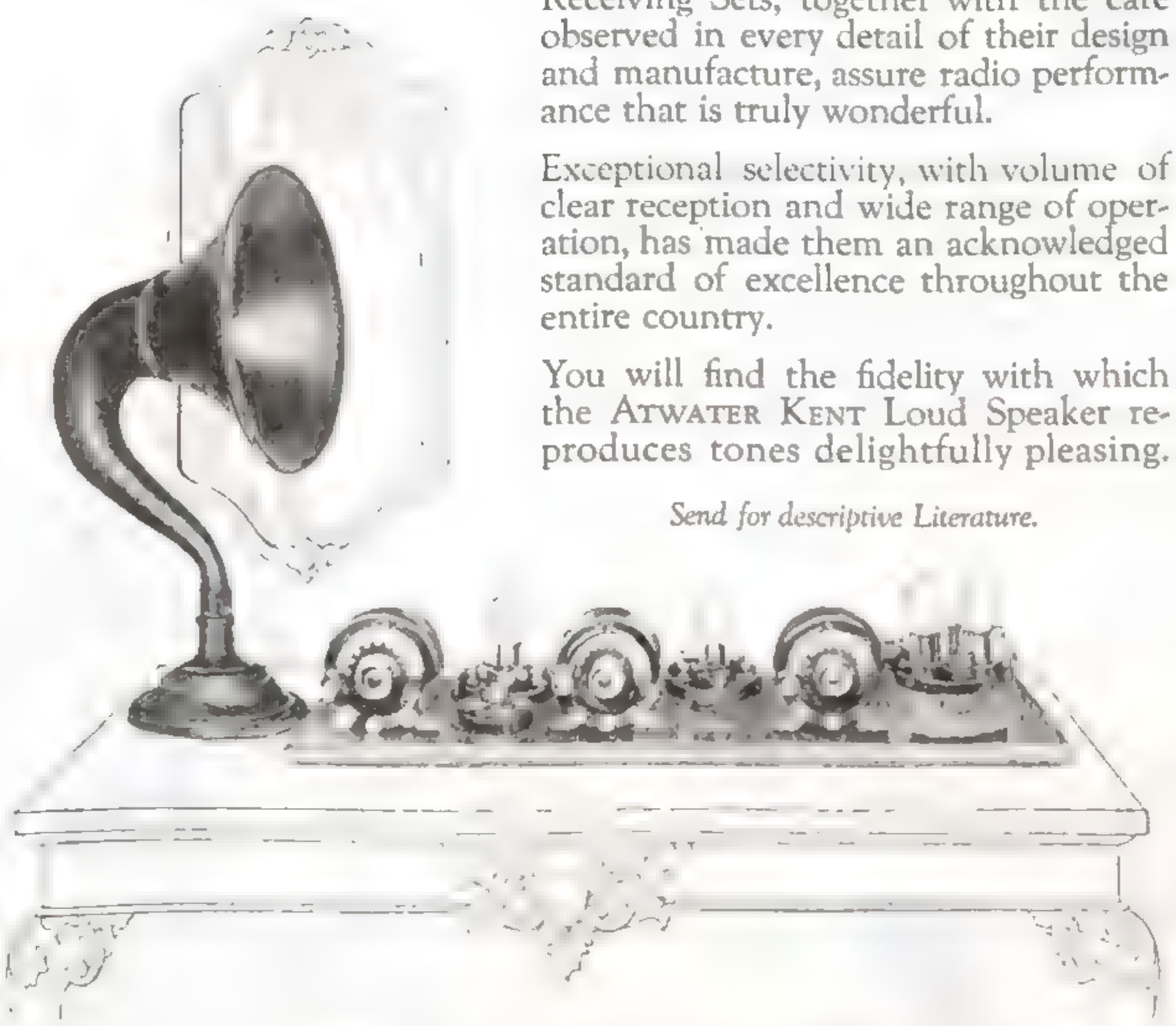

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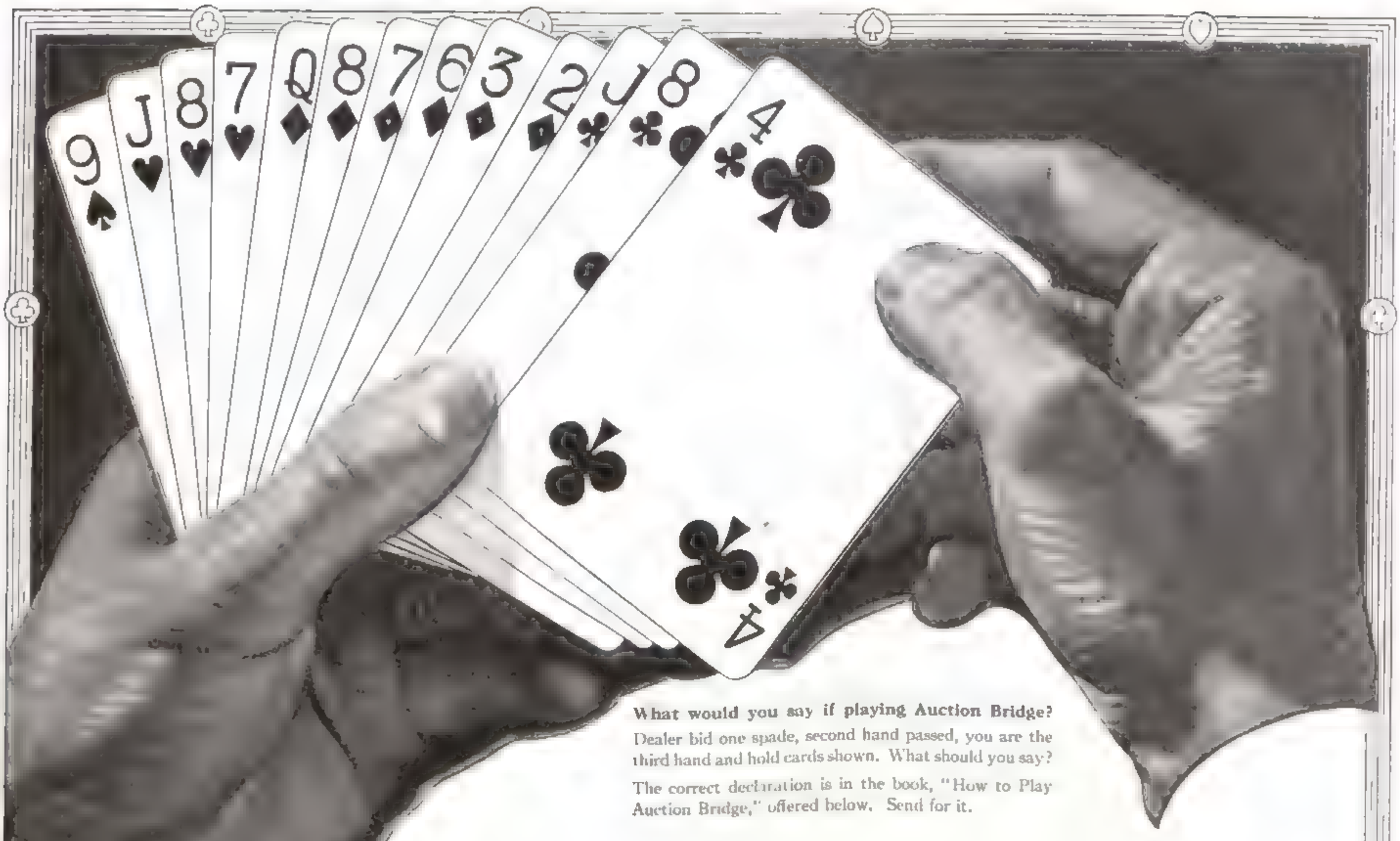

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SINGING FOR THE HAPSBURGS

(Continued from Page 17)

touching when I visited Ischl last summer, to find the old Emperor's birthday was still remembered, as it had been during his lifetime, and as it is all over Austria at the present day. It is hard to uproot a well-established tradition.

Franz Josef lived very simply and quietly in Ischl. The imperial villa had a beautiful garden, but was itself a quite unpretentious one-story building, painted yellow, with green shutters. The palace at Schonbrunn was also painted yellow, like all the imperial country residences. His villa boasted no modern improvements—for that matter they did not have running hot water, bathtubs or a heating system, except in the new wing in the Renaissance style, even in the great *Hofburg* in Vienna—and the large, pompous court retinue and numerous servants prescribed by the Spanish etiquette Franz Josef had inherited from his ancestors were not in evidence. In addition to the necessary table service, one personal servant, a *Kammerdiener*, as he was called, with an assistant to look after the Emperor's extensive wardrobe of dress uniforms for all possible occasions—foreign royalties, among them King Edward VII of England, who stayed at the Kaiserin Elizabeth Hotel because the imperial villa could not accommodate him, sometimes visited him at Ischl—practically comprised his whole establishment. And he did not get into his uniforms unless he was obliged to, for as a rule he went about in his short leather breeches and hunting coat, wearing an old green huntaman's hat with feather. He wore old comfortable clothes by preference.

The Emperor's Daily Life

He followed a general routine. He rose at five, and perhaps at six might take a stroll. Most of us in Ischl, including myself, were far too lazy to be about so early every morning, but anyone who rose with the lark could take a snapshot of him with impunity at that or any other time. It was a matter of indifference to him, and no secret police swooped down on the photographer. When walking through the streets of Ischl he would greet everyone and often stop to chat with friends and acquaintances. He attended to necessary state business during certain hours of the day, and then, if the weather was fair, went hunting. He was a wonderful shot, the premier sportsman of Austria, and in spite of his eighty-two years he brought down many a deer in the mountain forests above the town. Like other old gentlemen, crowned and uncrowned, he had his little personal habits. He was very fond of playing *tarock*, a card game which requires considerable skill and has an elaborate set of rules. He would often play *tarock* of an afternoon in his villa, not with the great nobles of his court, but with Palmer, a bank director, Toeele, a famous comic actor, and his friend and confidante, Frau Katherine Schratt. When he was overtaken by rain on a hunting excursion he would play *tarock* with the huntsmen. Yet his simple democratic directness and often hearty courtesy never permitted any approach to undue familiarity. I have met other monarchs, but never one who beneath all his kindness and affability was more the *grand seigneur* in the fullest meaning of the words.

I wish it were possible for me to make clear, beyond any manner of doubt, what simple, natural human beings all those members of the Hapsburg family with whom I was acquainted really were. I knew them as kind, considerate friends who were interested in me and in my art, and must confess that I hardly ever had occasion to give a thought to their titles or station, so completely did they themselves seem to forget that these existed. There was nothing of the autocrat about the emperors, either Franz Josef or poor unfortunate Karl. And the archdukes and archduchesses—with some of whom I stood on a footing of intimate personal friendship—were the most amiable, unaffected persons one might wish to meet.

The relations between the imperial family and the artists of the *Hofoper* in general had for centuries been of a very close and personal nature, owing to the fact that most of the Hapsburgs were natural-born music lovers, and that the *Hofoper*, being peculiarly their own court opera, was a family rather than a state affair. This unvarying interest in the artists who sang at the *Hofoper* was a species of Hapsburg family tradition, though the Emperor himself never interfered with the actual management of the opera house. The Emperor Franz Joseph's enjoyment of music was entirely natural and unassumed. Yet the musical planet who swayed his younger and more impressionable days had been Johann and not Richard Strauss. And even then the music of the waltz king was, first of all, an adjunct of the dance. It had not yet gained a place on the symphonic program. Franz Josef preferred opera and operetta to any other form of musical entertainment, but seeing that during the last fifteen years of his life his physicians insisted on his going to bed at eight o'clock, this prevented much theatergoing on his part in the capital. In Ischl he followed much the same régime. On those infrequent occasions when the Emperor attended a symphony concert, though he would dutifully sit through the whole performance, I imagine he did so with much the same feeling as when he laid the corner stone of some public building.

There were really several imperial boxes at the *Hofoper*. First, there was the *Kammerherrnloge* or Great Court Box, occupying what would be approximately the center of the tier of boxes corresponding to the Golden Horseshoe at the Metropolitan in New York. It was rarely used, practically only when the performance was what was called a *théâtre paré*, or gala performance. On such ceremonial occasions the Emperor—if he attended the opera—appeared with any royal or princely visitors who might be at the *Hofburg*, the members of his family and the court.

The less pretentious, so-called incognito boxes, were in the parterre, on either side. One was strictly reserved for the ruler or any crowned head who might be his guest; the others usually were occupied by some member of the imperial family and his friends, whom he entertained there just as any private person might entertain his opera guests anywhere. Each of these boxes connected with a salon—the *Kammerherrnloge* with a larger one—containing a table and chairs, where tea was often served, a well-known Viennese pastry shop furnishing the service.

Emperor Karl

I can recall only two occasions on which the imperial incognito box was occupied while I sang at the *Hofoper*. That was when Ferdinand, the ex-Czar of Bulgaria, occupied it during his visits to Vienna in 1912 and 1916.

It was quite usual for members of the imperial family, the archduchesses in particular, to request the presence of artists, including myself, in the imperial box after a performance—Selma Kurtz, a great friend of mine, still singing in Vienna, Hermine Khittl, Lucie Weidt, the tenor Slezak, so well known in New York, Schrodter, Schmedes, Von Wymethal and others were often so honored—and there we would sit in the salon, drinking tea, eating little iced cakes, and chatting about anything and everything..

In the days of the war, naturally these pleasant little meetings did not often occur. Frau Schratt had turned her beautiful villa in Heitzing, with its great rooms filled with art treasures of every sort, into a hospital; and there many of the aristocracy, after having duly qualified by a severe course of training, spent much of their time nursing the wounded soldiers, the men of the rank and file; not officers. The Archduchess Maria Theresa, the grandmother of the Emperor Karl, for instance, served as a surgical Sister of Mercy throughout the war. It was no time for merry chitchat over tea and cakes.

The Emperor Franz Josef, since he avoided all late hours, I never saw at an evening performance of the *Hofoper*, but the Emperor Karl, on occasion, would send his adjutant to compliment me after a performance he had especially enjoyed.

The Emperor Karl, though by no means unappreciative of other music, was especially fond of those tuneful Viennese operettas of which Lehár, Eissler and Fall have written such successful examples. He always showed me the greatest consideration and courtesy. I recall that once, when a great concert was given in the *Concerthaussaal*, the Crown Prince Karl came to

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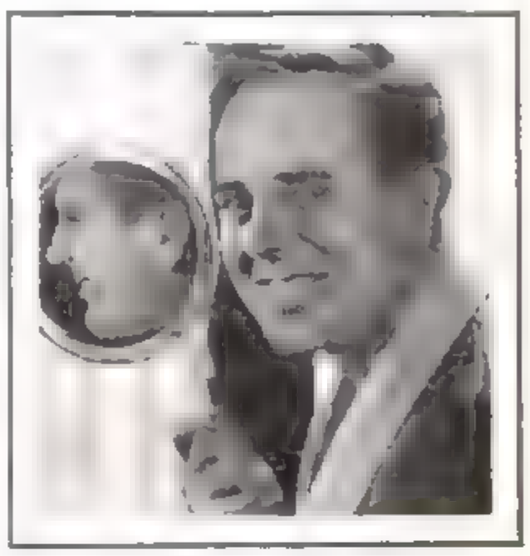

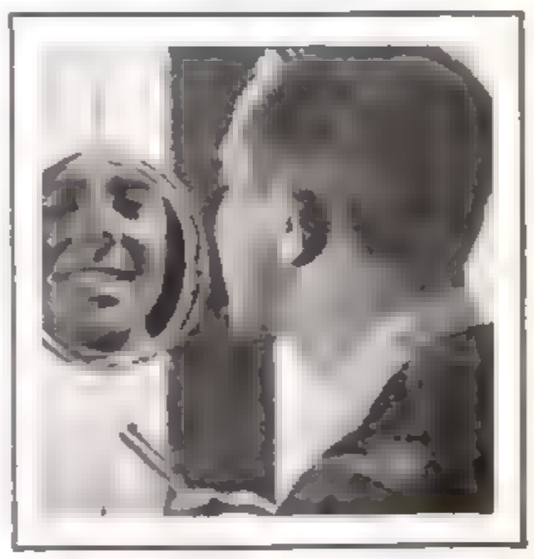

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the music room, where I stood with other artists, and was talking to me, when Prince Zdenko Lobkowic, his adjutant, hurried to him and whispered anxiously, "Your Imperial Highness, the male chorus is waiting to begin!" Karl laughed, shook hands with me and said humorously, "Well, your ladyship, I must remember my rank and dignity. I shall have to go in now and bear up against a flood of male-chorus singing."

On another occasion I was at a winter sporting festival in Semmering a wintering resort in the Alps, near Vienna, much like St. Moritz, in Switzerland watching the bobsleighing races. Boards had been laid along the course, so that those watching might keep their feet warm. Across the way many of us stood in the snow. The Archduke Karl—he was then not as yet the heir to the throne—was in the front rank of the court party with the Archduchess Zita. He happened to see me standing in the snow beneath our tent, and no sooner had he caught sight of me than he nodded amiably and at once sent over a gentleman to invite me to come across and stand on the boards. And when I did so he said, "It would never do for you to catch a chill in your voice!"

The unfortunate Empress Zita, the Princess of Parma, whose marriage to the Archduke Karl was one of those real love matches which occur so seldom in European royal families, was an admirable wife and mother. The happy family life of his destined successor to the throne could not help but please the old Emperor. During the war years, when Karl was often away at the Front and Zita and her children lived at Schönbrunn, the old monarch spent a short time with her and her children nearly every day. He was especially fond of their oldest son, Franz Josef Otto, a handsome boy. A humble Spanish peasant cottage is now the refuge of the child, who, had Fate been kinder, in due time would have inherited all the wonderful palaces and castles in the lands of the old empire. A special bureau of the court service had the children in charge. But the erstwhile imperial palaces—the *Hofburg*, in Vienna, Schönbrunn, Salzburg, Innsbruck, and the Huddschin in Prague, which were crown properties—have become national properties of the different states. With the rulers of the defunct empire its court has also vanished from the imperial stage, and with the court its functionaries, including many of those artists who had been honored with some modest titular distinction which also identified them with that brilliant circle.

An Unexpected Honor

I cannot help but feel a little sad when I remember that I am one of those artists who were thus distinguished, for I am the last imperial and royal *Kammersangerin*, or official court singer, upon whom a Hapsburg emperor conferred the title. And when I received it, it came as a great surprise. You see, it was promised to me by the Emperor Karl while he was an archduke and some time before the death of Franz Josef. There had been a great benefit concert for the wounded soldiers in the *Grosse Concerthaussaal*, at which I had sung; and after the performance the Archduke Karl, who was one of the patrons, came to me in the greenroom and said the kindest things about my singing, and how much he had enjoyed it. Then he asked, "You have already been appointed an imperial *Kammersängerin*, of course?" I could not help laughing at the idea, because the title was none too lightly bestowed and usually only fell to the lot of maturer artists, older *prime donne* who had been famous for many years.

"Oh, no, Imperial Highness," I said; "such things go by seniority at the *Hofoper*, and I shall probably have to wait ten or fifteen years before I am lucky enough to be so honored."

"Seniority should not be the rule," said the archduke in his amiable way. "If ever I have the opportunity you certainly shall have the distinction you deserve as soon as it is possible to give it to you."

I thanked him and gave the remark no further thought, for I took what he said to be one of those kindly things which princes so often say to an artist, and was pleased to think he had expressed the wish to distinguish me, even though he had not the power to do so. Nearly a year went by, and the matter had passed completely out of my mind when—imagine my surprise!—a few weeks after Archduke Karl's accession to the throne as Emperor of Austria I received my patent as *Kammersängerin* from the Imperial Chancellery.

Like Franz Josef, the Emperor Karl had the Hapsburg memory for a personal promise given. It was always kept. His accession to the throne brought with it a thousand and one new cares and responsibilities, a thousand and one new claims on his time and attention, all of them far more pressing than the unimportant promise made long ago to a singer. Yet, amid all other distractions, he had found time to command that my patent be made out and sent to me, and I still have it under lock and key in my home in Vienna, probably the last document of its kind.

I still cherish the Red Cross Service decoration which I earned during the wartime, but have always regretted that I never received my patent for the *Verdienst Kreuz*, the Cross of Merit, because that was especially assigned me for my work as an artist, singing for the disabled soldiers in the hospitals. The patent lay in the Imperial Chancellery together with hundreds of other documents of far greater import, no doubt, awaiting signature, when with the virtual ending of the war the existing government practically dissolved, the Emperor Karl "waived all claim to participation in the affairs of state" on November twelfth, the same month in which, two years before, the Emperor Franz Josef had died.

The outstanding characteristic about most of the princesses of the imperial house was their unaffected interest in their home duties and their children. While the archdukes, especially those of the Tuscan branch, all had a natural aptitude for sports—they went in for autoing, aeroplaning, ballooning, and were all admirable horsemen—they also were required by the Hapsburg family law to learn a trade, and one of them might be a first-class baker, while another was a good shoemaker, a locksmith, and so on.

A True Love Match

Just as the archdukes learned trades, so the archduchesses were all brought up to cook, bake, wash and sew, many of them being educated in the Sacred Heart convents in Vienna and Pressbaum. Their chief interests were home and family ones, and this was evident in their conversation. They never exerted any influences on the Vienna modes, for as a rule they dressed plainly and took no interest in setting the fashions. The Archduchess Bianca, a Spanish princess, wife of the Archduke Leopold Salvator, whom I often saw in her home—she is now living in Spain—dressed very plainly, and I have seen the Empress Zita herself wear the same dress three times in succession at court ceremonies.

One of these ladies with whom I was on terms of intimate friendship before her tragic death—she was murdered with her husband, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Este, heir to the Austrian throne, in Sarajevo, on June 28, 1914, his assassination supplying the spark which set alight the fires of the World War—was the Duchess of Hohenberg. The ducal title had been conferred on her by Franz Josef, for when Franz Ferdinand married her she was merely a Countess Chotek of Chotkowa and Wogin, daughter of Count Boguslav, former ambassador of Austria at Dresden. The archduke had learned to love the Countess Sofie—she was a dark, handsome, imposing-looking girl—when she was a lady in waiting to the Archduchess Isabelle, wife of the wealthiest of the Hapsburgs, the Archduke Friederich of Teschen, whose suit against the Czecho-Slovak Republic for alienation of property is being conducted at The Hague at the moment I write. It is interesting to note that the Archduke Friederich is represented by Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the distinguished New York lawyer.

Franz Ferdinand's marriage was undoubtedly a true love match.

Often the Duchess Sofie would send her auto with an adjutant to fetch me to tea at the Belvedere Palace in Vienna, once the property of Prince Eugene, where she and her husband made their home. When I got there, like as not, I would find her sitting on the nursery floor, playing with her little sons, Maximilian and Ernst. Then we would talk about everything under the sun. She loved to talk, and since I am not backward in conversation myself with those whom I know well and like, there never were any long pauses in our dialogue.

(Continued on Page 117)

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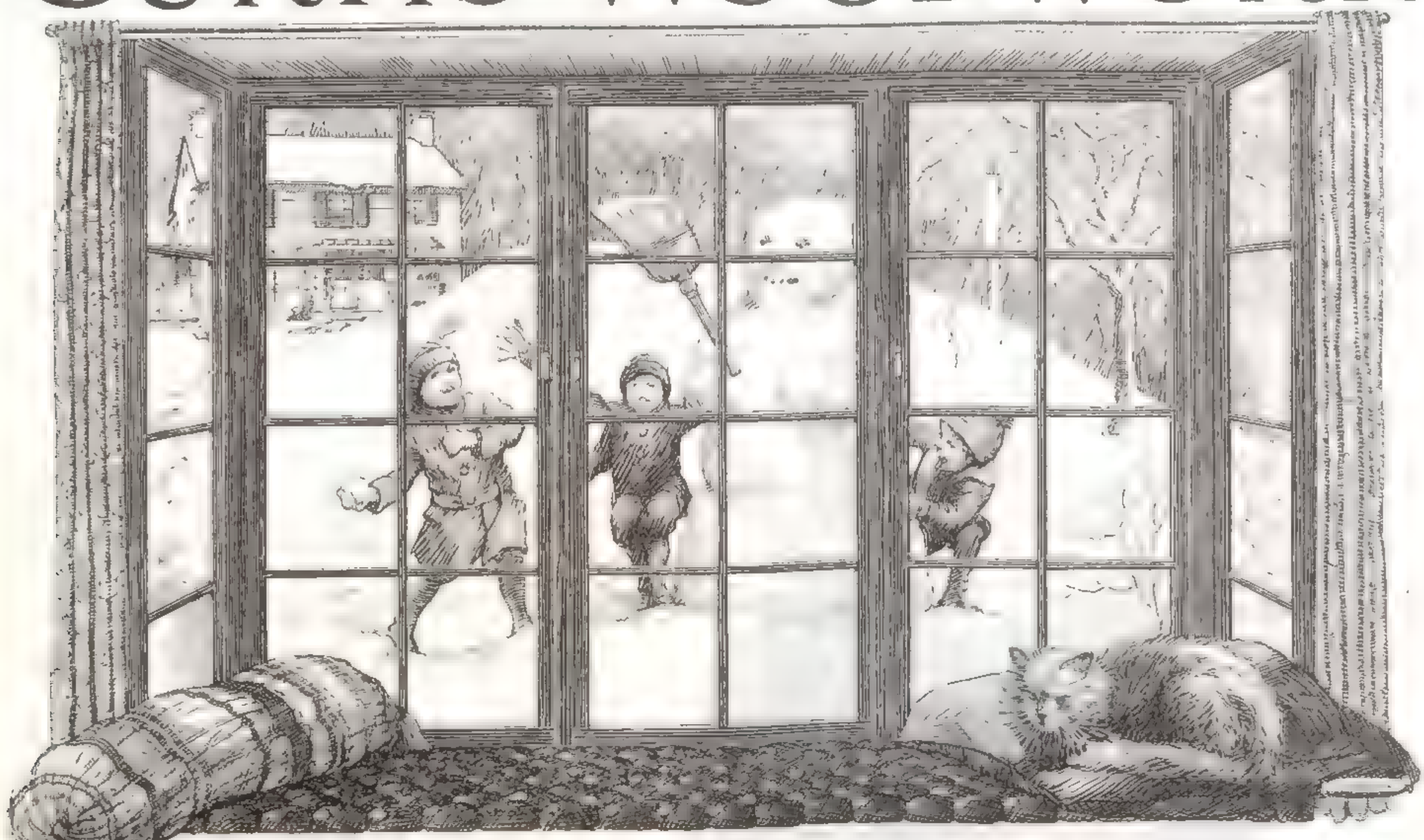

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Continued from Page 114

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand was a model father and husband, and, though serious and reserved by nature, was kindness itself to all whom he knew well. Both he and his wife were fond of music. Not so very long before he was murdered a festival performance of Die Fledermaus had been commanded at the *Hofoper*, and he had expressed a specific wish that I sing Rosalinda. Ordinarily nothing would have pleased me better, but as I had a very bad cold I declined. Director Gregor, an intimate friend of mine—not that this made my work as a singer any easier, for he was severest with his friends—came to me, and said, "Jerri"—that was what he always called me—"what shall I do? It cannot be helped; you will have to sing. The archduke has said it, and it would not do to disappoint him."

So I yielded, and coughed and sneezed my way through the first act.

Soon the archduke sent for Gregor. "Poor Jeritza! I should not have made such a point of her singing. Tell her to make any cuts she wishes or to turn over her rôle to someone else if she prefers."

But I wanted him to be quite sure that my cold was a real and not an imaginary one, so I coughed myself through the entire opera. The very next morning the Duchess of Hohenberg called me up on the telephone to ask how I felt, and to hope I had not injured my voice. "My husband's conscience has been troubling him," she wound up, "and if there is anything we can do to make up for insisting on your singing you have only to tell us what it is!" Poor Duchess of Hohenberg! I have always thought that, however tragic her fate, she was fortunate in not having survived her husband whom she so dearly loved, nor in having lived to see all that the future was to bring forth. The old Emperor was much shaken by the tragedy which robbed him of an heir for the second time, and in spite of the rigid household laws of the Hapsburg family, according to which the Duchess of Hohenberg was only Franz Ferdinand's morganatic wife, her body lay in state in the Vienna *Hofburg Pfarrkirche*, and received the blessing of the church in the presence of Franz Josef and the imperial family. But when the glass funeral coach which held her body was driven to the Pochlarn ford, in order to cross the Danube, on the way to Artstetten—in the chapel vault of whose castle she rests beside her husband—a terrific storm arose. The rain poured down in torrents and the lightning flashed. The horses broke from the traces and could not be harnessed again until the opposite shore had been reached.

Mourning for the Emperor

In the address of thanks which Franz Josef issued to his people to acknowledge their sympathy with him in his bereavement he spoke of his nephew's noble-hearted wife; and when he received the Duchess Sofie's three orphaned children at Schönbrunn he had the drums beat the general and the palace guard present arms—honors strictly reserved for those of the blood royal or generals in the army. These honors were paid the children in spite of the fact that they were the offspring of a morganatic union, and hence not members of the Hapsburg family.

My last recollection of the Emperor Franz Josef was his funeral cortège from St. Stephen's Cathedral to the vault of the Church of the Capuchins, where the Hapsburgs are buried. Five days after his death he had lain in state in the chapel of the Vienna *Hofburg*, with great wax candles gleaming around his bier for several days. Though thousands kept passing through the chapel all day long to take a last look at the beloved old Emperor, I could not bring myself to do so. I wanted to remember him as I had known him when alive, with his kindly smile, still brisk and active, and not as he might appear in his coffin, cold and stern. So I did not go.

But I paid my tribute of respect when the funeral procession passed from the cathedral to his last resting place. With thousands of others I stood in the *Neuen Markt*, the square upon which the *Kapuzinerkirche* fronts, as the solemn procession came across the Körnthner Street, and I do not believe there was a dry eye in that great crowd as it passed.

It was a gray cloudy day and the air was chill, and when the great black hearse, drawn by the eight blooded black horses—trained for years in the imperial stables to move in the stately measured step of the funeral procession which is the great event of their equine lives—appeared, a wail rose from the people as though they had lost their nearest and dearest friend. There were runners and pages and escorts of life guards, but since there were hardly any soldiers in Vienna at the time—practically all of them being at the Front—there was no military display worthy of mention. Immediately after the hearse was led the Emperor's favorite charger, a brown horse said to be twenty-four years old—with black hangings. And then followed—on foot, for it was only a short distance from the cathedral to the church—the members of the imperial family and the royal and princely mourners, the Emperor Karl and the Empress Zita, leading the little Crown Prince Otto by the hand between them; the German Crown Prince, the King of Bavaria, the King of Saxony, Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and a number of others. The members of the dead monarch's personal entourage had preceded the hearse, in court carriages.

An Ancient Ceremony

The Capuchin Church was only large enough to hold the mourning party, and the populace could not enter. But when the noble pallbearers carried the coffin to the gate of the vault a custom which has been handed down for centuries was observed. A dignitary knocked at the closed iron gate and one of the Capuchin fathers put his head through a little window in it and asked "Who knocks?"

"His Majesty Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, demands admittance and the rest of the grave," said the official.

"No one by that name is known to us," answered the Capuchin. "Once more—who knocks at this gate?"

And then, very modestly and humbly, the functionary said, "A poor sinner named Franz Josef seeks eternal rest"; and the monk opened the iron gate and cried "Let him enter."

Could the omnipotence of death which places the wearer of a crown on a level with the least of his subjects be acknowledged more whole-heartedly or sincerely?

The Archduchess Dolores, daughter of the Archduke Friedrich, commander of the Austro-Hungarian Army, had married a Prince of Parma—he was not a brother of the Empress Zita, however—and was a particular friend of mine. Her husband, an officer attached to the general staff, used to say, "When I do not know where my wife is I always look for her at the *Hofoper*. She is sure to be wherever Jeritza is." In 1918, during the time of confusion, when everything was at sixes and sevens, the Princess of Parma sent for me a few days before leaving Vienna for Switzerland, to bid me good-by. On that occasion she made me a parting gift which I treasure very highly. It is a beautifully chased snuffbox of gold, in Empire style, set with Brazilian diamonds—of no practical use to a woman, of course, but valuable because of the friendship which prompted its giving, and its historic associations. It had been presented by King Maximilian Josef of Bavaria, a contemporary of Napoleon, as a gift in some wedding in the Hapsburg family, and bore the initials M. J.—Maximilian Josef. The Princess of Parma, seeing that these initials were mine as well, had hit upon the idea of making me a present of the snuffbox.

The Archduchess Augusta, too, the wife of Archduke Josef, the "Hungarian" archduke, is one of my friends. She was a Bavarian princess, the granddaughter of Franz Josef. I visit her whenever I go to Budapest, where she lives with her husband, and summer before last I spent many pleasant hours with her.

For me the Empress Zita remains the most tragic survivor of the vanished glories of the empire, and the simple black mourning she wears in the latest picture taken of her—given me in Vienna last summer—has only too appropriately taken the place of the clear Parma-violet gowns she liked to wear in her imperial days. In times of national disaster peoples insist upon having scapegoats whom they hold responsible for all their woes. From the very first the Empress Zita was handicapped, so far as we Austrians were concerned, by the fact that she was an Italian Bourbon; a "foreigner." Those who, like myself, can testify from personal experience to her kindness and amiability, her desire to

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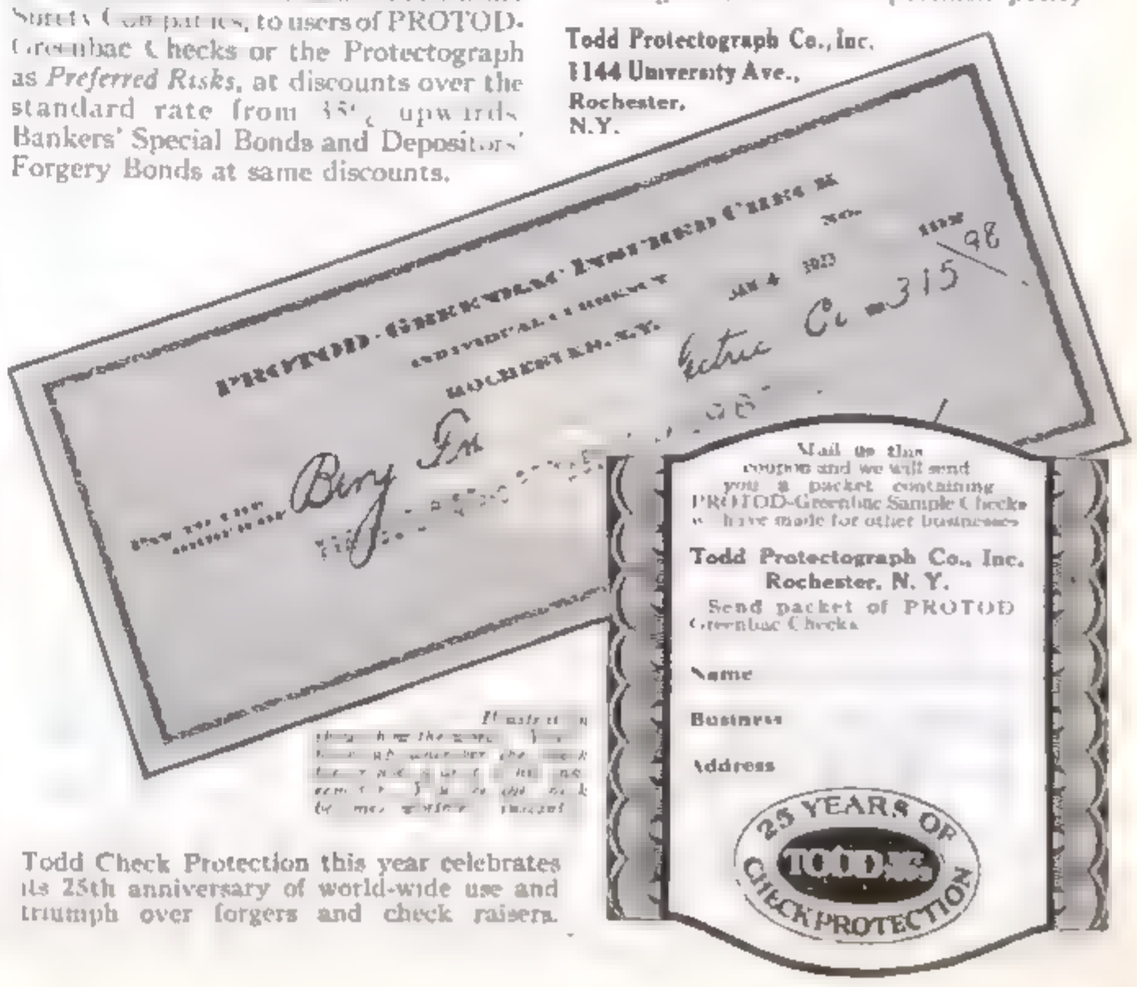
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do and to say the right thing, are in the minority. No wife could have been more devoted to her husband, no mother can be more devoted to her children, and no sovereign could have more heartily wished the best for her people. One must be hard of heart, indeed, to hate this unhappy mother, who is bringing up her little ones in a farmhouse in the village of Lequeitio, about twenty-eight miles distant from San Sebastian, the well-known summer bathing resort. In the picture given me she is holding in her arms her little daughter, the Archduchess Maria Christina Eugenia, her eighth child. I am happy to say that I am one of the little girl's godmothers, being a member of a group of Viennese women who have pledged themselves to do what they may for the comfort and welfare of this innocent little victim of uncontrollable circumstance. We give the little daughter of royalty in exile linen showers from time to time, and send on things for the other children as well. Eight children, all growing, can use clothes, a fact to which any mother can testify. It is evident, too, that at times there are not quite enough to answer all purposes.

The little Crown Prince Otto, the hope of the Hapsburg dynasty, is a handsome, somewhat serious-looking little boy, who must be about eleven years old now, and only recently made his first communion, with His Holiness the Pope as his sponsor. Everyone liked him, and when the imperial family were still at Eckartsau he was always asking questions about everything that went on, like any other youngster of his age. But he is sober and serious beyond his years, which is not surprising. Once he happened to be looking from the window of the château and saw a member of the Emperor's entourage giving some orders to a sentry.

The Little Prince's Trousers

"What are you telling the soldier?" the little Crown Prince queried when the officer reentered the room.

"Oh, I was merely giving him some instructions, Imperial Highness," was the answer.

But this was altogether too vague to suit Otto. "But what were the instructions you gave him? You know I take a great interest in all these things," he remarked very solemnly.

Life's changes and uncertainties had already impressed him; he wanted, so far as possible, to know exactly what was going on about him.

A little incident of recent occurrence in connection with the Crown Prince Otto is worth telling. It seems that while playing he tore his trousers; and since it was the only pair he had, he had to stay in his room until his mother could find time to repair the damage. It is not exactly a tragic tale. But who, before the Great War, would ever have dreamed that the day might come when the heir to one of the oldest thrones in Europe, whose private wealth was beyond exact computation, would be shut up in his room because the only pair of trousers he had in the world had been torn?

No one can tell what the future may bring forth. If little Otto should some day mount his ancestral throne, either as an Austrian emperor or as a king of Hungary, his life in exile, which brings him in such close contact with the humble realities of existence, may prove to be of advantage to him. He may feel that a childhood and youth far from the sophisticated atmosphere of a great and glittering court have given him a deeper insight into human nature than he might otherwise have obtained. At present, at any rate, in spite of torn trousers and other incidental annoyances, he is as happy as can be expected under the existing circumstances, all of which are not calculated to fill with joy the heart of a boy intelligent and reflective beyond his years.

It seemed strange to me when two summers ago I visited the Schönbrunn Palace, now the property of the Austrian Republic, to notice how little change, comparatively speaking, there was in the former surroundings of the court, while all those brilliant figures who had composed it had disappeared from the scene. In the great Maria Theresa Room the priceless Gobelin tapestries still hung on the walls. They show the wedding of the Emperor Josef II and Isabella, Princess of Parma, the wedding procession of twenty-four state coaches entering the *Hofburg*, a great musical festival and other scenes. But the courtiers, the nobles and generals, the countesses and ladies in waiting in court dress and in uniform who had once filled the rooms had vanished. They made that chill, lifeless impression, that museum impression common to all places in which people no longer live, but which only reecho to the footsteps of visitors.

A friend of mine at court, whose official position demanded his constant attendance in Schönbrunn during the last days of the imperial régime, gave me some graphic descriptions of events before the curtain fell on the Emperor Karl's last days there.

It was the beginning of the end. At Schönbrunn there was a continual coming and going of ministers of state, generals, members of parliament, court officials. At first the Emperor's withdrawal from the helm of state was not considered. It did not seem necessary. Though after the conclusion of the Armistice with Italy the imperial government ceased to function throughout the country, the Emperor and his council of ministers still tried to carry on, under increasing difficulties. When the Minister of Railroads and Transportation at a cabinet meeting cried out in his exasperation, "How can I remain Minister of Railroads when I have not a locomotive at my disposal!" the Emperor Karl replied: "Take my own case. I am the commander in chief of the army and no longer have any soldiers. And yet I must remain." Then it became clear that the proclamation of the Austrian Republic by the German-Austrian National Assembly in Vienna after a deputation had waited on the Emperor and told him that they were being coerced into a republican form of government—was only a question of hours; the Emperor's departure could no longer be deferred. After wearing the Hapsburg crown for only two years the Emperor Karl signed a waiver by which he voluntarily withdrew from the affairs of government, and the moment the ink was dry on the paper the Empress and the ladies and gentlemen of the imperial court—an imperial court no longer—began to pack in the greatest haste. The Emperor—he never saw Schönbrunn again—had chosen the lonely castle of Eckartsau on the Danube, near Vienna, as his place of refuge. He did not know at the time that it was merely the initial stage of that restless journey which was to find its tragic end on the Island of Madeira.

The Sleeping Guard

When Karl came down the stairway of the castle a last act of homage awaited him. The pupils of the imperial academies were drawn up in rank and file under their officers, and once more swore to be true to him, before they were relieved by the detachment of republican militia armed with machine guns which had come from Vienna to take over the guard at Schönbrunn. And then the autos blazoned with the imperial arms drove off from the palace without attracting any attention, since no one knew about it. I doubt if the last representative of a historic dynasty ever made a less ostentatious disappearance from the scene.

We had no revolution, properly speaking, in Vienna. The empire merely ceased to be, and the republic took its place. The friend who told me what I have just related mentioned a little incident in connection with the departure of the court. After the imperial autos had rolled off, a single officer of the Emperor's entourage had remained in the palace to make a final round of the deserted rooms. As he passed through the empty Maria Theresa Room his eye happened to stray to a corner, and there, huddled up in a chair, was a cavalryman of the so-called Archer Guard, in his red, gold-embroidered coat, white trousers and great black boots, fast asleep. His heavy silver helmet, with its white horsehair brush, had rolled from his hand to the polished floor. In vain he had waited for hours to be relieved; he had been entirely forgotten. That sleeping horseman of a guard already disbanded was the last survivor of the imperial breakdown left in Schönbrunn. He had fallen asleep in one epoch of Austrian history and would wake in another.

Among my happiest recollections of the Vienna of the empire is my friendship, a friendship which has been maintained to the present day, with the mysterious feminine "good genius" of the old Emperor Franz Josef, Frau Katherine Schratt. Heaven knows how many extravagant tales

(Continued on Page 121)

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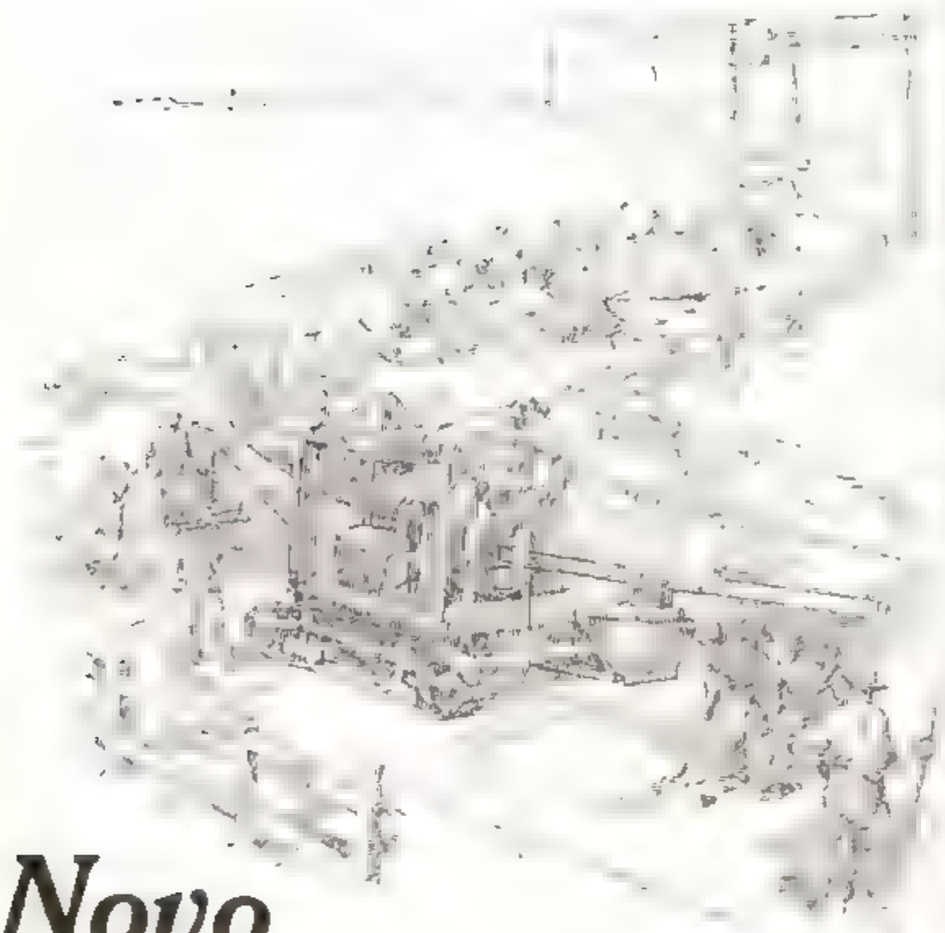

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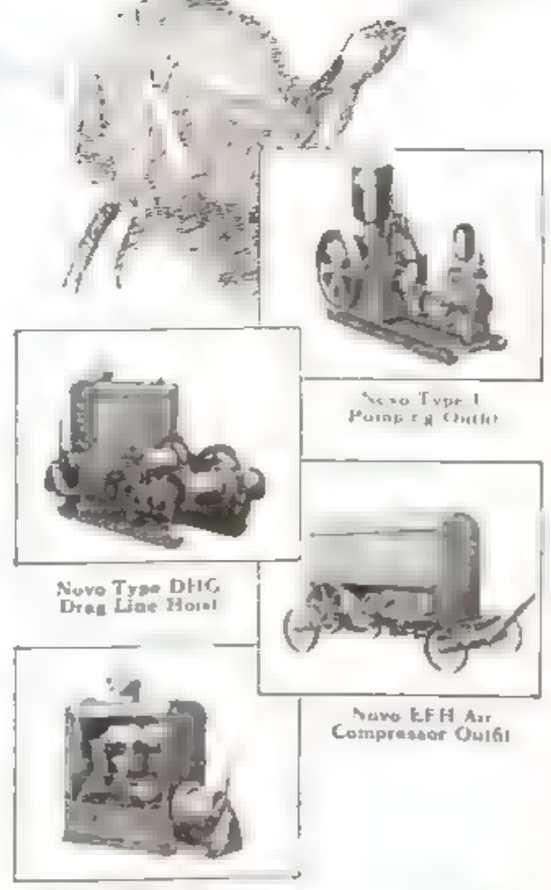

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Continued from Page 118

and rumors were circulated about Frau Schratt during the long years in which her devoted companionship soothed and strengthened the soul of an aged ruler whose life had been a continual succession of tragedies, personal and political! To know Frau Katherine Schratt as I have known her, to come in direct contact with so fine and noble a nature—it is quite beyond dispute that she was honored during her lifetime by the friendship of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth, a friendship not lightly bestowed—is truly an experience worth treasuring.

In her younger days Frau Schratt had acquired a justified reputation as an actress at the Vienna *Hofburgtheater*, for she had real dramatic and elocutionary gifts. Franz Josef's attention was not drawn to her until toward the end of the '70's; but thenceforward he made a point of appearing at every performance at the *Hofburgtheater* in which she took part. Nor was his wife less interested in her. The Empress Elizabeth, as a rule so very reserved and little inclined to make new friends, soon admitted Frau Schratt to her entire confidence, was often a guest in the actress' villa at Heitzing, and had her stay with her in her own beautiful home.

But in a court so rigidly controlled by an etiquette whose rules had been handed down for centuries it was impossible for the Emperor and Empress to cultivate an intimate personal friendship of this kind without its being motived and registered, so to speak, in some strictly official fashion. It was a form, a detail perhaps, but to Franz Josef it was by no means a negligible one. He firmly believed in those old traditions of kingship which hark back to the founders of his dynasty. To him the official placing of Frau Schratt at court was a matter of self-evident necessity. Any more direct personal contact with a Hapsburg emperor and empress had to be grounded in a recognized court position. So Frau Schratt was officially appointed *Vorleserin*—reader—to the imperial pair sometime during the '80's, a post for which she was especially qualified by reason of her natural gifts. And Frau Schratt did, in fact, read aloud to the Emperor; her official title was no misnomer. She was more, however, than a mere reader. Endowed with simple natural charm of manner and a direct unfailing sense of humor, she was able for a space of thirty years to cheer and distract Franz Josef with her harmless and entertaining gossip and anecdote during the few daily hours the hard-working monarch set aside for relaxation. She would accompany him in the early morning walks he took through the Schönbrunn park or in the garden of her villa in Ischl, and chat with him in the evenings when he sat at the tea table in her home. For a man who was deeply attached only to a few members of the large imperial family of archdukes and archduchesses; whose life, as the years went by, was more and more an official and less and less a personal one, the value of such a friendship was beyond all price.

Frau Schratt's Personality

In Frau Schratt's villa in Heitzing Franz Josef laid aside his rank and titles. He appeared there simply as a private gentleman who mingled with the other guests on a footing of unconstrained and democratic equality.

On various occasions before I made Frau Schratt's acquaintance, during that summer I spent in Ischl in 1912, I remember seeing the old Emperor, on foot, on his way to the Villa Felicitas, to breakfast there; and afterward even, once or twice saw him ride back together with her to Ischl.

Frau Katherine Schratt was a natural-born narrator. She was a mistress of the Viennese dialect, which the Emperor himself habitually used in intimate conversation; often when I visited her in her home she would tell me little tales and anecdotes from Vienna life which brought tears of laughter to my eyes. Heaven knows that an existence as sad as that of Franz Josef could stand a little of the sunshine which Frau Schratt's personality brought into it. Her tact was admirable. While with the Emperor she carefully avoided any subjects which might depress or annoy him; and her whole attention was devoted to making him forget for a short time the sovereign in the human being, to allow him to throw off the cares and troubles of state and enjoy for a moment the feeling that he was a mere human being like any other. Perhaps one reason why this ideal friendship continued to the very day of Franz Josef's death lay in the fact that Frau Schratt always showed the utmost delicacy in keeping their relationship a purely personal one. She never made the slightest attempt to use her unique position to obtain gifts or material advantages of any kind from her imperial friend. She never, under any circumstances, attempted to take advantage of her friendship with Franz Josef to interfere in politics. She kept away from all court intrigues; and she avoided anything like trying to establish a position in the higher circles of aristocratic Viennese society on the strength of the favor she enjoyed with its crowned head. I am personally convinced that Frau Schratt was what might be called well acquainted with no more than a score of that very large group of highly placed individuals which made up the Viennese court. She was merely the Emperor's friend, in the highest and noblest sense of the word.

After the tragic death of the Empress Elizabeth there was a good deal of unfounded gossip current in Vienna about the possibility of the Emperor contracting a morganatic marriage with Frau Schratt. Anyone acquainted with the true character of the woman, who was in the habit of bringing her friend the Empress Elizabeth the first blue violets which grew in the garden of her villa, would have known at once how utterly unfounded such a rumor was.

A Gentle Old Lady

It would be decidedly unfair, however, to represent Frau Schratt primarily as a mere entertainer, a more refined feminine version of the court jester of bygone centuries, who brought the smile of forgetfulness to imperial lips by jingling the bells of amusing witticism and chitchat. She undoubtedly knew how to console as well as amuse. There can be but little doubt that to this old and tried friend the Emperor confided many of the trials and unhappinesses, many of the heartburns and disappointments of his intimate personal life. It is quite as certain that with her gentle unfailing tact and sincere affection she was able, in their hours of intimate converse, to make more endurable a life that was singularly drab and gray in spite of the external pomp and glitter which enveloped it.

And I love most to think of Katherine Schratt as I came to know her so well in the days of the war, when she had turned her beautiful villa at Heitzing into a hospital, and worked there with the ladies of the Vienna aristocracy and her personal friends, myself among the number, tending the poor wounded soldiers. She could have had titles and treasures, but they meant nothing to her in comparison with that friendship which had gradually come to be the greatest thing in her life. To me there has always been something very touching in the intimacy between these two old people, the lonely, white-haired incarnation of the proudest dynastic traditions of the oldest reigning house of Europe, the other a sweet, simple old lady, whose gentleness and sympathy of character allowed Franz Josef to forget some of the burden of his crown. More and more as the years went by did the old Emperor lean on Frau Schratt's devoted and unselfish companionship, and with the exception of his favorite daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, and a few other members of his own family, perhaps, he esteemed her above all others with whom he came in contact. Indeed, her selfless devotion earned the respect of practically every member of the imperial family. I think that one of the kindest and most humane little actions ever performed by the late Emperor Karl took place immediately after Franz Josef's death, on November 21, 1916. The Emperor's body lay on the simple iron camp-bed bedstead on which he had died, and various members of the imperial family who had arrived were still in the room, when the Archduke Karl, now Emperor, entered with Frau Schratt on his arm. He knew what Franz Josef had meant to her, and felt bound to give her an opportunity to bid farewell to the faithful friend whom she had lost. Nothing could have shown more clearly the attitude of the imperial family toward this admirable woman than the fact that the Archduke Karl, already the head of that family and *de facto* Emperor of Austria, had personally escorted her to the deathbed of his predecessor.

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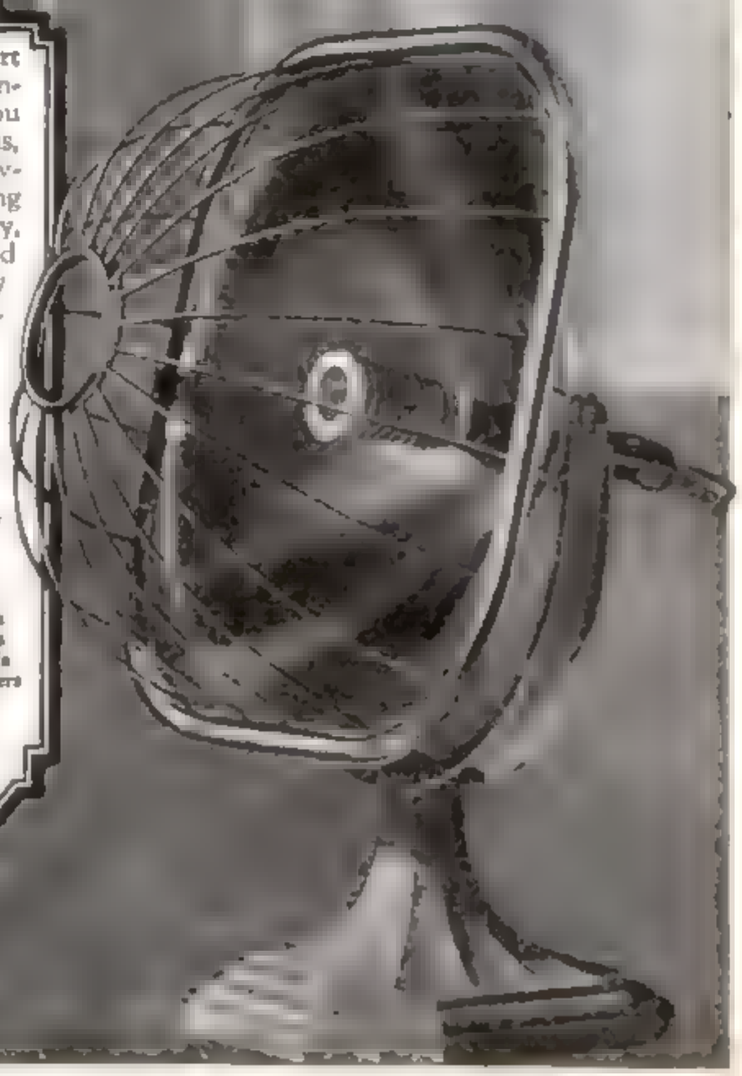

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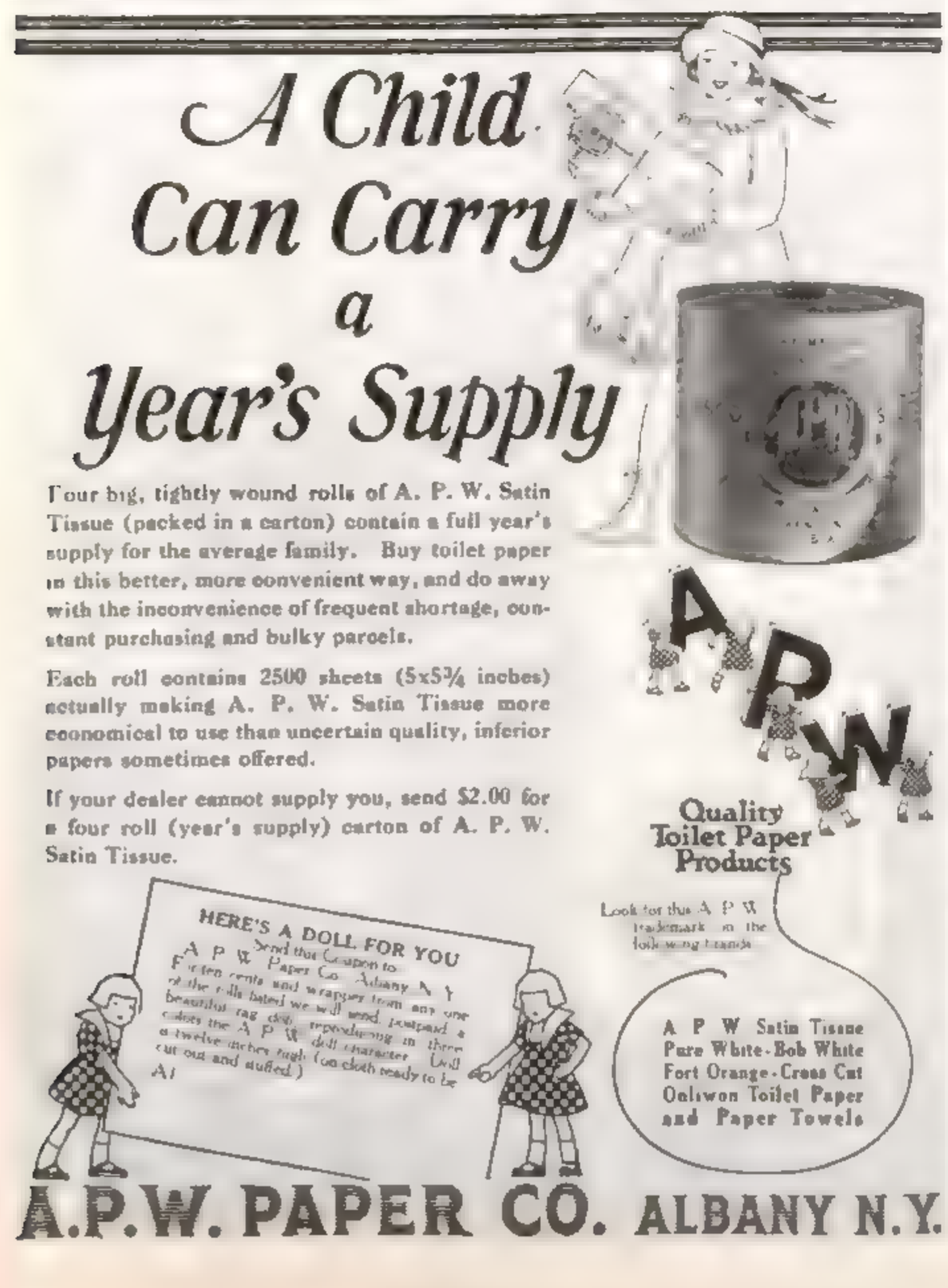
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A SOUND IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page 14)

Instantly, as one would throw out one's arm to save oneself from a fall, Tilly drew down the nearest shade and then rose and crossed the room and drew down the others. Betsey had by this time softly slid the bolt in its socket. There was a knock, courteous and a little apologetic; she stood motionless. There was another, firmer and more insistent; she still stood motionless. There was a third, thundering, irritable, and she opened the door about two inches. The two men standing without, Dan Webber from the creamery and a Lanesvillian whom Betsey did not know, peered into a black cave.

"Good morning, Betsey," said Dan.

"Good morning," answered Betsey.

"Good morning, too," said the stranger as though he were frightened. He was a small and astonishingly timid-looking person.

"Good morning to you," said Betsey with a twinkle in her eye.

Dan Webber stood first on one foot, then on the other as if waiting to be invited in, though he knew perfectly well this was an unfounded and ridiculous expectation.

"We want to see you once a little."

Betsey remained silent. She was here, she could be seen—at least her nose and the buttons on her waist and a long narrow section of her capacious apron could be seen.

"That is, we want to talk to you a little."

Betsey still said nothing. She could be talked to as well as seen.

"It is important," said Dan.

Betsey waited.

"This is what we are after," explained Dan, looking angrily and helplessly at his companion: "We want to find out if you are for wet or for dry."

The Shindledeckers did not read newspapers and the inquiry was bewildering. The door moved in Betsey's hand, not away from the frame but toward it.

"For wet or for dry?" she repeated in her deep voice.

"Are you for liquor or against liquor?" asked Dan plainly.

"Am I for liquor?" The narrow opening acted as an amplifier for Betsey's words. "Am I for liquor?" She answered oratorically something grand and spectacular was lost in Betsey—"Am I for the devil?"

Dan took a step nearer the door.

"I knew you ladies were all right," he said. "Now this is the way things are with us: Our constable is no good and we want to elect Peters here. There's something wrong going on in this neighborhood. At Unionville there's a distillery and a bonded warehouse, and thus these here bootleggers are emptying little by little. They're making thousands of dollars, perhaps millions. They must travel along this road or the back road—there's nowhere else to go—and if we had a good constable he could catch them. What we want you ladies to do is to help us."

"Help you?" repeated Betsey.

"Vote for Peters," said Dan.

"It's against my religion," said Betsey. "I wouldn't vote for anything."

"It's only coming to the schoolhouse and dropping a little paper in the box."

"No, sir," said Betsey, shaking her head violently. First one ear could be seen, then the other. "We plain people are not for voting."

"Lots of the plain people are going to help us."

"Then they're wrong," said Betsey. "I won't vote. *Nix cum rous* with voting."

"Will your sister?" asked Dan, trying to be patient.

"She less than I," said Betsey. She quoted from the beautifully wrought sentiment on a hand-woven and embroidered towel: "'Little and unknown, prized by God alone,' is what we ought to be in this world. I would sooner die than vote."

Betsey closed the door.

The two men looked at each other, then they stamped off the little porch and out the path.

From the front they looked up at the substantial close-shuttered brick house.

"*Exell!*" said Dan furiously.

"*Kazer!*" said Peters still more furiously.

"*Kerook!*" said Dan.

"*Narrish!*" said Peters.

They meant that the Shindledeckers were donkeys, calves, fools and lunatics. They stamped down to the white road, looked angrily across at the sedate meeting-house which to their thinking bred these creatures, and, walking up their macadam driveway, disappeared from view.

Within, Betsey stood still in the darkness until she heard across the wide space and through the thick door the loud sound of departure; then she said, "You can come out now."

Tilly emerged from an inner room. Her shyness was really a disease; she was pale with terror.

"What did they want?"

Betsey raised the thick shades and the bright sunshine streamed in.

"They want us to come and vote for a constable so he will arrest the people that are stealing liquor at Unionville."

"I thought all the liquor was poured away!"

"There's some left," said Betsey grimly. Betsey was less innocent than Tilly.

"What do they do with it?"

"I guess they sell it."

"But that's wicked!" said Tilly.

"Yes," agreed Betsey. "But I will not vote."

"No," said Tilly. "That's not right either."

They returned to their work, but their day was spoiled; the roses and larkspur had lost their lovely color.

"They travel along this front road or the back road with it," explained Betsey.

"I do not see why all the people do not get out and tie a rope across the road and catch them," said Tilly.

"They're afraid," answered Betsey. "They're cowards. This Peters who shall be constable is not one to catch anybody."

II

THE two Shindledeckers went to bed early. In the middle of the afternoon they had left their delectable occupation of quilting and had gone out to husk corn. They divided this work into many short periods so that it might not stiffen their hands, but this afternoon they had decided to do a long stint and complete the task. When night came they were tired. They went a second time to the chicken house to be sure that all was secure and they prepared the bed for their haughty cat with more than usual care. It must not be supposed for an instant that they found life dull. Life was interesting, romantic and exciting. Today it had been too exciting for comfort; it disturbed them to hear of wickedness and crime. In their minds liquor was the root of pretty much all the evil in the world. Their consciences troubled them; they believed they should have listened more patiently to the creamery man; but on the other hand they did not believe it right to vote.

"The Government ought to burn up such a place," said Betsey as she laid her smooth head on her pillow. "Why should they leave such a place to tempt wicked people?"

"That's true," agreed Tilly, who, being older, covered her head with a neat cap.

"I don't need liquor," declared Betsey.

"Nor I," said Tilly.

"I never even saw any that I know of," said Betsey.

"Nor I," said Tilly.

"I guess we ought to go to sleep," said Betsey. "It's nine o'clock."

"Yes," agreed Tilly. "I wish we could get a whole width done tomorrow. I'm going to get up early."

"Good night," said Betsey.

"Good night," answered Tilly. "My, the moon is bright!"

"Yes," said Betsey, trying first one side, then the other. "Perhaps that's the reason I'm so restless."

At ten o'clock Betsey rose and looked out the window. At once Tilly sat up in bed.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Betsey.

"Did you hear something?"

"No, I just wanted to look out. Everything is so bright and still. Were you asleep?"

"No," said Tilly. "I thought once I heard a noise."

"I guess it was Tommy walking round," said Betsey as she climbed back into the high bed.

She had never been more wide awake and she would have liked to talk about Tommy, but she thought Tilly ought to sleep. But Tilly was not inclined to sleep, though she lay motionless for an hour

(Continued on Page 125)

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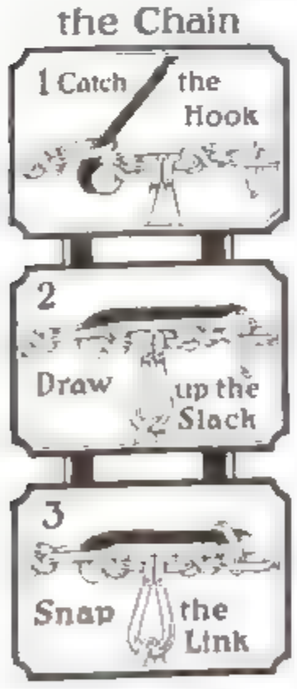

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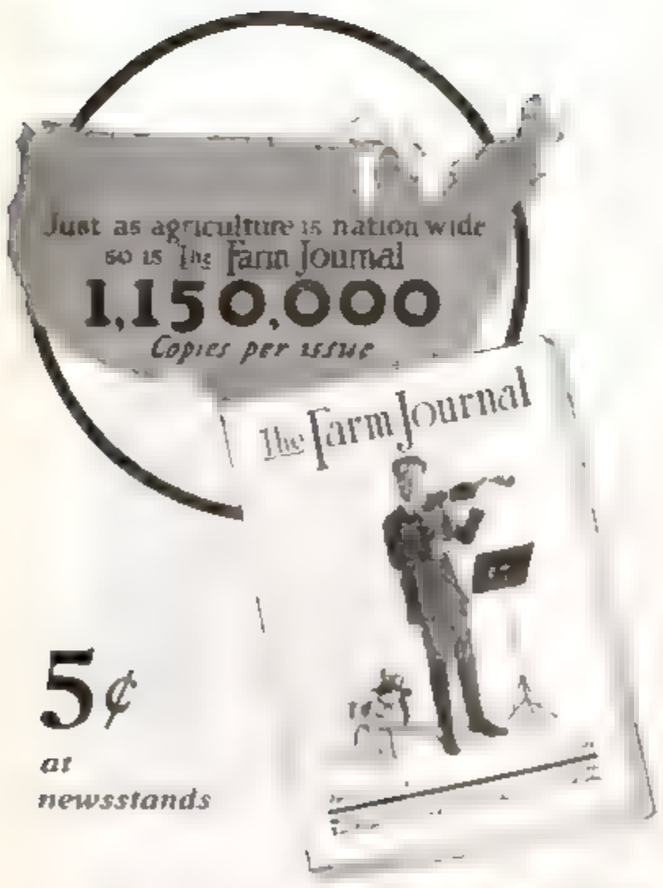

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(Continued from Page 122

"Betsey," said she as the clock struck seven, "are you awake?"

"Yes," answered Betsey. "I have not closed an eye."

"I thought I heard a noise," said Tilly.

"What kind of a noise?"

"Something outside the house."

Betsey rose again and went to the window and raised it a few inches. She then knelt down with some creaking of bones and laid her ear to the aperture.

"It's nothing," she answered. "The bunny is sitting down on the grass. He's better than a watchdog."

"Yes, well," said Tilly. "I'm sorry I got you out."

"It's all right," said Betsey amiably.

She lowered the window and went back to bed, but still she could not close her eyes. She wondered whether Tilly was asleep; there were a hundred things she would like to talk about. She heard the clock strike twelve and then one.

Tilly was awake; she sat up as though released by a spring.

"Betsey!" she said in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes," said Betsey, sitting up also.

"Did you hear that?"

"I felt it," said Betsey in amazement. "The bed sort of shook and there was a sort of rumbling."

"Do you think it's an earthquake?"

"No," said Betsey.

"What do you think it is?"

Betsey bounced out like a great rubber ball. She went this time to the window at the rear and lifted the shade and the sash. There was still a slight vibration of the house. Staring into the woods, she remained so long motionless that Tilly crept from bed and joined her. Overhead shone the full moon, before them was the dark wall of trees, and there under the trees there was the faintest light, not the sifted silver of the moon, but a pale gold. The vibration of the ground had ceased, but there was the throbbing of an engine. Suddenly the light went out and the throbbing stopped abruptly. The two sisters pressed close together.

"What is it?" asked Tilly, trembling.

"I don't know," said Betsey.

"I believe I've heard it before," said Tilly. "I thought it was a dream other times, but tonight I was for once wide awake."

"It is in our woods," said Betsey indignantly.

"What do you think it is?"

"It's an automobile."

"What do they want?" Tilly shook like a leaf as she put the question. This was no ordinary car; it must be a heavy truck, as heavy as the great moving vans which passed on their way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. A fearful suspicion began to dawn in her mind. "What are they doing by us?"

"They are liquor people," said Betsey. So far removed was she from the world that she knew no other name. She ceased to guard her speech, but spoke in a loud tone. "They are in our woods; they are perhaps hiding there."

"Why should they hide there?" whimpered Tilly.

"I do not know," said Betsey in a still louder tone.

"Perhaps it's something wrong with the car," suggested Tilly. "Or perhaps they are just passing on the back road."

"They have no business on the back road," declared Betsey in a voice of rage. "And they're in the woods, deep in, almost as far as the sink hole. I can tell it from the light. I'm going back there."

Tilly was smitten dumb. She stood paralyzed while Betsey sat heavily down on the floor and began to put on her shoes and stockings.

"You're going back to the sink hole now?"

"To be sure I am," roared Betsey in her deep alto. "We will not have such people on our land. I will see what this is and if they are liquor people I will tell them what I think."

With a groan Tilly sat down and began to put on her shoes and stockings.

"I'm not afraid," said Betsey. "You needn't go along."

Tilly uttered another groan, but she continued her dressing. She was speedier than Betsey and she finished first.

"Will we wear our shawls?" she asked in a whisper.

"No," said Betsey, still in her loud tone. "We'll wear our husking jackets to go through the woods." She tramped noisily down the stairs. "You get them and I'll light the lantern."

"Will we go clear in the woods?" asked Tilly.

"To be sure," said Betsey. "Of course we'll not sneak up on them; we'll let them know we're coming."

Betsey took the lantern from the kitchen mantel and stepped out upon the porch. The fields were bright under the moon; the yellow piles of corn could be plainly distinguished and it was possible to tell the golden hickories from the crimson oaks. There was not a sound in the world.

"Perhaps we dreamed it," said Tilly. "We were wakeful, and when you are wakeful you get queer ideas."

"No," shouted Betsey, stepping off the porch; "we did not dream it."

Moving heavily, but not slowly, she went along the little path and Tilly followed close upon her heels. In the shadow the gleam of the lantern brightened.

"It's not far," said Betsey in a shout. "It's not farther than the meetinghouse." Suddenly she stood still and drew a deep breath and let it out in a trumpet blast. "We're coming!"

She waited an instant as if for an answer, then she moved forward. The lantern cast monstrous shadows of her and Tilly against the darkness; they resembled dimly an elephant followed by a giraffe.

"I give you warning that we're coming!" said Betsey. "You're on our land, whoever you are, and you must give an account of yourself or get off."

She stopped and listened. There was no sound.

"Mind now!" she shrieked. "I'm almost by you!"

"We're surely near the sink hole," declared Tilly. "Oh, do not let us fall in!"

"We are at the sink hole," said Betsey. "You hold the lantern behind me. The moon shines on the water and I can see better with it alone."

Passing through the low growth which surrounded the pool, Betsey held her extended palm over her eyes and stared. She saw the smooth black surface of the bottomless water and round it the ring of tall and beautiful trees which had shed a few bright leaves upon its surface. As she stared, a little rustle began and a shower of leaves fell. But Betsey was not interested in leaves.

"I see your automobile!" she screamed, addressing the other side of the pool. "I see its front end. I want you to answer me when I talk. You're on my land and you must tell who you are."

Even this stern admonition had no effect. Indignantly Betsey turned and seized the lantern from the hand of Tilly as though it were a staff.

"Are you going round to them?" whimpered Tilly.

"I are!" shouted Betsey, forgetting her parts of speech in her desire to be emphatic. She strode ahead and again Tilly followed on her heels.

The circumference of the sink hole was not large. Betsey shouted a loud "I am coming" at the end of every ten steps and she had not uttered more than ten or twelve before she found her way barred. She had seen aright; a gray truck, of the variety used by the Army, pointed its nose over the pool. Bound closely down upon its load was a thick cover, so that it looked like the Conestoga wagons which her great-grandparents had watched starting on their long journeys across the plains.

"Where are the folks that are with this automobile?" demanded Betsey. "I ask you for the last time."

Even this appeal had no effect. Betsey went round to the other side of the truck and stood regarding it. She sniffed the air with a rabbitlike motion of her nose.

"I smell it," she said. "Don't you smell it, Tilly?"

"I guess so," faltered Tilly. "But I thought it always had a bad smell."

"Look there!" cried Betsey.

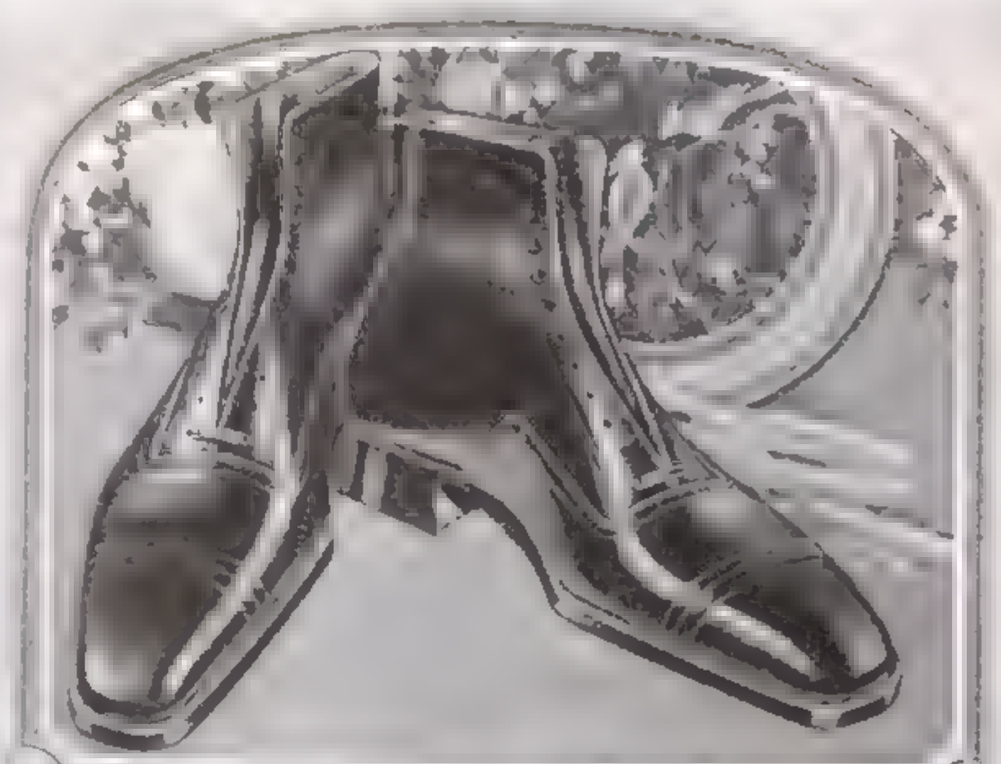
"Look there!" moaned Tilly at the same moment.

They were pointing at two different objects. What Betsey saw was the rear wheels carefully blocked with large stones; what Tilly saw was an object on the ground.

"They got too near and they couldn't get out," said Betsey. "See, the front wheels have sunk in the bank. I guess they went for help."

"It's a man!" cried Tilly hoarsely. "A dead man!"

Betsey turned the light of her lantern upon a prone figure. She approached and



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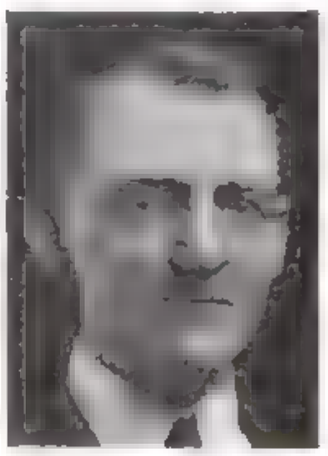

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scrutinized it carefully. "He's not dead," she said. "It's from him that this smell comes."

To the further horror of Tilly, she went close to the quiet figure, comfortable, supine and wrapped in a blanket, and laid her hand upon it.

"I want you to get up and go away," she said. "I don't want you on my land. Do you hear me?"

The man slept heavily. He was tired and the liquor from the bonded warehouse was powerful. In his confusion he had, as Betsey guessed, driven too close to the sink hole and his disgusted and alarmed companion had gone for help.

Then Betsey handed the lantern to Tilly.

"Hold it once a little."

"What are you going to do now, sister?" It was only in moments of intense emotion that Tilly used this tender address.

Betsey put her hand in under the canvas cover.

"Bottles in boxes," she said when she had explored.

Bending over, she took up a sharp stone and put her hand inside once more. There was a sound of cracking glass, then a still more potent odor in the sweet night.

"Liquor," she said. She took a step toward the slumbering guardian.

"I don't care how much it's worth," she said in a thick tone. "I'm going to do my duty."

"What are you going to do?" said Tilly.

Now she, too, was screaming; she was afraid Betsey might be going to punish the sleeping man with death. Betsey answered with deeds instead of words. She stooped and began to tug with both hands at the heavy stones which held the wheels.

"It will slide into the sink hole!" said Tilly.

Betsey worked as if with madness. She spoke with sarcasm as though she had lost her mind.

"You're a smart woman to guess that, Tilly," she said, still shoving the heavy stones.

Suddenly she moved back and stood upright. There was a sucking noise and the truck lurched forward like a cow dropping to her knees. Then suddenly it seemed to stand on end. It dived and there was a splash. It was not a loud splash; the truck seemed to be pulled down quickly as though by a beast reaching upward for its prey.

The black water closed; the quickening wind sent down a shower of leaves which rocked on the surface, then were still, like tiny boats at anchor.

"You take the lantern," said Betsey. For some reason she spoke now in a whisper. "You go before and I will come behind."

"I wish we were home," said Tilly.

"We'll soon be home," said Betsey. "We'll soon be home and in bed asleep."

III

BETSEY finished the morning work while Tilly sat down at the quilt with its lovely wreaths of roses and larkspur. It was election day, but neither realized it. They hoped to turn another fold of the quilt that night, but their stitches were so fine and set with such exquisite care that it was doubtful whether they would reach their goal. It was hard to tell which made them happier, to finish the section they allotted for the day or to have some of it left for the morrow.

There had been a sharp frost, but there was still lovely color in sky and earth. The leaves carpeted the woods, covering all tracks of man and machine. If an investigation had been made it had not extended beyond the sink hole.

"My, I hope we can get a nice autumn-leaf pattern!" said Betsey.

Tilly looked up at her happily.

"It would be my idea to get a pattern with quite small leaves and cut each leaf out and make a quilt like the one with twelve thousand patches, only instead of each little square there should be a little, little leaf."

"That would be my idea," said Betsey, her cheeks flushing with pleasure.

"And the white part in tiny pieces," said Tilly.

"Yes," said Betsey. "That's what I thought to."

"It would take all winter," said Tilly joyfully.

"Yes," said Betsey, "we would work a long time till we got each leaf turned in right round the edge. Would we pad them a little?"

"Yes," said Tilly. Suddenly she turned her bending head toward the door. "Ach, it is someone coming!" she cried woefully. "I think we had enough company to last a while. Why can they not let us to ourselves?"

Betsey put out her hand and slipped the bolt, and rose and pulled down the shades. There came first a courteous knock, then an irritated knock, then a loud and furious thunder.

"I have a car out here," called Dan Webber. "I'd like you ladies to change your minds and vote. Those that aren't on the right side are on the wrong side."

There was no answer.

"If we're all afraid to do something how can we accomplish anything? You ladies are surely not afraid to come and drop a paper in a box! I'll bring you back in fifteen minutes."

There was no answer.

"It's no use," said a second voice. "You're wasting your breath."

Dan shook the door as if in a frenzy.

"I wish I had an ax," he said, not meaning to be heard within, but heard nevertheless.

"*Verrickt*," said the other voice. "Let them be."

"They're not, either," said Dan. "They have their minds. They're just cowards, that's all." He did not care if they heard this remark. He turned and shouted like a pettish child, "Keep your old door locked, you cowards!" and stamped off the porch.

Within the sisters sat motionless until peace and silence seemed to roll back in waves. Betsey answered Dan when she had lifted the shades and let in the lovely sunshine upon the old cupboard and the fine cat and the pretty quilt.

"We'll keep it locked," she said, and sat down to her work. "You may be sure of that."

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To injure you or hurt you.
He hardly ever kicks his wife,
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Throughout our town he's won renown
As husband, son and brother.

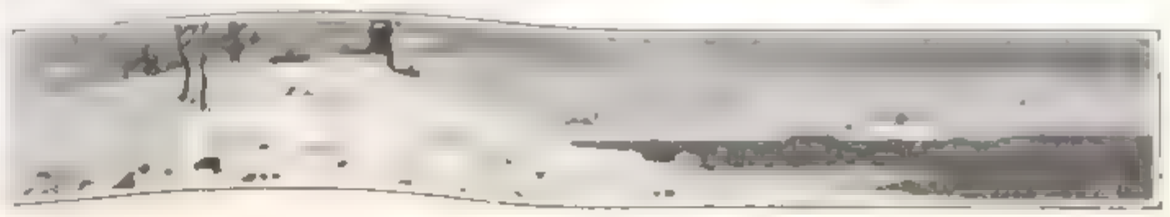
He's never burglarized a bank,
Nor e'er committed arson,
And save when he goes on a spree
He's sober as a parson.
One single fault our Cuthbert has,
It grieves me to narrate it,
But truth must out beyond a doubt,
However much you hate it.

If you should tell a tale or yarn,
Or if perchance you've told one,
He'll wait till you are nearly through,
Then say, "Oh, that's an old one."
Or if you tell your fav'rite joke,
The one you think's a thriller,
He'll say, "That tale is pretty stale;
You read it in Joe Miller."

At concerts while the music plays,
The tunes he's always humming;
And when you go to see a show
He tells you just what's coming.
But though you think he's pretty bad
At concerts and recitals,
You'd hate him more at movies, for
He reads aloud the titles!

And so although his life is pure,
And virtuous his morals,
And day by day he goes his way
Avoiding strife and quarrels,
Although a decent, upright man
His neighbors all repute him,
I never meet him on the street
But that I'd like to shoot him.

—*Newman Levy.*



Mr. Samuel J. Moore, originator of the great sales check book industry and now president of the American Sales Book Co., Ltd.

A Birthday in Which Every Business Man is Interested

1924 is the 40th year of the achievement of a great American Institution. It is the birthday of one of the Country's most vital industries. Every American business man pays homage to this birthday because it means so much to his business in savings, protection, increased profits and managerial control.

Forty years ago Samuel J. Moore came to Niagara Falls with an idea which in time awakened the commercial world to its possibilities. Few supported his faith when he began the manufacture of Sales Books and other duplicating business forms. A small local merchant gave him his first order. Yet from this nucleus he, and his associates, have built an American Institution upon which every line of modern business depends. Year after year the growing requirements of business for multiple original entry forms have been met by the broad vision, creative ability and predominant leadership of the American Sales Book Co. Ld. and its associated companies, of which Mr. Moore is the head. Large financial investments, ingenious and costly machinery specially designed and constructed. Widely separated plants located to minimize freight rates and reduce production costs; all these have kept pace with America's commercial development and grown in helpfulness and service to the American business man.

Over ninety-five per-cent of worth while improvements in sales check book industry have been made by the American Sales Book Co., and its associated companies, each improvement founded on a tested and proven system of handling a practical business problem.

As a Memorial to our Founder, we offer, on this fortieth Anniversary, our crowning achievement—the Sure-Trip and Sure-Quad Sales Books. These are made possible for the first time in the history of printing through the development of special machinery for inserting pasted sheets which produce more copies in one writing, thus combining two or more sets of records and accomplishing unusual economies.

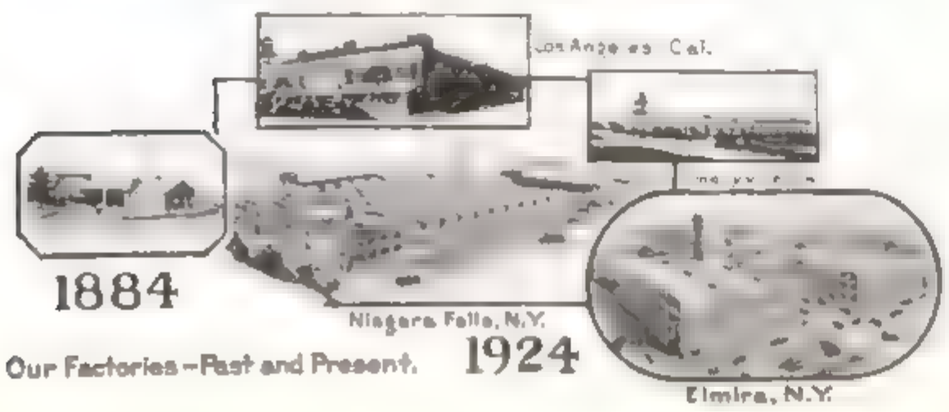
Sure-Trips and Sure-Quads help prevent mistakes and annoyances, insure money reaching the treasury and goods reaching the customer, furnish smooth-working inter-departmental records which give better control of departments and reserves. They give due credit and protection to loyal and efficient employes, as well as point out the undesirable.

Sure-Trips and Sure-Quads are not merely for the Big Store and the Great Manufacturer. They can help every retailer in every trade, manufacturers in all industries, wholesalers, shippers, purveyors, garages, railroads, cleaners, bottlers, bakers, institutions, sales forces, etc., etc.

Follow your inclination to investigate. Fill out the coupon below, attach to your business letterhead, state the particular use of these books which you are thinking of, and mail to our nearest plant. Our System Experts will do the rest.

American Sales Book Company, Ld.
Elmira, N. Y.

West of the Rockies: Pacific Manifolding Book Co., Emeryville, Cal.
Pacific Coast Sales Book Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
In Canada: F. N. Burt Company, Ld., Toronto



Our Factories—Past and Present.

American Sales Book Company, Ld.
Dept. 2381 **Elmira, N. Y.**

Without incurring obligation, I would like to know more about your Sure-Trip and Sure-Quad Sales Books as described above.

Firm _____

My Position _____

Name _____

Address _____

*Note—We might also be interested in other duplicating forms such as _____ (see my letter)

THE WORLD'S SAFEST SAFE

SAFE-CABINET No. 7:

One of eighty-three models and sizes to suit every business large or small. Also made with Slide-in Doors—the newest feature in safe building—for offices where economy of space is important. All SAFE-CABINETS are fitted with adjustable interior arrangements to suit your special needs. They may be bought on a graduated scale of payments if desired.

THE SAFE-CABINET

Only an idea 18 years ago—To-day outselling all other makes of safes

BOTH the value and the volume of to-day's business records demand that degree of certified and measured fire protection afforded *only* by THE SAFE-CABINET.

Fires are more severe to-day than ever before and occur at the rate of one every minute. The known tangible property loss is appalling. But it is impossible to compute the tremendous additional loss to business men through the destruction of their inventories, invoices, accounts receivable and the various records which form the heart of modern commercial life.

In fact, the history of fire demonstrates the remarkably consistent failure of inadequate record-protecting devices. And it also supplies one great reason why you should demand the scientific, predetermined protection of the modern safe—THE SAFE-CABINET.

THE SAFE-CABINET is one protective device that has kept pace in its construction with the increasing severity of fires, the increasing frequency of fires, and the ever-growing value and importance of business records.

To-day SAFE-CABINET standards of strength and fire resistance are the highest standards known to the safe-making industry.

THE SAFE-CABINET affords a known degree of protection. And this protection will not deteriorate with age. It has brought the vital records of hundreds of businesses through severe fires, thereby saving uncounted sums of money, years of effort, and at times the business itself.

There is no other protective device to-day like THE SAFE-CABINET. There is only one SAFE-CABINET, manufactured only by THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY.

THE SAFE-CABINET MAN

THE SAFE-CABINET MAN will make a complete analysis of your filing requirements and your fire dangers, and will also suggest ways and means of economizing space. He will save you time and money—he *may* save your business. Avail yourself of his expert knowledge when he calls. His services are without charge. Phone THE SAFE-CABINET branch office in your city, or write directly to THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY, Marietta, Ohio.

THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY

Factories at Marietta, Ohio—Agencies in 150 principal cities

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

his demand that this country collect the money owed to it by foreign nations and pay a soldiers' bonus with it gave him the largest vote he ever polled.

George Gerson, who has for years been our foremost socialist and democracy's severest critic, is, if possible, more deeply disgusted than ever before with the present system of government. There is no doubt he would quit this country cold if he had any place to go. Mr. Gerson's grievance is that the Government collected an inheritance tax on the legacy which he recently received from an uncle in New York State. "Such injustice will be impossible when socialism finally triumphs," he is saying to his friends.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Hamp Ebright have been married nearly thirty years, Mrs. Ebright still is applauding her husband. The incident is worthy of remark. A worthless husband keeps her occupied and interested, but a good husband seldom succeeds in attracting the attention of his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stamp and daughter, Miss Geraldine, who went to Los Angeles a month ago for the purpose of interesting motion-picture producers in Miss Geraldine's undoubted talent, have returned home. "We saw no producers," Mr. Stamp has told his friends. "The streets leading to the various studios were blocked by parents waiting in line to introduce daughters to producers and directors. But we were a good deal encouraged by a gentleman we met in a Los Angeles hotel. He is not in the motion-picture business, but he goes to a good many shows, and he told us he thought Geraldine would screen well."

Bradford Jinks, who for years has been suspected of shaving every day, has finally broken down and confessed.

Sim Furness, who keeps careful track of his activities as a citizen, and who is familiar with the statutes, believes he broke more than one hundred and seventy laws last year. He estimates that, in addition, he disregarded more than one hundred governmental regulations. Of the laws broken about twenty-five were national and the remainder statutory enactments of the commonwealth. Mr. Furness believes, if the craze for lawmaking and individual regulation continues, that by 1928 a reasonably active citizen will be able to violate three hundred laws a year without attracting attention.

The few persons here and there who did not, last year, begin the publication of periodicals devoted to radio probably are indefinitely barred from that field of endeavor. The industry seems to have reached the point of saturation.

Judge Cadman Stellings, who served the people many years as prosecuting attorney and circuit judge, and who quit them about a year ago to take employment with a public-utility corporation, is well pleased with his new job. He says he gets about three times as much money as the people paid him and hasn't been called a crook by his employers since he took over the work. Judge Stellings thinks a good deal of the trouble is due to the fact that a first-class man can't afford to work for what the people want to pay, and a second-class man can't earn it.

Every time a widow collects her late husband's life insurance it is discovered that the wolves are not all dead yet.

Mrs. Melvetta Whaley, who has been visiting in New York, says the talk there is mostly about the demands of the working classes and the worthlessness and general inefficiency of servants. In a small town the conversation runs in pleasanter and more interesting channels. Our people are more engrossed in the problem as to how the Ben Mavins manage to live without work than in any domestic matter.

The demand for an expression of opinion, pro or con, upon the merits of prohibition is going to keep up until somebody writes a book about it.

An idealist is one who believes the economic situation will be ironed out by somebody offering to take less. A practical man is one who knows the economic situation will not be ironed out until somebody is compelled to take less.

Bruce Walley, who was around yesterday looking for an argument on the tariff found no takers. Mr. Walley is an excellent citizen who has survived his day and generation. As he complained yesterday at the close of his fruitless quest, there was a time when he could get into an argument on the tariff in any store on Main Street or in front of any blacksmith shop in the county.

The attitude of the oil company in which Dick Atwell is interested is puzzling and unusual. Dick says it has been agreed that if the wells now in process of being drilled

The Pole Vault

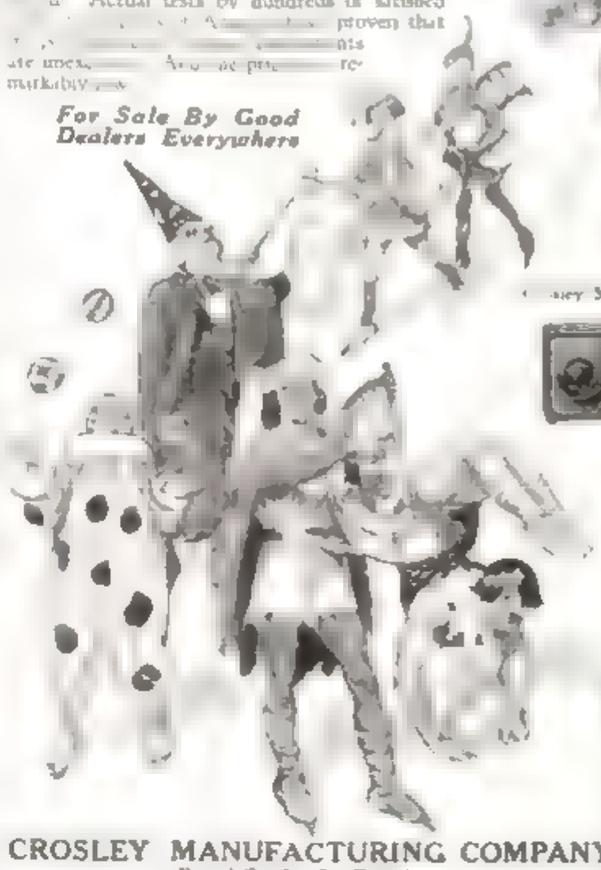
The WANDERING MINSTREL of TODAY

All the romance and charm that attended the wandering minstrel that was lavished only upon the nobility of old is now within the reach of every American. No matter how far removed from the centers of activity, up-to-the-minute news, delightful concerts and other entertainment may be enjoyed in every home. The air is filled with merriment waiting to be captured and brought to your very fireside.

Radio is the magic wand that attracts to you the desired entertainment. Crosley Radio Receivers are the instruments by which this entertainment may be clearly and distinctly converted into a true reproduction of the original voice thousands of miles away.

You can own and [illegible] the greatest value in radio ever [illegible]. Actual tests by hundreds of satisfied [illegible] proven that [illegible] are unexcelled. And the prices are remarkably low.

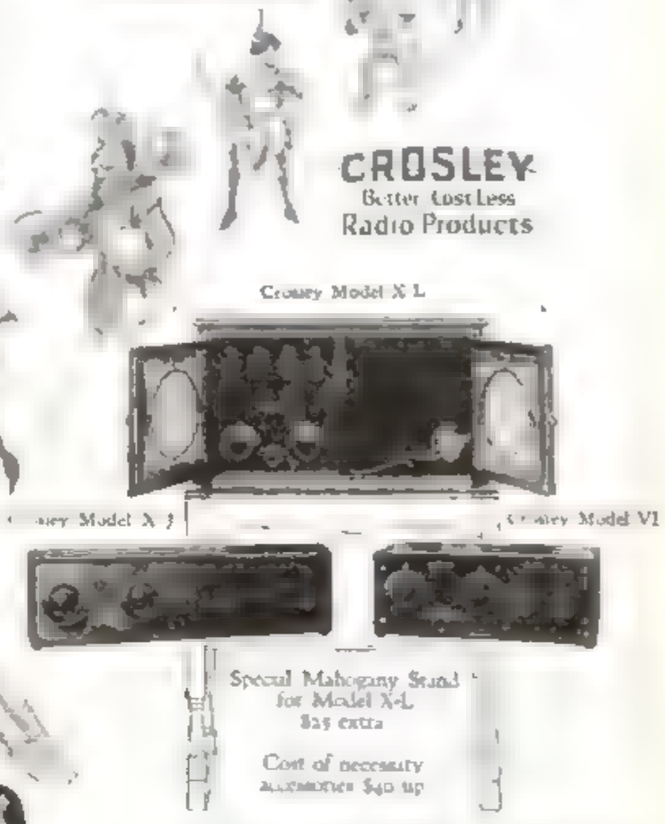
For Sale By Good Dealers Everywhere



CROSLEY

MODEL VI Two Tube Set $30
MODEL X-J Four Tube Set 65
MODEL X-L Four Tube Set 140
With Built-in Loud Speaker

CROSLEY
Better Cost Less
Radio Products



Crosley Model X-L

Crosley Model X-J | Crosley Model VI

Special Mahogany Stand for Model X-L $25 extra

Cost of necessary accessories $40 up

Crosley Manufacturing Company owns and operates Broadcasting Station W L W

CROSLEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Powel Crosley Jr., President
1313 Alfred St. Cincinnati, Ohio

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Crosley Manufacturing Company
1313 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen—Please mail me free of charge complete catalog of Crosley Instruments and parts together with booklet "The Simplicity of Radio."

Name

Address

18 or 80

Here's Cash For Your Spare Hours

Whatever your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "Curtis work is my main source of income," says Mr. Charles W. Matthews, a High School boy in Wisconsin, "and I have made about $5.00 in one day." Mr. W. E. Dockry, of Michigan, on the other hand, is a Civil War veteran, a college graduate and a retired physician, who earns extra money by our plan every month.

You Need no Experience

We need more men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon which is printed below.

For Your Convenience

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
686 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

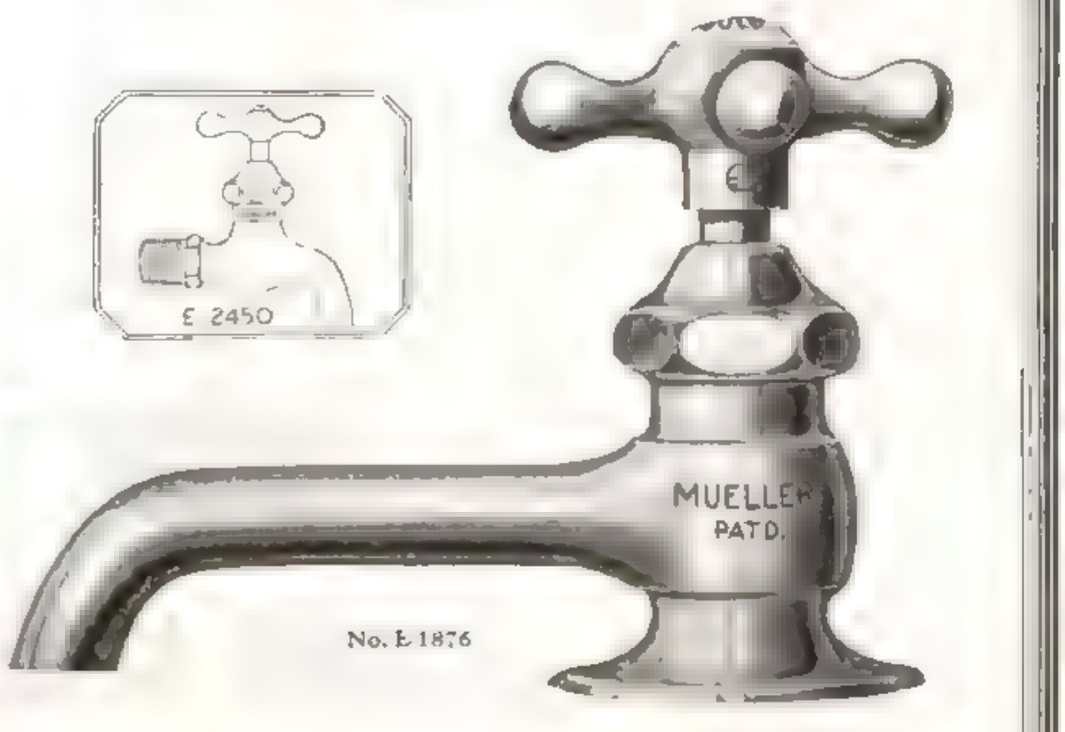
Gentlemen: If you have a proposition which will pay me up to, say, $1.50 an hour for my spare time, please tell me about it, but without obligation.

Name

Street

City *State*

MUELLER
Faucets without a Fault



Faucets control the water you use daily. Mueller Faucets are made from brass that laboratory tests have proved to be best for durability. They excel in the precision with which each part is finished.

Mueller Faucets are built to last without repair; they cost less per year of service; are easier to install and easier to operate.

Ask your architect, or your plumber—both will endorse Mueller superiority. Write for our book on "Dependable Plumbing." It will save you money.

H. MUELLER MFG. CO., Decatur, Ill., U. S. A.

TUSKA RADIO

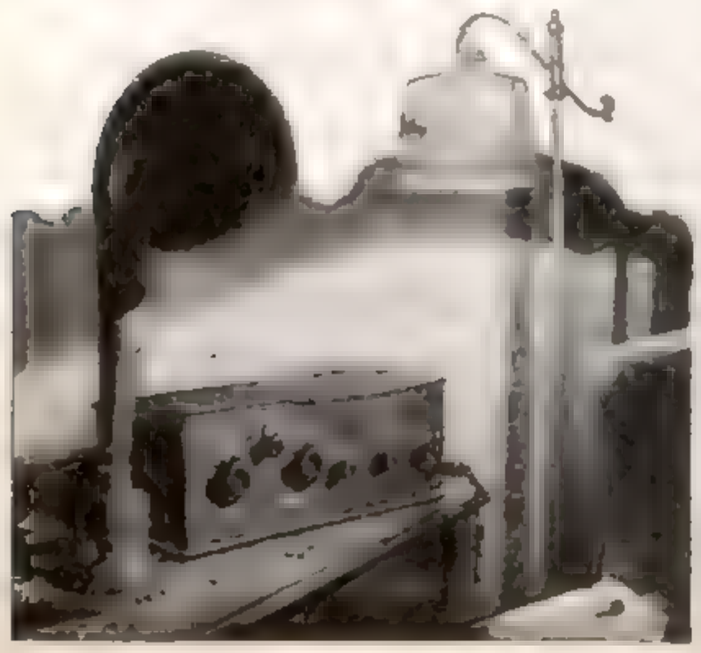
Put a Tuska Radio in your home—and the best in radio is yours to command. You select the near-by or distant program you wish to hear, and hear it well. The Tuska is the ideal set for busy people who have no love for tinkering. It is a *finished set*, built by conscientious New England craftsmen. So sound in principle, so trouble-proof, that it will serve you faithfully for many years.

The fame of Tuska instruments for distinct, selective radio receiving is older than broadcasting. For 12 years, Tuska parts and sets have been admired for workmanship and praised for efficiency. The Tuska trade-mark guarantees advanced design and painstaking construction, supervised by C. D. Tuska, a noted radio pioneer.

Although Tuska prices are moderate, Tuska Radio has no superior. Several models, ranging in price from $35 upward.

Ask any reliable radio dealer to show you a Tuska.

THE C. D. TUSKA CO., Hartford, Conn.



Would you like to hear a hundred cities?

"I have heard over one hundred broadcasting stations. I heard Los Angeles, Cal., five different evenings. The signals were remarkably clear. On December 28th, at 10:40 p. m. I heard four selections from Denver, Colo.

"I often hear Fort Worth, Tex., with just the detector alone, without amplification.

Merrill B. Whitney
Randolph
Vermont

Tuska Popular No. 225

Three-bulb Regenerative Receiving Set. Piano finish mahogany cabinet. Armstrong circuit, licensed under Patent No. 1,113,149. Price $75, without bulbs, batteries or horn.

Ask for special circular No. 21-D

turn out to be producers the company will not divide them with anybody.

Jay E. House

The Wise Men

(A Wise Crack)

"BE THRIFTY," say the sages,
"And put away your rocks.
For thus one's green old age is
Secure from wrecks and shocks;
Do not, of course, be sordid,
But build against mischance;
Thrift always is rewarded!"
(Except in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia and France.)

"Be loyal," say the wise men,
"To what we say you should;
The time may come that tries men,
But all is to the good;
Though war is quite a burden,
Prosperity and peace
Are loyal peoples' guerdon!"
(Except in Italy, Belgium, Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Turkey and Greece.)

I may not be so clever,
But when the wise men crow:
"Always, forever, never,
This thing or that is so;
The truth is what we utter,
World-wide, unchanging, whole!"
Well, I'm afraid I mutter.
"Except in Africa, Asia, America, Europe, Australia, and the North Pole!"

—Morris Bishop.

The Busy Business Man

AT TEN A.M. I sought the great
J. Fortunatus Featherpate.
The lordly office boy I met
Waved me aside with, "Not in yet."

Eleven-thirty-five again
I paged this busiest of men.
Ah, hopeless hap! Ah, hapless hunch!
I heard the news: "He's out to lunch."

At three-fifteen I lounged in gloom
Within the outmost anteroom;
My heart went pit-a-pat with doubt
Until I caught the words, "He's out

Four forty-five, annoyed and blue,
My mission I essayed anew,
Again a thought assuaded,
Then certain darkness: "Gone for good."

Tomorrow, when he flits inside,
I'll find a place where I may hide;
As he prepares to face about
I'll catch him in before he's out.

Elias Lieberman.

The Linguist

HE COU'LD speak in French and Spanish,
He was up in Dutch and Danish,
He had Englished the Upanish-
Ads of Hindu Higher-Brows;
With Rumanian or Russian,
With a Pole or with a Prussian,
He could carry a discussion
Till the coming of the cows

But, alas! he was floored, as he had to own,
ByThe-Girl-Who-Answers-The-Telephone:
"Thenumberischangedtob1bb1b," says she,
"B1bb1bsevenninesixfivetwothree!"

When it came to Portuguese he
Was both voluble and easy,
His Bulgarian was breezy,
And his Serbian a cinch;
He had never hit the mat in
All his wrestlings with the Latin,
And his Volapik seemed satin
When he spoke it at a pinch.

But he had not mastered the tongue unknown—
The tongue that talks per the telephone:
"Thenumberisb1bb1bb1b," says she,
"Thelineisbusysixninetythree!"

—Trowbridge Larned.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

LINCOLN ARC WELDER

"What Do YOU Know About Arc Welding?"

Here is a scene that will be enacted thousands of times in 1924.

Here is a question that will be asked in *every* plant where iron and steel parts are joined to make a product—or where defects, breakage and wear must be repaired.

Men who have money invested cannot see these hundreds of other firms using electric arc welding without wondering why they are not saving money by the same method.

They are going to ask their managers, engineers, superintendents, foremen, to tell them what they know about this process and just how it can be applied to their problems. Any man can get the answer to this question at the cost of a few seconds' time by tearing off the coupon on this page and handing it to his stenographer.

These books about electric arc welding have been compiled by Lincoln Engineers from actual experience in several thousand manufacturing plants.

They are illustrated by hundreds of photographs and by invaluable data on welding costs and methods.

Check the information that will answer your problem and tear out the memo *now*. The question may come up any day.

These Firms Use Electric Arc Welding

Automobile and Parts Plants
Ford Motor Co.
The Nash Motors Co.
Parrish & Bingham Co.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Timken Detroit Axle Co.
Willys-Overland Co.
General Motors Corp.
Studebaker Corp.
and 35 others.

Railroads
Baltimore & Ohio
Canadian National
Big Four
Rock Island
Chicago & Northwestern
New York Central
Illinois Central
Pennsylvania
Santa Fe
Southern
Southern Pacific
and 59 others.

Oil Refineries
Atlantic Refining Co.
Sinclair Refining Co.
Standard Oil (21 plants)
The Texas Co.
Vacuum Oil Co.
and 15 others.

Boiler and Tank Manufacturers
Gilbert Barker Mfg. Co.
Wm. Graver Tank Works
Petroleum Iron Works
S. F. Bowser & Co.
and 108 others.

Pressed Steel Products
David Lupton's Sons Co.
Standard Steel Car Co.
Sterling Wheelbarrow Co.
The Truscon Steel Co.
Cleveland Metal Products Co.
Youngstown Pressed Steel Co.
Van Dorn Iron Works Co.
and many others.

Steel Plants
American Sheet & Tin Plate Co.
Carnegie Steel Company
Illinois Steel Co.
Jones & Laughlin Steel Co.
U. S. Steel Corp. (10 plants)

Machinery Manufacturers
Bullard Machine Tool Co.
Ingersoll Rand Co.
Otis Elevator Co.
Shepard Electric Crane & Hoist Co.
York Mfg. Co.
Frick Co.
and many other large machinery manufacturing firms.

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American International Corp.
Bethlehem Ship Corp.
Great Lakes Engineering Works
McDougall Duluth Co.
Morse Drydock & Repair Co.
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United States Navy
and 63 others.

General Users
International Harvester Co.
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General Fire Extinguisher Co.
The Baldwin Locomotive Works
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Manufacturers also of the Famous

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HERE IS YOUR ANSWER

The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send us the following information on Arc Welding:

Salvage and Repair by Electric Arc Welding	Illustrating repairs of defective and broken castings, machinery, equipment, etc.
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Automatic Arc Welding	A method of producing welded pieces in quantity.
Lincoln Arc Welders	A complete description and listing of Lincoln Welders and their uses.

We would also like to have a Lincoln Engineer look over our plant without obligation on our part.

Firm _____

Address _____

Man _____

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

The new Riddle Fitments for 1924 will be sold only by Authorized Dealers

This arrangement is made in order to provide the highest type of service for buyers of Riddle Fitments. The distribution of the new Riddle styles will be confined to dealers equipped to render satisfactory service to their customers and to give intelligent and helpful advice in aiding them to make an appropriate selection. These new Riddle productions show the present trend of good taste in residential lighting. You will be interested in seeing the new styles in the beautiful Esperanto Decoration, in hanging pieces, ceiling types and wall sconces.

Name of the nearest authorized Riddle dealer and illustrated folder sent on request

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Makers of Decorative Lighting Fitments since 1892

Are You Proud of the Lighting in Your Home?

Are your lighting fixtures as modern as your furniture, draperies and floor coverings? Old style and out-of-date fixtures can easily be replaced by modern Riddle Fitments. The expense is not great, Riddle prices ranging from $4.00 to $52.50. Consult your dealer for suggestions or write for details of the Riddle planning service.

The charming vivacity of this Enclosed Sun Porch is enhanced by its floor of Armstrong's Black and Cream Tile Linoleum with a border of Armstrong's Plain Black Linoleum.

THE WARMTH OF SUMMER IN WINTER

OUTSIDE, winter and winter's snow—inside, brightness and warmth and the sparkle and color of summer time.

The woman planned well who made a linoleum floor the basis of this attractive sun porch. She knew that the floor was as much a part of porch furnishings as the furniture itself. She knew she could not be happy with a floor as harsh as cement, as unyielding as tiles. And chilly floors and grippy children and doctors' bills *do* associate themselves!

She chose a linoleum floor

Linoleum is made with cork and so makes a warm floor. She had it laid (cemented, not tacked) over a lining of warm builders' deadening felt. A physically warm floor! A colorful floor of tile design, with an outdoor suggestion and an indoor look! A floor of light and color, charm and vivacity! A cheerful floor with a little whisper of the ultra-modern effect about it, laid with a border which framed the floor and made it a part of this particular room!

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

A daily brushing with a dry dust-mop keeps a waxed linoleum floor "bright and beautiful"

Such a floor is not only beautiful; it is clean and easy-to-clean. It needs thorough waxing only once or twice a year and occasional wiping with a dust-mop. And like a piece of old furniture, this wax polish deepens with the passing years.

Select the floor to fit the room

There are colors and patterns in Armstrong's Linoleum suitable for any room. Tile inlaids for porches; beautiful two-tone Jaspés for living-rooms, dining rooms, halls; attractive carpet and matting effects for upstairs rooms; Dutch tiles; marble tiles; rich plain colors. Also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

Why not go to a good merchant and ask to see some of the beautiful Armstrong's Linoleum designs for sun porches and other rooms? If you have an instinct for combining colors in room decoration, you will be unable to look at them without thinking how well you could build an attractive color scheme around a modern linoleum floor.

The Armstrong Cork Company maintains a special Bureau of Interior Decoration which will give you personal help in planning rooms, if you desire. No charge for this service.

The linoleum floor, permanently cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt, is practically waterproof, and always smooth and tight

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